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THE NATIONALIST.

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SOCIAL TRANSITION.

BY JOHN ORVIS.

I propose to inquire whether socialism as we see its manifestations today is an accident or a necessity; whether it is an ebullition or fanaticism, or a normal phase of social development. If the former, we may dismiss it with a respectful bow, certain that it will expend its force in effervescence, and without much harm; if the latter, we should welcome it with the three reverences named in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*,—reverence for that which is around us, for that which is above us, and for that which is below us. In this spirit, then, let us ask what is the significance of the universal social ferment,—the inquisition into the basis, form, and drift of the social institutions among all civilized nations? Never before have there been such restlessness and prying discontent as exist everywhere today. Nothing escapes the most pungent criticism. Ideas and institutions long considered as settled and established are undergoing a new scrutiny. Property, government, social relations, labor and capital, the occupancy and ownership of the soil, economic systems, interest, rent and profit, education, church and state, —each and all—are called upon to stand up and give a reason why they should be longer tolerated; while other issues touching the social and political equality of citizens, male and female, white and black, and the right to eat and drink what one chooses at his own cost, without the intrusion of the police into

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his dining-room, intensify the agitation and call for a new definition of liberty and personal rights.

The multiplicity of issues raised; the persistence with which they are pressed; the rivalry among their respective partisans for precedence to be heard at the bar of public opinion; and the simultaneous attack of all upon one or another feature of the existing social state,—all these perplex many minds as to what the agitation means, while they dispose to hostility or indifference those whose interest it is to silence inquiry. It might however prove a mistake to fancy that the agitation has no foundation except in unreasonable discontent or fanaticism; or to suppose that it has no "pith or moment" because of the apparent division among the agitators themselves as to the cause and seat of the evils whereof they severally complain. There may be, on this account, all the more reason for suspecting that there are serious defects in the constitution of society, which call for correction, especially when we consider how small a number of persons in any community have ever given a moment to the study of existing social arrangements, with a view to determine justly their bearings upon the welfare of the various classes which make up society; and how much smaller still is the number of those who have undertaken to analyze the nature and function of the true social state.

The agitation seems strange simply because people accept, habitually and without question, the opinions, customs, and social arrangements under which they were born,—not from any rational deduction, but because they were born and educated under them; and because they are the only ones of which they have had any observation and experience, or about which they care to concern themselves. Barbarians enslave without scruple their weaker fellows of the same tribe and captives taken in predatory forays with neighboring tribes. They no more question the rightfulness of this usage than of the act of breathing. The custom is right by their logic because it belongs to their social code, and has always existed with them.

In like manner, civilized nations vaunt the perfection of an

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industrial system based on competitive, individual interests, resulting in a general economic conflict, whereby the most useful classes are reduced to poverty and ignorance as their normal condition, while a small and comparatively useless class live in ease and selfish extravagance. But who among civilizees, except those who suffer from it, arraigns this system as vicious in principle and wicked in action? Civilizees are as blind to the iniquity of their industrial system as are barbarians to their system of warfare for plunder and slaves. Indeed, the former extol their industrial economy as the great achievement of political and social science. They make its study a part of the curriculum of their schools. Nay, its professors affirm that this conflict of classes, which their economic science engenders, and which is so revolting to human nature, is a wise provision of the Divinity against the over-population of the planet. They treat it as presumption to question the excellence of an economy which, in their pompous phrasing, has subjugated nature; abolished time and space; hooped the globe with iron bands and cables of steel; made the lightning its Ariel and Caliban alike, to girdle the earth in a minute with only a thought for his burden, or with the strength of a thousand horses to drive the roaring mill or drag with thundering hoofs along iron ways, thousands of tons at a load, a hundred leagues a day: or crowd with heavy shoulders the ocean steamer twenty miles an hour, against sullen winds and waves. Great is Civilism,—the inspiration of the gods and crown of human achievement!

It is not because the agitation is born of frenzy, nor because the issues raised are baseless, nor because they seem to conflict with one another, that some are perplexed, while others are stirred to hostility, and still others are indifferent to the great ferment. It is because of the mental and moral inertia of the race, the transmitted habit of accepting as right the social institutions which exist because they exist that agitation from time to time becomes necessary for the correction of abuses, and to throw off social phases which have had their day. The

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universal discontent and demand for something better are in themselves a reason for suspecting that the agitation is well grounded, and betokens imminent and important change.

It is those who are without property, and who are denied opportunity to acquire it, that first raise the question as to the nature, source, and rights of property. It is they whom governments defraud of their natural rights that first begin to scrutinize the office and proper function of government. It is those whom the state makes trespassers upon God's footstool and man's heritage who first deny the right of the state to make or sanction private property of the land. It is they who are ground beneath the mill stones of economic anarchy and selfish competition who are driven to analyze the true relation of labor and capital. It is those who are barred from self-employment, and who are compelled to sell themselves to an employer, that denounce the wage-system as another name for slavery. It is they who are doomed to an ever deepening hell of poverty and ignorance, through the extortions of interest, rent, and profits, that are subjecting society to a scrutiny as searching as the day of judgment. It is not against property, nor order, nor justice, nor freedom, nor intelligence, nor virtue, nor religion, nor any other excellence which heaven enjoins and men prize, but against profane travesties of these, that the universal social agitation has supervened.

The fact that the agitation is so many-sided ought to awaken an honest inquiry as to whether or not it has good reason for being. Every group of agitators attacks the social status on the side where it seems to encroach upon the rights of its members; and it ought to be the business of society to inquire if the encroachment exists. Is not private monopoly, or ownership of the land and of the opportunities for free and independent labor, a restriction of natural rights, and the fundamental cause of the oppression whereof the laboring classes complain?

Will it be denied that, by virtue of these restrictions, free, independent, self-employment is rendered impossible to large numbers of the people; and that instead of being protected as

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a right, to be exercised according to the will and choice of individuals, it is made a thing, a commodity, of barter and sale? And since labor is a force, and not a substance, is intangible and inseparable from the laborer himself, and cannot be exerted except with opportunity and by his volition, the compulsion to work for wages or to starve is compulsion to work as a slave. And the matter of wages, of high wages or low wages or no wages, determined by the accidents of an insensate market and the greed of a master, does not change the condition from being one of slavery. And yet we are told by the economic philosophers that this wholesale immolation of the useful classes to the avarice of social free-booters is nature's process of selection for the improvement of the species.

But another reason for concluding that this hundred-headed agitation is grounded in necessity and the law of social evolution, and not in the perversity of the people, is its persistence and immense popular development amongst all classes, and in all countries, during the last half century; and especially during the last twenty-five years. Nowhere has there been any subsidence of the tide of agitation from the moment of its rising, but an ever deepening and widening current along the whole line of thought and action. Ideas and claims which have hitherto had but a far-off look of realization, a shadowy hold upon the general mind, as being right in the abstract — with no suspicion on the part of anyone that serious efforts for their realization would be made for generations, if ever — crowd to the front and challenge a hearing on their merits. It is coming to be felt that ideas and claims are not the less precious or practicable because true in the abstract; while those which are false in the abstract are deemed certain to be vicious in the concrete.

This growing faith among the people in the triumph of principles and ethical ideas is a significant evidence of a coming social transformation.

Not more than a generation ago an eminent lawyer characterized the self-evident truths of our great Declaration of Rights

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as "glittering generalities." The denial of their practical relation to government cost the nation thirty years of bitter agitation, the biggest war in history, a million lives, and twelve billions of treasure. But who now talks about the assertion of the right of all men to liberty as only a "glittering generality"? The only part of that declaration which remains a glittering nothing is that which affirms the right of all men to "the pursuit of happiness." It is to secure the practical recognition of this right that all the social agitation is about.

The postulates, that the land is the source of material wealth and happiness, that it is given by the Creator as the common and joint possession of mankind; and the corollary of these, that, therefore, it cannot be rightly held as private, exclusive property, are as trite as axioms; and have been assented to in the abstract, by common consent, for a thousand years; but who, besides a small group of socialists (until the appearance of Mr. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty"), had dreamed that they would ever become established social facts; or that any serious efforts for their realization would ever be made? But these are among those shadowy claims alluded to, which have come to the front and are pressing for present recognition and adjustment. It is scarcely more than a decade since that great book was published, yet it has probably run through a score of additions in this country and Europe; has been translated into nearly every European language; and has made its million converts to the idea of the public ownership of the land. It is not more than half a decade since Mr. George raised his *Standard*, which has its thousands of readers throughout the world; not that they accept all his theories, for they don't; but they do go for the nationalization of land, railroads, telegraphs, etc., which is the rock-bed of socialism; and believe that the time has come for the people everywhere to move on these lines. The incontrovertible justice of this claim, the urgency for its recognition, together with the earnestness and energy which Mr. George brings to its enforcement, and the ethical grounds upon which he pushes his movement, have

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helped to lift the whole social and labor question in public estimation, and given it a grip on the collective conscience which no counter persuasion or opposition can break or relax. The entire socialist movement throughout the world has been immensely reinforced by Mr. George, notwithstanding his disclaimer of all taint of socialistic heresy. That fact does not alter the case. It rather indicates that Mr. George himself sees such a family likeness between his theories and socialism as to make him aware that the public does not see any difference except in the more complete integrality of the latter. It shows, moreover, that socialism has become so multifarious in form and prodigious in proportion as to cast its shadow over all other movements; that it is above the control of individuals and parties; and "gangs after its ain gait." But another test of the hold which socialism has upon the times is the popular award to Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," which more than rivals "Progress and Poverty." The interest which it creates is not because it is a brilliant novel, but because it is in touch with the spirit of the times and the social needs of the people.

Other brilliant novels and books on economic science have been written, and are written every year; but rarely has one been so in accord with the aspirations of the masses as these two timely books. They mark the high tide of socialistic thought. Never before in the history of civiiization has socialism exerted such a control in affairs as it exerts at this time. England responds to Germany; Italy to France; and the Pyrenees give back the agitation from Spain and Portugal. Count Tolstoi in far Russia, and Ibsen in Norway and Sweden, destroy the glamor of nineteenth century civilization by exposing to the mirror of public decency its rottenness and shams. All these things show the growing power of socialism, while monstrous monopolies proclaim the downfall of the existing economic system.

In order to fix this important fact in the mind, let us for a moment note the growth of socialism, from the time when its great masters, Saint Simon, Fourier, and Owen, broke the sleep

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of the ages, during the period from 1830 to 1850; and how these labors of the morning have been stimulated and augmented by the inspiration of Lassalle and Marx from 1850 to the present time; and have been carried forward towards the noonday by the roused and marshalled working classes, engaged in efforts for the gradual application of the principles of socialism, to existing commercial and industrial relations; some in promoting co-operative stores, as in England and the United States; others in co-operative industry, such as the Co-operative Carpenters' and Co-operative Saddlers' Associations, with Godin's Industrial Palace in France; and co-operative banking in Germany; others in promoting Christian socialism, like Maurice, Kingsley, Hughes, Ruskin, and Morris in England; Ripley, Channing, Greeley, and James in the United States. After the lapse of those early experiments in combined social order in England and the United States, such as that of New Lanark, and those of Brook Farm and the North American Phalanxes, socialism went down among the working classes, to whom it was a necessity; and has from that time been educating them into methods for its gradual application to the exigencies of their condition. The outcome has been to establish a propagandism in the elementary principles of socialism, without a parallel among popular movements, especially in the United States. The special agencies in this work have been such associations as the "Patrons of Husbandry," the "Sovereigns of Industry," "The Sociological Society," and the tremendous agitation among trades-unions and other workingmen's organizations throughout the world. It is probable, however, that no other popular movement so clearly demonstrates the extent to which socialistic ideas pervade the minds of the working classes as that of the "Knights of Labor." Their declaration of principles is a masterly programme of socialistic ideas and methods, adapted to the present conditions of the movement, and their gradual embodiment in improved social arrangements, according to the popular enlightenment and necessity therefor. It is these tremendous forces, which have been silently working

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through society for more than forty years, that have created the popular current which is bearing on its bosom Messrs. George and Bellamy and their works, as the Gulf Stream floats marine plants and flowers from tropic to polar seas.

In view, then, of the part which socialism has played upon the stage for the last fifty years, and in view of existing social conditions in all civilized countries, tending more and more to upheaval and collapse, what shall we conclude is the significance of the universal agitation? What but that it is the expression of an instinctive race-conviction, that civilism or bald individualism, with brute competition for its spring, has had its day, is breaking down, and giving way to an advanced social phase, in harmony with the universal law, under which all things move in careers of ascending and descending vibrations. Society or the race, like individuals, has its stages of development, through infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, and decline; and having passed through the four stages of Edenism, savageism, barbarism, and civilism — each a distinct advance upon its predecessor — is it not pertinent to inquire if it has probably attained the highest phase of evolution which it is destined to reach? Can it be rationally assumed that a social system, based upon the supremacy of selfish individual interests, with brute competition for its spring; which is characterized by general incoherence, antagonism, and economic warfare; which inflicts ignorance, poverty, and degradation upon the most useful classes as their inevitable lot, while it confers riches, luxury, refinement, leisure and opportunity upon the less useful, often vicious and corrupt classes, is the crown of social possibility and achievement? The general stagnation, if not collapse, of individual enterprise everywhere, on the one hand, and the trend towards corporate monopoly on the other, indicate that civilism or individualism may, like barbarism, have fulfilled its function, and cannot be longer serviceable as the pivot of social movement. It is a law of organized function that when a form of development has, in nature's economy, fulfilled the use for which it was designed, it must give way to another of a higher type. Persistence beyond

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this point results in decline or reversion of the species towards the preceding anterior type or to final extinction. The law holds in sociology as well as in biology.

What, then, has been the function of civilism in the social economy? Its function has been to differentiate aptitudes and character in individuals and the species to the greatest diversity; to stimulate their highest activity in discovering and perfecting the arts and sciences, and their application to social progress; to cause a thousand-fold division and efficiency of labor; to lighten its drudgery and perfect its processes, while immensely augmenting its productiveness; and to furnish mankind with those mighty appliances necessary to a conquest over the rude forces of nature; making them the servants instead of leaving them to be the tyrants of the race. Having rendered this great service, civilism or individualism cannot longer persist as the social pivot, without endangering society by arresting progress. Besides, the code of ethics demands that individualism and free competition shall stop at that point where they interfere with and become prejudicial to the social welfare. That point has been passed already. Philosophically, individualism should have given way to socialism when combined and corporate capital began to crowd out individual enterprise, and to exploit labor under the factory-wages system. Failing to make this advance, society is already in process of reversion; and, through the supervention of a false and subversive socialism, in the form of syndicates, trusts, and other monopolies, is in danger of losing the very benefits which it has been the function of civilism to confer upon the race.

That civilism or bald individualism is in desuetude, and that we are in a transition to a new social phase, may be inferred not only from history, the law of development, and the general collapse of the existing economic system, but also from the fact that individualism is incapable of utilizing, either to its own advantage or that of society, its own gigantic inventions and mechanisms for lightening the irksomeness of labor. To build and run cotton and woollen mills with modern equipments, lines

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of railroads, ocean steamers, land and ocean telegraphs, and to assemble the enormous enginery necessary to modern industrial enterprise, is wholly beyond individual ability and resources to compass. To save itself from economic obliteration, and the progress it has thus far made from becoming futile, society will be compelled to go forward from individualism and the false and subversive forms of socialism, as embodied in trusts and syndicates of capitalists, to integral socialism; from competition to co-operation; from individualism to mutualism; from civilism to the social commonwealth.

It is, moreover, clear that we are about emerging from the existing social phase, not only on account of its economic lapse, but also because of its inherent immorality. The ethical sense has become developed to perceive that stealing is theft, however it may be done, or by whatsoever milder name it may be conventionally designated; whether it be by filching outright; or by the subterfuge of *corners* schemed in the dark; that robbery is plundering invasion, whether committed on the way-side or by the studied stratagems of the exchange; whether by overt individual acts or the circumvention of institutionalized wrong; whether by individual greed or the normal operation of *laissez faire*. Nothing more distinctly marks the social transition than this growing demand that institutions, business schemes, and methods shall be judged by the same rules of morality as individual conduct. It is a growing public sentiment that individuals are responsible not merely for their personal conduct and character, but also for the nature and character of the social institutions, whereof they are a part, under which they consent to live, and by which they profit. Nothing marks more clearly the transition through which society is passing than the emphasis which is being placed upon the necessity for reforming social institutions as a condition of individual reformation. There is a fast growing conviction that it is an outrage on the part of society to punish men for stealing when, by its own arrangements, it cuts off their natural right and opportunity to live without stealing. What can be more monstrous than that

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the state should punish persons for petty reprisals against organized oppression, while it lets go unhindered the conspiracies of syndicates and trusts against the stomachs and hearts of the entire working-classes? The church meanwhile is dumb, and might as well be blind to these enormous crimes! A conviction is pervading the air that no one lives or dies unto himself: that each is included in an all embracing solidarity of humanity. Hence, that the reformation of social abuses and the institution of justice in human relations, rather than the conversion or punishment of individuals, is the proper function of statesmanship and religion, and ought to be the real work of the church and the state. It is a grave mistake to imagine that upright men will of necessity constitute a righteous social state. Good men acting through vicious social arrangements are no better than wicked men acting by the same methods. Men are not right, and cannot be right, while they sustain and are parties to wicked institutions and profit by them. The first step in individual reformation is to quit evil practices and associations. What can be more preposterous or impertinent than to urge the necessity of moral excellence upon individuals, while maintaining generically perverse and immoral institutions, and holding the tongue about them,—institutions which secrete iniquity as the spider its fatal web; and which individuals are as powerless to resist as flies to escape from the toils of their cowardly enemy?

Here has been the oversight of the church. She has had an eye too sharp on men as individuals, and not sharp enough on their social institutions. To this oversight is due the great falling off of the working classes from church fellowship and attendance. They feel that oppressors, extortioners, and hard masters go to church as a covert from popular reproach, and from the reproaches of their own consciences, and are made comfortable, while they and their cause are trodden in the ice of neglect. Their answer to the charge that they are quitting the church and running into infidelity has the pungency of an epigram. "We prefer the company and communion of common

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sufferers in the Sunday labor meeting outside of the church, to the company of the unjust within it." The truth is, they are tiring of a religion which, in the same city, clamors for the execution of five workingmen for being socialists, and lets go unwhipped of reprobation or even reproof a communicant of the church who, deliberately, with malice aforethought and cunning device, steals millions of dollars from the community by cornering the wheat market for months, and recites scripture on the Exchange, while gathering in margins from fellow gamblers whom he has ruined by his devilish stratagems.

It is most earnestly and sincerely felt, by one at least, that when the church sets about its proper work of establishing social justice, founding that kingdom of righteousness which its great master enjoined his disciples to pray for, she will not longer have occasion to mourn that her courts are deserted by so many of the best and worthiest class in the community. But they will hardly consent to the postponement of this work to another age, and another world; for this is the world to which it was promised, and this the age when it is sorely needed. If the church does not see that to establish the reign of truth and justice through righteous social relations, here among men, is the proper work of religion, socialists do; and they will go on with its doing.

These, with all the considerations that have foregone, point out the meaning of the great agitation, and hint that it is nothing less than the breaking down of the civilized competitive order, that the race has outgrown its present social environment, and that we are passing through a transition from bald individualism to some form of socialism. The transition is inevitable. Our responsibility is to see that it is to a true and not to a false and subversive socialism, to end in a vulgar plutocracy, and finally to go down in the throes of anarchy. Transitions are necessarily attended with trial, and not infrequently with temporary pain. But they are dangerous only when thwarted. The transition of the American colonies from dependence to independence was attended with suffering; so also the transition

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from the barbarism of chattel slavery to serfdom under the wages system; and that from hand manufacture to manufacture by automatic machinery. Birth and death are transitions, and are attended with pain, but is it doubted that they are in the order of beneficent progress? Always the partial precedes the complete, the ideal the actual, and not infrequently the false and subversive the true and permanent. The transition from the existing to a new social order being inevitable, let us meet it with courage.

The agitation will continue to wax and rise in the social heavens until, like the sun in the zenith, it will cast no shadow of evil, nor awaken any dread, for its rays will then fall with direct beneficence upon all interests and relations. It will not stop short of its goal, nor give way to other claims, for it includes all other just social demands. The fact that socialism is here is sufficient reason for believing that it is rightly here, and in the order of events. The claim of some that it must wait until the demands of the laboring classes, temperance, and the rights of women are accorded only shows that those who make the claim hold a part so close to the eye as to shut out the whole. They do not see that each of these is a part of the larger question of socialism, and can never be rightly settled until that is settled.

The talk of priority among these fragmentary reforms recalls a reminiscence of Wendell Phillips. It was some twenty years ago that Mr. Phillips came into a labor reform meeting in this city, where the questions of eight hours, co-operation, and the immorality of interest, rent, and profits were under discussion. It was well understood by the leaders of the meeting that he had not come with any intention of taking part in the discussion, but simply as a listener. But it was the first time that he had ever been seen at such a meeting, and as it was well known that Mr. Garrison, if not intolerant, was frigid towards the labor movement, there was a great desire to learn Mr. Phillips's attitude towards it. A most cordial invitation was given him by the chairman — enthusiastically emphasized by the audience —

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to take the stand. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Phillips rose where he was sitting, and made a two minutes' speech, of which the following is the pith. He began in this way, always his own: —

"Co-operation! It is the most beneficent word in the language, and heralds the gospel of the future. The working classes not only need more leisure, but they need to know how to make a better use of the means already in their hands for improving their condition generally. The ballot is theirs. If they will use it intelligently, and with independence, they can get the right answer to all their just demands. Until the emancipated slaves have the ballot, this is the negro's hour; and the next will be woman's hour. These two questions rightly have precedence in their order. Other questions must wait. When these have had their proper answer, labor's day will have come."

When Mr. Phillips had taken his seat, he was asked "by what authority the claim was made that that was the negro's hour, and that the next would be woman's hour, and that labor must take its turn, like a ticket buyer at the opera office? It might possibly be found that the labor question was here by its inherent pressure, and that because it was here, along with those of the negro's rights, and woman's rights, was reason enough for supposing that it was here in the providence of God, and entitled to a hearing. It would likely be found that neither of these questions admitted of a separate solution; but that they must find a joint one in the re-adjustment of the social system. The fact that they were all here in a crowd was an evidence as to how hopeless was the prospect of any successful reform under the existing social state."

Mr. Phillips made no reply. About a year from that time (never more popular on the Lyceum platform) he was often heard dividing an evening's lecture between temperance, woman's rights, and labor reform. Thenceforward, the working classes honored and trusted him as the great labor tribune, as he had been for a third of a century the incomparable advocate

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and defender of all popular rights. Socialism had risen high enough at that time to float even Wendell Phillips. He came to see in these fragmentary reforms, and the agitation which tossed them like rudderless ships in tempestuous seas, the background of action which was to culminate in the co-operative commonwealth, of which the co-operative township is the unit.

PRACTICAL NATIONALISM IN CHICAGO.

By Charles L. Weeks.

No better object lesson can be found by which to teach first steps in nationalism than the progress which Chicago is making towards performing its own public service.

Our municipal electric lighting system is now nearly three years old, and none but good results have appeared. Among them are excellence of service, economy of management, and freedom from that corruption which is too often the odious adjunct of public service performed by private corporations. But most gratifying of all is the revelation to the people that, by venturing into this field, they have learned how to apply the true principles upon which to supply their own needs. This discovery has already borne fruit. Our mayor's recent message recommends that the city supply to its citizens light for household purposes, also heat, power, and street-car transportation, at cost, as it now supplies water; and he predicts that such improvements are among the probabilities of the near future.

Chicago has taught some valuable lessons to other cities who would establish electric light plants,—among them that it is not only practicable but advisable to make a small beginning. Our first investment was but about $12,000, and our first plant was fitted up to run fewer than 100 lamps. To this additions of engines and dynamos were made from time to time, and the number of lamps increased. At this time we have three very substantial plants in operation.

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These have been built under the direction of our city electrician, Professor Barrett, and are equipped with the latest and best appliances. The capacity of each is for 1000 arc lamps of 2000 candle power each. One hundred and sixteen miles of wire have been laid in under-ground conduits. Many miles of streets in addition have been piped, and are ready for the wire as soon as other construction has been completed.

We have in nightly operation 668 lamps of 2000 candle power each. The construction is being rapidly pushed, and 500 more lamps will be burning by the coming fall.

Our system is said to be the best extant. No wires are exposed in the streets; all are under ground, and the connection with lamps is made by running the wires up through the lamp posts. There has been no instance of injury to life or property, nor can there well be from the safeguards provided.

Our cost of operation, under favorable circumstances, will not exceed $50 per lamp of 2000 candle power per year. At present the cost somewhat exceeds that; this is because the plants are not yet being run to their full capacity, and because the territory covered is many times greater than would ordinarily be the case with the number of lamps now operated. Economy would bring the present number of lamps into a territory one-fourth that now covered. But Professor Barrett is between two fires: on the one hand the people, through their aldermen, are clamoring for the extension of the system beyond his present means; on the other hand, the Gas Trust and private electric light companies, through *their* aldermen, are throwing obstacles in his way, even to demanding that he perform impossibilities, in the hope of compelling a bad showing. If he could be allowed to do his work free from harassment by those who would purposely make it difficult, he could get better immediate results as to cost of operation.

When the system is complete, the running expenses will be very much less than now. The same buildings and corps of attendants could, with slight additional outlay, supply several times the number of lights now produced. The saving over

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gas in lighting our streets by electricity, even under present unfavorable conditions, is enormous. We now pay $20 per year per gas lamp of 20 candle power, or $1.00 per year per candle power. Our present cost per candle power for operating electric lights is less than four cents per year, and when our plants are running to their full capacity it will not exceed 2½ cents, as against $1.00 for gas.

Cities have been led into making contracts with private electric lighting companies at enormous prices because of two things: 1st, their entire ignorance of the cost of such service; 2nd, the belief that to establish an electric light plant was an undertaking on a par with putting in a gas plant or building a water-works system. The facts are becoming known; cities and towns are discovering that it is a very simple and inexpensive thing to own and operate their own electric light plant.

More than 20 cities in this country have already established electric light plants, and are supplying their street lamps at a cost of $50 or less per year per lamp, while many other cities are paying to private corporations from $150 to $200 per year for the same service. Until recently Boston has been paying $240 per year per lamp.

A plant for 100 arc lamps can be put in full running condition for $15,000, exclusive of land and buildings. Many towns have these latter that can be used without much outlay. The cost per lamp for operating a 100 lamp plant would be about $65 to $70 per year. With 300 lamps the cost would be reduced to $60 per year.

The following figures, showing the cost of operating a 300 lamp plant, have been obtained from reliable sources and confirmed by our city electrician:—

Coal per month,	$540.00
Engineer per month,	100.00
Fireman per month,	75.00
Six trimmers per month, at $60,	360.00
Carbons,	270.00
Incidental,	155.00
Total,	$1,500.00

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This, for 300 lamps, would be $5 per lamp per month, or $60 per year.

This estimate is on the following basis: five pounds of coal per horse-power per hour; one horse-power to each 2000 candle power lamp; lamps to burn 12 hours each night. Full allowance is made for incidental expenses, repairs, etc., and wages are put at better figures than private companies generally pay. Coal is figured at $2 per ton for soft coal. Chicago uses screenings at $1.30 per ton.

A simple beginning, and one within the reach of any town, would be to put a 25 or a 50 light dynamo into the basement of some public building which it was desired to light; then connect with other city buildings and have a few lamps in the streets between. A commencement of this sort would soon be extended by popular demand. Started in this way a plant for 50 arc lights need not cost over $8000.

A favorite objection to the extension of such service as this is that it would increase the danger of corruption. Chicago's experience has been that the corruption has come chiefly from corporations operating its public service. It is true some of our statesmen thought they could steal; but we were able to *go over their accounts*, and they are now serving the state in a capacity more in keeping with their ability.

A most striking instance of the corrupting influence of corporations in Chicago has been within the experience of this same Professor Barrett. Eight or nine years ago he made an attempt to establish an electric light plant. As a beginning he procured a small dynamo and connected it to an engine in the water-works pumping-house. He established a number of lamps in the building and on the water-tower. The gas company began to fight the enterprise at once, and an order was soon forthcoming from the city council, directing the professor to sell that dynamo, which he did, and his lights had to come down. Had he been permitted to go ahead, he would have saved Chicago two or three million dollars before this time on street lighting alone.

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The chief opposition to our present undertaking comes from the gas trust and private electric lighting companies here. But, thanks to the perseverance of Professor Barrett, our system is daily being put on a more secure basis, and is now in no danger of being overturned.

There is no reason why every city in the land should not follow Chicago's example and provide its own service of this character. If private corporations can pay taxes, insurance, water rates, fancy salaries, and big dividends out of such service, then surely the people can perform it for themselves when they have none of these things to pay.

MORAL RIGHTS VS. LEGAL RIGHTS.

By Temple Beauford.

For the profitable discussion of every theory of social reform, it is essential that the distinctions between the natural or moral and the civil or legal rights of man be kept clearly in mind. The first depend on his nature as a sentient, intelligent, and free being in social relations with other beings of the same nature, and the just recognition and apprehension of these rights is governed by the degree of culture, development, and spiritual insight of the individual. On the other hand, civil or legal rights depend upon what the law-making power of the country (whether vested in one, a select few, or the mass of the people) has in its wisdom determined to be the proper limits of the action of the individual, consistent with the safety and welfare of the state,—by which is always meant the safety and welfare of those entrusted with the law-making power.

The source of our knowledge of these rights is to be found in the history of the social customs, legislative enactments, and judicial decisions of the country. The rational end of the state, as well as of every civil institution and legislative enactment, is the establishment of justice, or the maintenance of the real or

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supposed natural rights of every individual element of the social organism, as recognized and understood by the law-makers.

The degree of progress made by every people toward the ideal state of complete justice, wherein all the natural rights of every individual are recognized and enforced by the whole power of the state, depends upon the clearness with which these natural rights are grasped and defined by the law-making power.

Such progress will be found most clearly marked by the extent to which the most fundamental of all natural rights — that of every rational being to a voice in determining and defining his relations with other such beings — is recognized and acted on.

It was not only the French king who identified his own rights and interests with the state, but every law-making body has everywhere, and at all times, said and will continue to say by its actions: "We are the state." But so long as there are any persons who are deprived of this greatest of all rights, so long will there be slavery and oppression among men. The history of the race is a recital of the co-operative efforts made by different nations and peoples, through some form of government, to establish and maintain these natural rights of the individual so far as the mass or strongest part of the people constituting such nation have been able to agree on what these rights were.

At first a recognition of the right to life led to organization under the despotic control of the chief whose strength or cunning proved him most fit to secure the safety of the tribe and its members against all enemies. Then a recognition, in some degree, of the natural right to personal freedom caused other prominent members of the tribe to put some limitation on the absolute authority of the chief. As further progress was made in recognizing these natural rights, the number of persons admitted to a share in the law-making was increased, and the rights of these were considered in legislation. Let us recur, then, to these natural rights and see if we have yet fully realized what they are.

The basis of all natural rights, as well as of all duties, consists

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in the fact that free, rational, spiritual beings, such as everyone recognizes in himself, and in every other man,—all men having essentially the same nature,—are entitled to the same rights, and subject to the same duties; are, so far as rights and duties are concerned, perfectly equal.

It is the natural right of every person to develop freely and fully those fundamental powers which constitute his being, and to have an equal opportunity and share in the world of matter for the exploitation and manifestation of these powers of his spiritual nature. Whatever material thing is necessary for the employment and manifestation of these spiritual properties may properly be designated as a natural right of property. This right of property is the equal and inalienable right of every man; and, as the amount of the material things that are necessary for the life and development of himself and his fellowmen are limited, it is perfectly clear that all men have an equal right to a voice in the distribution and use of that which is the common heritage of the race. It follows also that no man has a natural right to any more material property than he can use himself, so long as any other man has less than is necessary for his use, and that all natural right to property ceases with its use. In this case, whether such discontinuance of use be caused by death or voluntary abandonment, the property would fall back into the common heritage, in which all have an equal right and an equal voice in determining how and when it may again be enjoyed as the separate property of any individual.

Against these natural rights, old as the race and based on the very nature of man, no civil or legal right, whether based on custom or on positive enactment, can prevail. The natural right of every man to personal freedom has, in the most advanced nations of modern times, come to be recognized and established by law only within the present generation, and is yet far from being actually enforced. Is it any wonder, then, that the enormous legal claim of the right of any individual man to get all he can and hold all he gets, which until recently covered even the legal right to property in the freedom and labor of other

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men if they were of a certain color, should have remained so long unchallenged? Great as are the evils of allowing individuals to monopolize large tracts, areas of land which they do not and cannot use themselves, they are yet but slight in comparison with the evils of personal, social, and political slavery or serfdom.

We are, however, beginning to feel these evils of economical slavery, and have called to the bar of public opinion not the institution of property according to its natural and rational definition and limitations, but the deeply intrenched legal institution of the unlimited acquisition and transmission by the individual of that which he cannot use himself, and for the use of which by other persons he is allowed to levy the highest tax he can possibly extort, through connivance with other holders of like property. Unless this ancient, but far from respectable or honest, legal claim to unlimited individual acquisition of real estate can give a rational and just ground for its being and continuance, it must go. If some men have hitherto been unjustly allowed to acquire and hold more than their share of the common heritage, there will be no injustice in prohibiting them from continuing in the same path, while it will be an act of perfect justice to those who have thereby been injured in their ancient and inalienable natural right to the possession of such part of the earth as is necessary for their life and freedom.

It was no moral wrong to the slave-holder to free his slaves without compensation, but it was an act of justice to the slave; and if any compensation was due in the case, it was to the slave who had so long suffered wrong at the hands of the oppressor.

So, in the restoration of the land to the public and its re-distribution according to the natural rights of man therein, no compensation is due to those who have so long enjoyed that to which they had no natural right, which they had held only by force, fraud, or irrational custom and law, and have used for the sole purpose of levying an unjust tribute on the labors of their fellowmen.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROGRESS.

By Douglas Adam.

All the sciences have their historians, but who will write the history of their histories,—what of the science of progress itself? Yet the history of man, we are told, is nothing but a scientific evolution from the simian to the modern poet or artist,—from the simple to the universal.

Let us take one of the simplest and most comprehensive forms of progress,—attainment. A child sits blinking before a lighted candle. Presently the light attracts him, and, gathering together his attention and forces, he clutches at the flame, —he burns his fingers. Here we have a manifest case of progression in the child's career. He has learnt that fire burns, he has found out that "all is not gold that glitters," and henceforth probably "shuns the fire."

But let us look at this illustration a little closer. There are at least three processes "set up" before the child is burnt, and so progresses. First, *attraction toward an object;* secondly, *collection or accumulation of means toward that object;* lastly, *application of means toward that object.* Here, then, we have attraction, accumulation, and application of means as the basis of a very simple form of progress.

Simple as it is, this method of progress would seem exactly the same for every adult today. First we are attracted toward an object, then we collect, and finally apply, means to get it. On gaining or losing it, we form another ideal, and once more prepare to attain that.

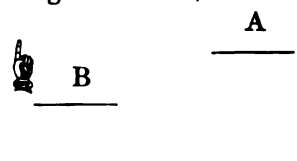
If the conditions of all men had always been equal, there is little doubt that we should all be living in harmony at this latter end of the nineteenth century. We should have progressed side by side upon the stairway of time,—going up three steps at a bound. But, although this rule of progress appears to hold good through and beneath all, yet there is another important factor in the problem to be considered.

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Man is threefold,—physical, intellectual, and emotional. In the simple instance taken of the child and the candle, the initial attraction may have been born of either of these three sides of his nature. It was probably an inheritance, and is, therefore, difficult to classify. Let us suppose, however, that it came from the physical side; in that case it was generated by what we call *instinct*. But if a full-grown man sees a gold eagle on the side-walk and picks it up, he is probably impelled thereto by his mental nature, *i. e.*, by *reason*. If a woman singles out a soldier-lad from a troop about to embark, and weeps over his golden hair, she has, in all probability, been led to do so by what we call *sentiment*, or the demands of her emotional nature. Instinct, reason, and sentiment, then, are all three prime motors in the three unchanging processes of human progress. If we call these processes — attraction, accumulation, and application — our *lines of advance*, then sentiment, reason, and instinct will be the three *officers* in charge of each and all of them.

These three "officers," regarded as one, are sometimes called the *will*, while the effect of the three "lines of advance," regarded as one, is known as the *character*.

Now, difference of character, as has been hinted, is almost certainly due to a difference of conditions, which produces a difference of ideal. In other words, the "advancing lines" of mankind are not all in the same order at any one time. The result is and must be confusion. The lines may be conveniently conceived as marching in echelon, thus:—



Now, supposing this figure to represent the progression of a single business man, during business hours,—

A would probably be the line of his intellect.
B " " " " " " " emotions.
C " " " " " " " physical nature.

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Suppose the same man at church or by his children's bedside, and A would now probably represent the line of his emotions; again, at dinner, it might be the line of his physical nature. According to the prevailing character of A during life will the man's nature be intellectual, emotional, or physical.

This echelon movement (from the French *echelle*, a ladder) ever goes on in the individual; but unless each trinity of lines, representing an individual, is at its highest development and under perfect control, so as to present unconsciously and instinctively the proper front to its ever-varying obstacles and opportunities, the nature of the individual will be one-sided or biassed. Education, to be perfect, will deal with all three sides of the nature equally,—it represents "teaching the drill" or "platoon movements." Absolute control probably comes only from experience in the actual field of life.

As in the individual, so it would seem *en masse*. Although the units differ one from another so generally, there is always an average uniformity, maintained by geographical, linguistic, or other causes of community. All countries can look back to their past ideals. The desire for personal security and supremacy was followed by a desire for tribal and national security and supremacy. Every age has seen its minor parabolas of partial progress. Now the emotions led a crusade; the intellect stimulated a century of brilliant writers; physical culture excused its gladiatorial, and glorified its pugilistic, contests. Observe that such waves never affected the whole universe, for although the individual echelon lines themselves formed part of a universal movement advancing in echelon, they had consciously no common ideal, and no means of communicating one had they possessed it.

But with the invention of printing, later of newspapers and periodicals, still later of steam engines, telegraphs, telephones, and phonographs, with the corresponding advance of general science, the natural result is appearing. The emotionalists are agreed that there is no essential advantage in individual progress: that man is so tied to man that it is impossible for

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anyone to be truly content while his brother starves. Progress, then, must be universal, and, to be universal, there must be a common understanding. Gradually, over the civilized world there seems to be flashing the message of a new ideal,—that of the realization of the brotherhood of man.

The form which this ideal has taken is apparently a low one, —that of material social easement for all. This is a strictly economic idea of universal progress, but it seems scientifically logical as the first general step. We must *live* together before we can walk or soar together.

Referring to our first statement of the method of progress, this common ideal seems to be the new attraction destined to be followed by accumulation, and to be consummated by the application of these accumulations. As the attraction is upon a material plane we should expect, and we find, material activity on all sides. Certainly material wealth has been, and is being, concentrated as never before.

In conclusion, there seems no reason to fear any new evil from this new ideal,—least of all the extinction of individualism. Ibsen and his disciples may take heart. The tendency of the world is clearly toward a high differentiation in the individual, enclosed in a sublime unity of progress. Such is nature's law. Consider the apparently adverse elements and forms of creation, —night and day, fire and water, leaf, jewel, lightning, beetle, hawk, and desert waste,—all play their parts in the economy of the universe. It is not individual happiness for which man blindly labors, but simply for the attainment in infinite variety of a common instinctive obedience to the laws of a common nature.

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EFFECT ON INVENTION.

By W. L. Cheney

What effect on invention would arise from a state of society in which no one could enjoy, by letters patent, a monopoly of anything whatever? Unthinking persons will at once reply that invention would practically cease, as men would have no encouragement to invent if they were not "protected" by patent law.

It would probably be a sufficient answer to this to say that the *real* inventor needs no encouragement to invent; that he invents because he cannot keep from inventing. On the other hand, it is well known that many who might invent and thus do the world a service systematically refrain from inventing because, in addition to their inventive genius, they have the perception which enables them to see that, under the present patent laws and other laws, if they should invent they would not receive from the community anything like a full measure of value in return. It is plain that in such cases a state of society that should guarantee an inventor even a fair living would be a much greater "encouragement" to invention than is the present system.

The ownership of a patent is a direct challenge and does not encourage improvement, but calls for an immense amount of work in "getting around patents," all of which is waste labor, and so much loss to the world. Most of the advance even now is made by improving upon things not patented, and this work is done by the real inventor, while the "getting around patents" is done by those who go into what they are pleased to call invention for the sake of the dollars they hope to get out of it; these never produce anything more dignified than "traps," so called, and could not exist (as inventors) without patent law, and would therefore be obliged, without patent law, to occupy themselves in a manner that should do the world some service, if they would receive a living from the world.

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Of course there are inventors who have done the world great service, and who have received under the present system a full, and sometimes running over, measure of reward; but it should be noticed that, in addition to their inventive genius, these have almost invariably possessed that business tact and management which would have brought them practically equal fortunes in *any* occupation they might have chanced to enter.

Looking from the standpoint of the present, no one at all familiar with the subject really professes to believe that, even now, patent law "protects" an inventor, and it is becoming more and more the fashion when possible — as when the product of invention (as screws or cloth) rather than the invention itself (as a steam engine) is to go on the market — to depend on secrecy rather than patents for a reward.

It seems almost self-evident that, under a system that would assure genuine inventors a good living, drive imitators out of the field, and make it unnecessary for an invention to be kept from the world for fear some one would steal it, invention would thrive in a manner before unknown. It is wonderful what has been accomplished already by the comparatively few who are not sufficiently worldly-wise to refrain from inventing. To what heights might not the race reasonably hope to climb if invention were unrestricted?

"A syndicate of American capitalists and British bankers has been formed in London, with Sir J. Goldsmid, M.P., as chairman, for the purpose of buying the gas works of the principal American cities."— *Daily Business* (Chicago), June 24, 1890.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A Daring Young Patrician.

Mr. Williams, member of the Massachusetts legislature, from Dedham, will get himself heartily disliked if he doesn't learn to curb his audacity. When he calls for an investigation of the methods of our city railroad octopus, and states that he wishes to have the senate investigated also, he is really too audacious. He forgets that, though he belongs to the large and popular, and not so easily manipulated, part of our political mechanism, and though he may have the courage of his conviction, yet a modern senate may be like that which listened to the noble indignation of Tacitus and then crawled on its capitalistic belly to lick the feet of Tiberius. What is one man with the courage of his conviction compared to a dozen or so with the courage of their corruption? What is one man! Nay, we are not pessimists. Right makes one a majority, and before many more years of crying in the wilderness, Mr. Williams will have a host at his back.

Thought as Force.

The *Arena*, a Boston magazine not yet a year old, but already bidding fair to distance its competitors, the *Forum* and the *North American Review*, by adopting the principle of welcoming original thought to its pages, emphasizes this new departure in magazine literature by publishing an article entitled "Thought as Force," from the pen of a comparatively new writer, Captain Edward S. Huntington. This paper suggests that the act of thinking sets in motion waves of intellectual light which have an actual vibration on the material atmosphere of the civilized world long after the particular thinker has been resolved into his primordial elements. Captain Huntington, by the testimony he adduces, makes out a very strong case. He is especially happy in the application of his theory to the growth of socialism since the time of Sir Thomas More. Every nationalist should read this article; and, for that matter,

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every nationalist who can afford it, should take the *Arena*, for it is one of the fairest of the great magazines in allowing able writers to present the cause of the people.

THE LEAVEN AT WORK.

Look wherever we may, and we shall be likely to see the nationalistic leaven at work. Governor Brackett of Massachusetts, for instance, has been evidently studying nationalism to good advantage, and making application thereof in considering the course of events. In his speech at the Harvard commencement he said: "We are passing through a critical era in the republic. The domination of the dollar in politics, the power of capitalistic combinations in affecting legislation, in dictating nominations, in carrying elections, the growth and autocratic sway of monopolies, the subordination of the general good to selfish interests, the schemes to enrich the few at the expense of the many,—all these furnish fruitful causes for solicitude to the friends of republican institutions, the advocates of government by the people. To meet these conditions, to battle with these sinister forces, a new revival of patriotism and public spirit is demanded." That is good nationalistic doctrine, and in his admirable veto of the bill for the consolidation of gas and electric companies, which placed the public more than ever at the mercy of private monopolies, he uses good nationalistic reasoning. It was a righteous retribution that overtook the interests back of the bill, for it was they who secured in the senate, ever ready to do plutocratic bidding, the killing of the bill allowing municipalities to manufacture and sell gas and electricity.

AN ANARCHISTIC CONTEMPORARY.

There is a pretty little weekly published in Boston called *Today*,—the successor, we believe, of the late *Waterman's Journal*. It is devoted to the cult of Saint Herbert, the apostle of selfishness, and offers the works of Mr. Spencer free to subscribers. It is, therefore, of course, anarchistic in purpose, as is plainly to be inferred from its declaration that it is "devoted to the record of the facts and considerations which show that individual liberty is good for the people of the United States, and that, therefore, legislative regulation is injurious for them." Propaganda of this kind is about as effective as was Dame Partington's broom against the rising tide. Its puny force is directed against the irresistible tendency of the human race towards organization, that has governed its progress from the start. The fatal defect in the "individual

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liberty" shibboleth comes from the fact that it simply substitutes one form of government for another. If the people are not permitted to govern themselves in the interest of the entire mass, then they become subject to the tyranny of the irresponsible government of those of their number who make use of their "individual liberty" to prey upon their fellows by seizing and exercising for their own profit the industrial functions necessary to the existence and welfare of the whole. The only hope of improvement the anarchists hold out is that, somehow by giving men free rein to do as they please,—or rather, as the strongest and most cunning and unscrupulous among them choose to make them do,—at some time in the far distant future the bad men will voluntarily reform, and everything will be lovely. Meanwhile the nationalists take human nature just as it is, and propose to give it the opportunity to make the best of itself by providing the conditions under which no man shall waste his energy by working to thwart the aim of another, but all shall find their own welfare in promoting that of their fellows.

PUBLIC VS. PRIVATE MANAGEMENT.

The Mayor of Chicago comes out strongly in favor of the assumption by municipal governments of services public in their nature. He is evidently a practical nationalist. Nationalism is destined to find a rapid and healthy development in the fertile soil of the vigorous West. In a message to the city council Mayor Creigier says: "Chicago supplies her citizens with water. She provides channels of drainage. It is equally proper that this city should furnish her residents with light for household purposes as well as for public use. * * * Nor should we stop here. To furnish heat, power, and intramural transportation are not only within the scope of legitimate legislation, but the practical establishment and operation of such under municipal control would prove a source of economy and convenience to the entire community."

Chicago's grand success in the establishment of its municipal electric-lighting plant is proving a valuable object lesson that cannot fail to be widely heeded. Milwaukee, Chicago's nearest neighbor in the way of a great city, is considering a project to establish an electric-lighting system, owned and operated by the city, to cost at the outset $600,000. The *Boston Post*, in commenting on this, brings forward the threadbare old objection that such steps are unwise because the science of electricity is making such rapid strides that the apparatus of today is liable to be out of date in a very few years, and to keep up with the state of the art is

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a condition precedent to success. "This," it says, "a business corporation can do, but a municipality, as a matter of fact, seldom does it, and should Milwaukee go into the business with the best plant it can buy today and get its lights at cost, it would be more than likely to find, in the course of a few years, that, owing to its antiquated outfit, its lights were costing more than other cities were paying to corporations which, with later and more economical devices, were doing a prosperous and remunerative business, and furnishing a more satisfactory result." An ounce of fact is worth a pound of assertion. If the *Post* would rub its eyes and awake to what is really the case, it might learn something valuable. Now, who pays the cost of renewing worn-out or antiquated devices? Why, the public, of course! And in the case of private corporations it roundly pays the cost, plus a profit on a capitalization always large and frequently "watered." Where the municipality or the nation renders the service, the only expense falling on the public is that of renewal. It is almost universally the rule that public administration of services of the kind is more economical, enlightened, and efficient than private ones. The telegraph and telephone monopolies in this country earn huge profits on watered stock, and have long either suppressed or refused to employ valuable improvements on those devices in which influential parties in the companies are pecuniarily interested. On the other hand, the best managed water-works are those owned by municipalities, and the great economies and discoveries in the utilization of by-products of gas-works, formerly wasted, were made in the municipal plants of English cities, and not in those of private corporations. If some of our leading newspapers would pay more attention to practical problems demanding solution at home, instead of assuming the interesting though thankless task of instructing Lord Salisbury and other European premiers from day to day, they might better fulfill their missions of mentors to the public. Their attitude in opposing public control is usually inconsistent, as the *Post* itself betrayed a few days after, when it complained of the inefficiency of street-watering by private contract, and demanded in the interest of the public health the assumption of the work by the municipality.

Gen. Walker on the Eight-Hour Law.

There is hope for Gen. Francis A. Walker after all. His article on the Eight-Hour Law Agitation, in the *Atlantic*, for June, is in marked contrast to his treatment of nationalism last February. It shows that

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his heart is really in the right place, his sympathies are with the workers, and, for the greater part, his reasoning is sound. Like many others, Gen. Walker appears to be a nationalist without knowing it. When the alternative is placed directly before him, his choice is in the right direction. The trouble with him is that he lacks the imaginative faculty. He cannot perceive the trend of tendencies beyond a very short range, and he has slight power to follow the course of the logic of events. Therefore, he is defective in sense of proportion, and like other unimaginative persons, he unduly magnifies the importance of things close at hand, and excludes other factors from consideration. Therefore, while an able scholar, he is not equipped for leadership in economic thought.

In this article Gen. Walker takes the nationalistic ground that the state has a perfect right to legislate concerning the hours of labor, and he strongly combats the assumption of the *laissez-faire* school, that whatever interferes in any way with the freedom of contract and of action must, in the end, and in the long run, injure the working classes. He asks, very pertinently, "What is freedom, so far as practical men are concerned with it? Is it an empty right to do something which you cannot possibly do? Or is it a real power to do that one, out of many things, which you shall choose? If one course gives a man a legal right to do anything, but results in his being so helpless, and brings him into such miserable straits that he can, in fact, do but one thing, and that a thing which is most distressing, while another course, although it may keep a man somewhat within bounds, actually conducts him to a position where he has a real choice among many and good things, which course affords the larger liberty?" The logical carrying out of this latter principle constitutes the end and aim of nationalism. But, while taking the strong nationalistic ground that this implies, Gen. Walker cannot refrain from making a dab at Mr. Bellamy, and of course from reading into his work something that is not there. "A state of general repletion amid abundant leisure" is what he deems Mr. Bellamy's ideal, and he indulges in the well-worn common-place objection that it "would be very tedious." As if the ideal were a lazy man's paradise instead of an industrial republic most essentially, where, in the critic's own preceding words, "industry has its rewards, sanitary and moral, as well as economic." It is another mark of the unimaginative mind to find everything stupid that is beyond the range of actual experience. That is the way the neolithic man disposed of the prediction of present conditions, according to Miss Stetson's "Similar Cases."

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Gen. Walker is to be commended for the effectiveness with which he demolishes the fallacies of the anarchistic Mr. Gunton, presented in the latter's argument for eight hours. Gen. Walker's objection to a uniform eight-hour law, applicable to all trades and avocations, reads as if derived from a study of "Looking Backward," one of the principal features of which is the regulation of the hours of work according to the intensity demanded by each particular branch of industry, and we concur in according a hearty negative to his closing query: "Is it then possible, will it ever be possible, so to control the conditions under which labor is conducted as to make it compatible with political justice, or even with ordinary honesty as between man and man, to prescribe the same number of hours per day for all?"

IS NATIONALISM A SIN AGAINST LIBERTY?

In the *Open Court* of July 10th, Mr. Thaddeus B. Wakeman of New York has an able article under the above caption. Commencing by answering certain arguments of Mr. Hugh O. Pentecost, Mr. Wakeman proceeds to show, by a series of scientific demonstrations, that the liberty of the individual will not be curtailed under a nationalistic *régime*, and that it is of little use to discuss social questions unless the controlling fact that society is an organism be kept in mind, and the laws underlying the structure and working of this organism and its constituent elements be regarded. Thus it is shown that the cry of tyranny against the compulsion to co-operation on the part of those who do not desire to co-operate is utterly unscientific, because it is impossible for a human being to "secede from mother earth and her little family of plants and animals, and human society with its *organic* co-operation, and social laws, and moral duties." Men and women are not metaphysical individual entities without laws, conditions, and duties; they cannot exist except as members of the organic unity, and can no more secede from their connection with this organic unity and live than could a hand, an arm, or a leg retain life after separation from the body. Tyranny is therefore out of the question in the ordinary meaning of that term. It exists only in the sense that we must all inevitably suffer the penalty of endeavoring to live in unconformity with the law of nature. But this law, in the modern scientific sense, is the reverse of tyranny, inasmuch as in social as in every other science it is but the result of an observed order of phenomena or events, without which order freedom of action cannot exist. "Thus order was and is ever the condition of liberty,— the base of progress."

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Mr. Wakeman then goes on to show how nationalism, when operating in its full integrity, will abolish all semblance of tyranny by restoring and establishing upon a scientific basis the conditions of liberty and individuality. The former is not inconsistent with the latter, but is rather the medium of its full development in its highest phase. A secured material existence, and equal opportunities for all to manifest their natural mental tendencies, will be the means of cultivating and displaying diversity of "character, life, and pursuits" to a degree utterly impossible under our present social system, and to an extent of grandeur that has not yet entered into the mind of even the most sanguine of our social reformers.

The editor of the *Open Court* does not think that the hopes which are entertained regarding the beneficial effects of nationalism upon the body politic "can be justified before the tribunal of reason and common sense." He agrees that there is a truth in nationalism, and that, if the system were applied to the operation of certain industries which are of common interest, it would be well; but, if carried beyond the point at which he thinks it should stop it is "a scheme that scarcely deserves serious consideration." While agreeing that society is an organism of co-operating individuals, he is inclined to dispute the interdependence of the several units, and fails to see that no one can do *anything* which is not of common interest. He utterly mistakes the ideas of nationalism with regard to competition. As has been often said, nationalists do not wish to abolish competition, but simply to remove it from its present low plane. The competitive brute struggle for the means of physical subsistence is what we would abolish, and this in order that full sway and opportunity may be given to a higher competition, wherein the full manhood of mankind may be evolved, and every person in this world may be unrestrained in the endeavor to attain to the highest and best that is with the compass of his natural capacity. The illustration of Prussia is altogether beside the purpose. Paternalism and fraternalism are so distinct and different that no illustration of the latter can be drawn from any existing system of government. We cannot be surprised, however, that the Prussian commonwealth is regarded as the best realization of moderate nationalism by one who can define competition — the raging battle for human existence — as "identical with liberty and comprehending the right of everybody to do better, if he can, in a certain line of industry than his fellowman."

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ATTITUDE OF THE PRESS.

Many have criticised Bishop Potter's address at Harvard because it sounded a note of warning. This was to be expected. There is a class — its antitype that gathering in "Belgium's capital"— whose orators, closing their eyes and stopping their ears to all that warns of danger to their country, charm and tickle the self-approbation of their hearers by graphic pictures of our wonderful growth as a nation, and arouse their enthusiasm by painting, in glowing terms, a second century of greater prosperity and grandeur. With appetites whetted by such self-laudation, many of our citizens, especially those whom happy fortune has borne on the wave of prosperity, object to hearing any calm, philosophical analysis of the situation, any attempt to lay bare the forces which are working a change in this republic, and subverting the condition of equality and fraternity in which it was founded. Whoever has courage to point out the dangers that threaten us is a pessimist.—"On with the dance." Still we bid them speak and repeat their words, if mayhap some of the careless ones may be made to pause, to listen, and to think.

"A portion of our contemporaries of the press, who have commented upon recent public addresses, are disturbed by the address of Bishop Potter, because it takes too gloomy a view of the condition of affairs. One of them instances the Fourth of July oration of Mr. E. A. Pillsbury as an answer to, if not a refutation of, the bishop's position. It is a most mistaken and a most dangerous view, however, to assume, as it is undertaken to do in this instance, that the people who warn of danger are prophets of evil to be deprecated, while those who prophesy smooth things are patriots to be praised. One of the worst possible signs of the times is not only that evil is being done, but that there are good men in the community who deprecate calling attention to the fact, and who complain if specifications are made with regard to it. History teaches that it is this spirit which precedes the downfall of nations."— *Boston Herald.*

Some of the thoughtful leaders in our national life took advantage of its great anniversary to tell the people, in plain language, of the perils which threaten the stability of our institutions. They should be heard.

Bishop Huntington says: "Hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children are not free in any true American sense of the word *freeman.* In factories, in mines, in shops, in the great industries, in the controlled, terrorized ballot, they are in an actual and unrighteous

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slavery. Class is enslaved by class, and the American intelligence and education have informed the sufferers of their servitude. Is it not obvious how the annual festival ought to be used by orators, by statesmen, by the press, for reconciliation, for justice, for industrial emancipation, for the breaking of yokes, and the easing of burdens, and the averting of the impending danger?"

The *Independent*, in which the above and the following extracts from utterances by men of national repute are found, comments editorially upon this: "No other article in the series which we publish has more deeply interested us than that by Bishop Huntington. He is an old man; he comes from conservative Boston; he is a bishop of the Protestent Episcopal Church; he is a man of broad scholarship and the finest culture. If there is any man from whom a conservative view might have been expected, it is Bishop Huntington. But Bishop Huntington finds the great and oppressive lesson of the day in the social conflict which is arising between employers and employed, or between wealth hedged about by opportunities of combination and extortion and labor limited, controlled, and oppressed. He believes that this is the day to preach the doctrine that all men are born free and equal, and that this equality is an equality of the poor as against the rich, of liberty against social tyranny, of deliverance from grasping monopolists. We call special attention to his solemn words. Our people are no more threatened by foreign oppression, but these words deserve to be quoted in full: 'They are threatened by a social tyranny growing up among ourselves. They are imperilled by enormous and unscrupulous accumulations of wealth. They are strangled by grasping monopolies. They are crushed by a selfish, heartless, pitiless power of money and the passion for money.'"

We reprint in full the words of Hon. Cassius M. Clay, formerly minister to Russia. "I have but one thought to present to your readers for July 4th. We must declare anew our independence of *corporations*. The chief of these are the railroad corporations. They control now all the sources of political power, and are fast absorbing the whole wealth of the people. All other trusts, combines, and robberies are the off-shoots of the railroad system. (This is a significant statement. It should be given thoughtful consideration. It indicates where the first blow must be struck by the people in any attempt to wrest from the monopolists the unjust and pernicious power which they have assumed.) There must be a department of ways, etc.,— railroads, water-ways, etc. This head of commerce can kill all the criminal 'trusts' and swindles in the

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Union with a word. The greatest of all my thoughts — the one thought — is one which more than a million of times at my individual expense has gone into print."

"*The railroads must be owned by the Government, valued and paid for at a fair price:* it will be a great sum, but it is the price of liberty."

Hon. Albion W. Tourgee very pertinently says: "The old Fourth of July celebration was based very largely on the almost universal sense of equality. Riches counted for but little in those days. Neighborship was a common bond. Social circles met and overlapped without fear of contamination or reproach. This condition of affairs no more exists. Proximity has developed repulsion among the atoms of society. The city separates men, classes, households. Money outranks worth, merit, brain,— everything. Public displays have come to take on the character of the games of the amphitheatre,— they are 'shows for the people' instead of popular demonstrations."

John Bascom, LL.D., of Williams College, writes: "The underlying idea of our national life has been from the beginning the democratic idea,— the prosperity of the people. The form which this idea is today assuming is the improvement of the condition of the laboring classes; the softening down by more equal terms of production; the alienation and asperity of classes,— asperities so sure to thrive on the unimpeded pursuit of personal interests. Here is where our present labor as a free people lies. This is our path of progress. Here, therefore, we have the condition of popular enthusiasm and national life. The influence of the Fourth of July can be re-established, its hold upon the general mind renewed and strengthened,— and that without reference to race or religious distinction,— by associating its celebration, as often as circumstances permit, with a spontaneous rally prompted and guided by the discussion of one or other of the many social problems which touch our joint concerns, and bring to us the claims of our national life in a distinct form. Doing something, winning something, yielding something, will alone nourish patriotism. The ability candidly, quietly, and patriotically to consider claims and concessions, those which are our own and those of others, is a great — the very greatest — attainment in national life, and will call out that life in its most effective form."

With its 25th anniversary the New York *Nation* in a calm and judicial manner reviews the course of our national life. It is in its industrial aspect and in the effect of that upon our political life that the *Nation* finds the most radical changes. During the war "nearly every state had

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at least one senator of the type of Seward, or Sumner, or Fessenden, or Trumbull,— generally a man of very moderate pecuniary means,— who not only exerted great influence on the politics of his state, but spoke with more or less moral and intellectual authority on all the questions of the day. This type has almost completely disappeared. It can hardly be said to have any representative whatever in the senate today. The senate has, in fact, become almost exclusively a capitalist's chamber, and it is only from the South that poor men continue to find their way into it with ease. At the North there is a steady tendency to give seats in it to successful manufacturers, speculators, or railroad men. As a general rule, too, this class brings to the work of legislation considerable contempt for public opinion as expressed through the newspapers, and an almost unbounded belief in the venality of state legislatures as the result of their own experience in business life."

"No change has been so marked as the transfer to wealth of the political and social influence which was formerly shared, if not absorbed, by literary, oratorical, or professional distinction. The popular interest which once centred in the latter has been almost fully transferred to the great millionaires. It is their personality and doings which now pique popular curiosity and touch the popular imagination. It is their talk which commands most attention and which is believed to have most power. In politics they have become perhaps the greatest force of the day, owing in part to the virtual withdrawal of the bar and the clergy from the political arena, but in still greater part to their power of 'owning' both men and newspapers,— that is, of controlling politicians, and directing the course of the press."

Victor Yarros in the *Christian Register* gives us one of those optimistic visions of *laissez faire*. He recognizes the present tendency to monopoly, but like Macawber sinks back and advises "waiting for something to turn up." We cannot see any justification for his siren song: "The conviction seems to be spreading, both among practical men of affairs and speculative thinkers, that a new and opposite tendency, a tendency toward decentralization and dispersion of wealth and capital, has just set in, which will, in a comparatively short period, undo the mischief of monopoly's reign."

Harper's Weekly puts clearly the reason why the people condemn trusts, and admits the correctness of the position taken by nationalists that trusts demonstrate one of the fundamental principles of nationalism, namely: that co-operation is more economical for those who co-operate

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than competition. There is a demonstration of this economy in the interest of the people whenever the co-operation is co-extensive with their political organization. It says of the decision of the New York Supreme Court in the case of the sugar trust: "It justifies the instinctive public condemnation of trusts as ruthless monopolies. The plea that combination favors both larger production and cheaper supply is offset in the public mind by the knowledge that there is and can be no guarantee of such a result. The combination is formed not for benevolent and philanthropic purposes, but for the pecuniary advantage of the combiners; and if, when competition is abolished, the profits of the combination are not satisfactory, the price will be raised until they are."

The solution is to be a far different one from that which Victor Yarros thinks he sees. The *San Francisco Chronicle* has indicated a state of affairs which may arouse the temper of the American people and precipitate a nationalistic solution much sooner than any of us have hitherto thought possible. Of the growing prevalence and possible effect of the introduction of foreign syndicates it says: —

"It is a very old story, that of the man who kicked his dog, but would allow no one else to kick him. The several states, through the medium of their legislatures, have kicked and cuffed the people about in the interests of domestic corporations and syndicates and trusts, but they will be very slow to do the same thing in the interests of foreign capital. Out of this nettle danger we may, perhaps, pluck the flower safely. Perhaps the insolence and exactions of the foreign syndicates will awaken the American people to a realization of the abasement to which they have been subjected by home corporations and syndicates, and may teach them to take the control of certain great enterprises into their own hands. The surest way to beat a trust is to fight it with its own weapons. Make the people of the United States the shareholders in a trust, the direction of which shall be in the hands of the duly elected agents and representatives of the people, and no syndicate, foreign or domestic, can hope to compete with it."

Last month we celebrated the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of our independence from the political control of the mother country; but is there not a danger that England may acquire a more insidious influence and power over our national life, and exact from us a tribute much heavier than a tax upon tea, if our industries are owned and controlled by the magnates of the world's metropolis, as they now control the industrial life of India and the other dependencies of Great Britain?

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NEWS OF THE MOVEMENT.

In the limited space at our command, it is of course quite out of the question to give anything more than a *résumé* of what is going on in the various states of the Union. Sufficient will, however, be found each month to enable all friends of our movement to feel that the efforts which they are putting forth in the service of the cause are not in vain, and to encourage them to go forward in the good work to which they have set their hands. It would be very difficult to find, in the history of social or religious agitation, a corresponding amount of increasing activity during so short a period from the beginning of the upheaval. At first this might have been regarded by the sceptical as a mere spasm, the effect of which would soon disappear. But, although the time is short since the incipient steps were taken from which the apparently irresistible movement received its initial impetus, it is yet sufficiently long, and the progress sufficiently regular in the gradations of its increasing intensity, to make it a reasonable assumption that we are engaged in a work which will go on until satisfactory results are achieved. The number of clubs continues to increase, and the zeal of all shows no sign of abating as time passes. The co-operative or nationalistic commonwealth draws near apace, and if we remain, everyone of us, true to the principles which we advocate, the change from the old to the new will be peaceably and painlessly effected.

CALIFORNIA still maintains its almost feverish activity; and, notwithstanding the number of clubs already within the borders of the state, several new ones have recently been formed, as will be seen by a reference to our list of secretaries. In Los Angeles has been begun the system of establishing clubs in the various wards of the city, and here, as in New York city, we are informed that the plan is working well. There has also been inaugurated a series of open-air meetings, which are pronounced "a decided success." From the new clubs at Stockton, Guerneville, Occidental, Healdsburg, and other places are continually received reports which are very satisfactory, and it will be surprising if some important work of a practical nature is not soon in operation in the state.

CONNECTICUT is also doing well, but here the soil is not so favorable for growth. Corporations and their employés cover the state, and the condition of the latter is better than that of their comrades in many

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other parts. As a consequence, they are not so intimately alive to the necessity of improvement, for human nature has not yet arrived at that sublime height where the ordinary man or woman can feel for another's woe as keenly as for his or her own. In Bridgeport a club was organized on the evening of July 8th, when the Rev. Lewis B. Fisher, pastor of the Universalist church, was chosen president; Frederick W. McLellan, vice-president; and David Pike, secretary. After this a committee consisting of the above and Messrs. Samuel Mellor, John Cavelti, and William Healy was formed for drafting a plan of operations for the fall. Considerable enthusiasm was displayed at the meeting, and a vigorous campaign, later in the year, is anticipated.

In MASSACHUSETTS we have to record the formation of a new club at South Framingham, at which the following temporary officers were chosen: C. A. Simpson, president, and Wm. D. McPherson, secretary. In MISSOURI a second club has come into existence in Kansas City, while in the state of KANSAS we are informed that several clubs exist. Of these, however, we have not received any detailed reports, and shall feel obliged to any friend who will supply the deficiency. NEBRASKA has now fallen into line, and the city of Lincoln goes on record as having formed the pioneer club of the state. This club organized by adopting the constitution of the Nationalist Club of Boston, and electing the following officers: W. S. Wynn, president; H. F. Rose, recording secretary; Mrs. N. S. Baird, financial secretary; William Robertson, corresponding secretary.

In NEW YORK city five new clubs have been formed, and the system of organization according to wards has been pretty thoroughly carried out. It is thought that every ward will soon have its nationalist club. This is of course a prelude to entering the political field, which it is intended to do prior to the forthcoming elections. As there is within the city a body of organized nationalists said to number 50,000, it will easily be seen that the influence which can be exercised in the work of purifying the political atmosphere is very great. Add to this number the Knights of Labor, who are nationalists in all but the name, and the members of the Farmers' Alliance, who go almost all the way with them, and will work with them to secure the aims at present on the programme, and it would seem that the prospect of a political revolution in the Empire State is among the possibilities, if indeed it cannot be numbered among the probabilities, of the near future. There is within the city and state a strong and influential detachment, opposed to taking political

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action at present, and the resolution of the central committee, that the time is now ripe for taking steps to overthrow the present political parties, has been severely condemned by these. The indications are, however, that the opponents are in a minority, and that political action will be inaugurated. It is pleasing to note that differences of opinion do not affect the friendly feelings existing between the members of the differing bodies, and that the "Brotherhood of Humanity" is too deeply entrenched in the heart of the true nationalist to be even shaken, much less uprooted, by any difference of opinion as to method of immediate procedure.

The OHIO clubs have recently held a state conference for the purpose of arranging a "concert of action throughout the state and for the promotion of nationalism substantially as laid down in the Declaration of Principles of the Boston club, No. 1." A permanent organization was effected by the selection of Mr. George Riddle, of Fountain Park, as chairman; Charles F. Kipp, of Columbus, secretary; and F. A. Brennan, of Cincinnati, assistant secretary; and appointing a committee on resolutions as follows: E. J. Bracken, Columbus; F. L. Rice, Cleveland; George P. Bethel, Columbus; F. A. Brennan, Cincinnati; S. S. Staley, Mechanicsburg; and I. E. Moore, of Muskingum. Resolutions were adopted, embodying the California plan of operation and administration, and the declaration of principles of the original Boston club. Other resolutions of a similar tendency were afterwards passed, and OHIO placed herself in line with CALIFORNIA for the realization of a real and effective administration of the affairs of the people, by the people, and for the people.

In OREGON clubs have been formed, through the instrumentality of Bro. J. H. White, at Astoria, Beaver Creek, and Natal, and the Farmers' Alliance is said to be opening its eyes to the fact that nationalism embraces everything for which they are striving, and are consequently manifesting a strong disposition to join hands with us in our work. Washington, D. C., still shows itself not only in line but on the march, and has formed its fourth club, with Prof. G. M. Kimbell, president; Mrs. Anna M. Coleman, vice-president; Dr. Edward Jones, treasurer; Mrs. Jeanie Foster Brackett, secretary; Prof. Wm. H. Seaman, Mrs. Helen Rand Tindell, Mr. E. P. Whipple, Mrs. Mary E. Morrison, M.D., Dr. M. McPherson, Miss Emma Mott, Mr. Edward Peters, Miss Mary Willard, Dr. John Ely Brackett, and Miss Helen Kate Pearl, executive committee.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A SUGGESTION.

In view of the near approach of the formation of the Nationalist League, I would like to suggest the adoption of an emblem and of a motto for the league. For our emblem I would suggest that type of co-operative industry and welfare, a hive of bees. And for our motto a quotation from Mr. Barton's sermon (Looking Backward, page 285. paper), "*Let us burst the barred gates.*" What say my brother nationalists? Fraternally yours, BERRY BENSON.

INVENTION UNDER NATIONALISM.

I am not able to see clearly how invention will progress under nationalism at the rapid rate at which it has been doing under our patent laws and the hope of reward offered by our present social system.

Now men study over ideas of improvement in machinery and methods, taxing themselves severely, in time and strength and money, in order to accomplish a desired end. They cannot forget it, or put it aside. They feel that they *must* make the discovery. Hope leads them on by day and night. I have myself sat up all night planning improvements in machinery.

Under nationalism, some men, like Edison, for instance, would plan and study just the same. It is their life. They are the men who, like Agassiz, scornfully reply: "Money! I have not time to make money!" But to most inventors money is the great spur to endeavor; and, if men were all following congenial occupations, their comfortable living assured in return for their steady labor, it does not seem to me likely that any other incentive would spur them to those giant efforts which have resulted so often in great discoveries. With the expenditure of a little time, a little thought, and failing to think the matter out, would not most men — say nearly all — let it go, and take their ease? Will some of my brother readers kindly give their views on this subject?

PISTON ROD.

A FEW WORDS.

It might be well for those persons who take pleasure in throwing "cold water" on the ideas of the more progressive nationalists (and socialists, if you please), by advising caution in disseminating projects for immediate reform, to notice how near we really are to our grand ideal. It is very well to say that the social democracy is fifty years off, but it is obvious that, unless continuous effort is made, in a *practical* way, all along the lines, the great reforms of our social "re-constructionists" will never become more than dreams.

We must *educate*, but that is not all. Practical examples will do far

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more than books and lectures. Works are always more forceful than words. "Ye shall know them by their works," said the greatest reformer.

Are we so sure that the ideal government is half a century from us? Was the world ever in greater need of reform? Were men ever so conscious of its necessity? Are not all the tendencies of the age bearing us toward the co-operative commonwealth?

Let us not, then, waste words on the period needed to ultimate the social scheme, but with one mind work as if tomorrow would bring us triumph. United in this idea our efforts will become greater, our struggle with the competitive system more determined, until at length the battle-lines will be in plain view, and the Waterloo of injustice come.

LEO N. WOOD.

THE NAVAL STATIONS AND NATIONALISM.

The December number of your magazine contained an excellent article from Dr. W. L. Faxon in refutation of the "false hopes" of Goldwin Smith. As a workman, however, thoroughly conversant with the details, I object to the manner in which Dr. Faxon alludes to our naval stations as *failures*. I deny this, and I submit that it is for the interest of nationalists to examine all the facts before they make such sweeping assertions. The working people of the yards have not been heard from yet. I have something to say myself. If I have an opportunity, it will develop on the following themes.

1. The influence of capitalists is brought to bear unduly upon public opinion to have all the construction work of the government done in two yards on the Atlantic and one on the Pacific, because money would be saved by it.

2. Large contractors swell the number of those who object to the government's doing its own work, for obvious reasons.

3. A greater number of naval officers must be employed than can be paid for sea duty; they naturally grumble at the cost of the work done in the yards.

4. Costly experiments, such as bending-mills, and furnaces for forcing chemicals into timber, have monopolized the money which should have gone to workmen.

5. An undue interference in the management and control of workmen by naval officers.

6. The absence of any concert of action between the civil service and the organizations of the workmen in purging the yards of lazy or incompetent men.

7. The cost to the government of an unwise and defective system of apprenticeship.

8. Lack of organization in the control of workmen. There should be a grade below that of quartermen, so that small groups of men, even though honest and competent, should act promptly as units in their labor.

Yours in the interests of nationalism, EDWARD H. ROGERS.

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HELP YOURSELVES.

If our principles are practicable,— which I believe,— we need not wait for millions of converts before putting the principles into practice. If they are practicable for sixty million people, they are practicable for one million, one thousand, or even for one hundred,— if the hundred are able-bodied and skilled in the most essential industries. And if, when we have a hundred such people in our ranks, we do not attempt to put our principles into practice, we must expect many persons to be doubtful of either our sincerity, our earnestness, or our business capacity.

We should now speak more of what *we* should and will do than of what *they* should do. "God helps those who help themselves."

Suppose that a hundred associated farmers were trying to persuade all the farmers of America to practice a new system of agriculture, but did not try the new system themselves. Could we reasonably expect their arguments to be very effective? Would it not be ridiculous for them to say: "We won't practice the new system until everybody else does?"

No wonder our movement has been called "kid-gloved." We should *do* something — as Christ did — besides preaching. "All that believed were together and had all things common."—ACTS II, 44. He did not wait for sixty million converts before trying to practice his principles, or to prove their practicability.

And why should *we* wait? Let us organize our forces according to their various occupations. Then let us get a suitable estate and build thereon a nationalist village. We should have to decide what should be the *chief* industry in the first village, and then set our architect and surveyor at work. *I* should vote for shoe-making. Next our carpenters, masons, plumbers, and builder's helpers would be employed; and, when buildings were ready for them, our farmers, gardeners, and shoe-makers. Then there would be employment for cooks and bakers, school-teachers, printers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, a barber, a physician, and, as the population thus increased, for more and more continually. The farm land would acquire the value of town land, and only very bad management could cause a financial failure.

Whatever is *right* surely must be practicable. Have we been doubting the *rightness* of our principles?

I want to see the rightness of our principles proved in *one* nationalist village; and I am sure that one successful example of their practicability will do more good than ten thousand verbal assurances.

WM. HARRISON RILEY.

AMBITION THE RULING INCENTIVE.

In the June number of THE NATIONALIST Mr. Wm. H. Randall contributes, under the above title, an interesting article, which contains many good points and not a few fallacies.

It is a fallacy, for instance, to say that "official rank should be recog-

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nized by increased emoluments." Why? As Mr. Bellamy says, "a man is debtor to society to the extent of his *abilities*, and a creditor to the extent of his *needs*." The money of the future will measure commodities by *time*, will draw no interest, will not be transferable, and will revert to the state at the death of its holder. It is in this life only that a man should have a right to reward for his services. Again, Mr. Randall says, "absolute equality, except of opportunity, is a chimera." He is mistaken. If all men's needs are satisfied, there is an "absolute equality" of gratification, and sense of satisfaction, no matter how much inequality there may exist, or how great differences there may be between or in those needs. Next I find it stated that "the ranks of labor should be graded and remunerated according to skill and ability; the lowest getting a minimum." How the "lowest"? That is just the trouble now. The ranks of labor *are* graded, and those who work the hardest get the least reward. Mr. Randall evidently has not divested his mind of the capitalistic fallacy that the nasty, disagreeable, and most laborious occupations are the *lowest* or least honorable. In the new dispensation, cesspool-cleaning and dish-washing will be as high and as honorable occupations as those of the banker or physician, while those who perform these eminently necessary services will be entitled to greater consideration on the part of the people because of their unselfish and self-sacrificing labors for the good of the community.

The best point made is contained in the language "but not in the doing away with money." Money, in some form, *must always exist.* "*The power of money to oppress*" is one of the principal objective points of the aggressive onslaught of nationalism. What must be our astonishment and dismay, then, when we discover that Mr. Randall proposes to perpetuate "the power of money to oppress," which intention he avows in this sentence: "It would also recognize the right to live without working in the army of labor if one had means to do so." That one sentence saps the basic foundations and perverts the definitions of nationalism. *Usury* or interest is "the power of money to oppress," and a man must either work or *live upon the interest of money.* Nationalism demands that the power of money to draw interest, *in the hands of the individual*, shall be taken away and destroyed. Hence, ALL MEN MUST WORK. The nationalization of land destroys rent (land interest), as by the single-tax system land interest is paid to the state or people collectively, not to the individual. Senator Stanford's bill destroys money rent or interest, as it provides that a nominal rate of interest shall be paid to the *people*, not to the *individual.* Fraternally, GEORGE C. WARD.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Questions for this department must be brief, and of some general interest to nationalists.
Replies are solicited and will be noticed when received; they should, in all cases, be introduced by the number of the question answered.
Communications should be received by the 12th day of the month, or insertion in the next following number of the magazine cannot be guaranteed.

1.— Upon what does the commercial value of anything depend, and what is the reason for this? S. W. M.

2.—What is the total capitalization of the railroads of the United States; how much per cent of this is watered; and what is the estimated interest and dividends payable on the same each year? A. E. C.

3.— Is it too early yet to begin to organize the regiments of the Industrial Army? Would not such a movement draw attention to the nationalist programme more strongly than anything else? Do we not need to advertise ourselves in every way,— boldly and conspicuously? L. M. B.

4.— Is it not true that personal emolument is the greatest incentive to individual effort, and has not the world's progress in invention, and the introduction of new and untried processes, arts, and apparatus, been mostly due to extraordinary efforts on the part of a few persons who saw in prospective profits a reward for their labor? A. M. D.

5.— Can any of my brother nationalists give me the names of friends of the cause in Atlanta, Ga., or any other towns in the states of Georgia or South Carolina? BERRY BENSON.

[Mr. Benson will feel obliged by having answers to this question addressed to him at Augusta, Ga.— ED.]

6.—Where can I find a list of the owners of the land of the United States, with the quantity held by each? M. Y.

7.— Is it necessary to have a nationalist badge? Is not the work which we have in hand too important to permit of our employing any of our time in thinking about such things as badges, signs, passwords, etc.? A. Z.

8.— Can any of your readers tell me in how many states nationalist leagues have been founded, and in how many the nationalists as a body are going to enter politics next fall? INQUIRER.

9.—What is the true condition of the Kaweah Colony? The accounts which I see in the newspapers are so contradictory that I cannot make out the real condition of the colony. Is it true that Mr. Laurence Gronlund is going to be the secretary? K. C.

10.— Can any reader tell me the names of the original Brook Farmers, and whether any of them are now living? A. E. B.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

Midnight Talks at the Club. Reported by AMOS J. FISKE. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulburt, 1890.

Various are the subjects upon which our little knot of friends descant in a quiet corner room of the Asphodel Club, and, strange to say, on every occasion something is actually said about them, and so pleasantly said that we thank the quiet listener who has recorded these conversations for our benefit. Four persons constitute the group, and get nicknamed the "owl party," on account of the smallness of the hours into which they carry their discussions. Temperance and prohibition, superstition and religion, political immorality and public rectitude mark the prophets, and the Irish-Americans, delusion, faith, toleration, enlightenment, and kindred subjects are discussed on successive Saturday evenings between Tom Benedict, who rejects all theological systems which "require negation of the intellect or the conscience of reasoning men," Col. Bloodgood, a silver-haired emphatic contestant of every view which he discovers to be held by a fellowman, and Judge Trueman, who acts as moderator at the conference, and has the rare faculty of seeing more than one side of a subject. It is an attractively written book, and will be found a pleasant and not unprofitable companion to one seeking a little relaxation from the serious concerns of life.

Comprehensive Volapuk Grammar. By ALFRED POST. Mattapan, Mass.: Alfred A. Post, 1890.

By many persons it has long been thought that there was no more necessity for diversity in the medium of communicating verbally than musically expressed ideas. There have consequently been made various attempts to construct a universal language, but none so ingenious as *Volapuk* and a system devised by Stephen Pearl Andrews, which he called *Alwato.* Each of these experiments has been carried far enough to refute, apparently, the theory that a language is from its nature incapable of artificial construction, and the grammar before us will be found a valuable aid to those whose curiosity may lead them to desire an insight into the anatomy of one which has been manufactured. Whether a speech of this type is required as an international language it is not necessary here to discuss. Many think that the general teaching of one of the modern European languages would be the best solution of the problem. The English and the Germans especially seem disposed to regard the learning of an entirely new vocabulary as utterly useless. The French are not quite so thorough in their opposition, though there is but little doubt that, if the French language were adopted for general international intercourse, Paris would cease to be the seat of activity in promoting the study of Volapuk. But, however opinions may vary upon this subject, students will be found in numbers who desire a clear view of this ingenious contrivance for rectifying the evil occasioned by the building of Babel. To such this grammar will be found a most useful aid. The fun-

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damental rules are presented clearly and concisely; all the necessary details of the languages are exposed with care; the pamphlet presents a good typographical appearance, and its matter is so arranged as to give evidence of scholarship and judgment.

Driven from Sea to Sea; or, Just a Campin. By C. C. Post. Philadelphia and Chicago: Elliott & Beegley, 1889.

Truth is one of the most difficult things to obtain from the pages of either history or fiction. In this book there appears to be no attempt to present us with anything but the truth. Among which class it should be placed it is somewhat difficult to determine. It carries within itself such conviction of the factuality of the occurrences recited that one is induced at once to exclude it from the catagory of fiction and assign it to that of history. Certainly if nationalism be called upon to give a reason for its being, it can be found here. The enormities of our system of legislation by which the disposal and occupation of public lands have been granted to railroad corporations and land companies is here laid bare.

The absolutely disreputable legislative measures by means of which honest and industrious settlers and their families have been despoiled of that which they held in dependence upon the good faith of our government are laid before us in all their hideousness. It is a book which should be read by every person who feels an interest in the reputation of his country and the welfare of his fellow citizens.

It is an awful truth to which we are in these pages introduced in as simple and unaffected a style as that of a Goldsmith, or a Stowe, and were a cheaper edition issued,— as we hope will be the case,— it would doubtless have a circulation like that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or *Looking Backward*. So serious is the subject, so important the lesson taught, so considerable the part that it will play in the inevitable struggle between the people and the monopolists that it is with pain that one point for unfavorable criticism is found. Jest seems out of place in such a book, especially where the context would appear to give the jest the semblence of reality. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the author will revise his pleasantry as to the manner in which English is spoken by the English, and thereby remove a blot from his otherwise invaluable contribution to the literature of the day.

Recollections of General Grant. By George W. Childs. Philadelphia: Collins Printing House, 1890.

A man of the people, warm-hearted, generous, but at the same time discrete and wise in counsel, it was not strange or accidental, but natural, inevitable, for George W. Childs to enjoy the friendship and confidence of the great men of his time. His modest work, *Recollections of General Grant*, is a valuable addition to our knowledge of that side of the lives of our national heroes which links them to our common life.

The superstitious objection of General Grant to turning back, if he could avoid it, may account for his indomitable persistance in the siege of Richmond. It was the same boy that, starting on horseback for the mill, while

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musing passed the road that led to it, and instead of retracing his steps drove a long distance around so that he could reach the mill without going back.

His fondness for music may be judged from a remark of his made to Robert C. Winthrop at a concert in Baltimore. "Why, Mr. Winthrop, I only know two tunes: one is Yankee Doodle, and the other *isn't*." We may well credit Mr. Childs's statement: "He possessed a great deal of quiet humor, was an excellent story teller, was full of anecdote, and enjoyed a good joke."

That a universal turning of men's energies from the petty struggles for self-support and aggrandizement from competitive warfare to the more inspiring pursuit of promoting the common welfare in a spirit of brotherhood and co-operation will reveal in thousands powers now dwarfed by the belittling spirit of business life is foreshadowed by the case of General Grant. His case illustrates the fact that our competitive system singles out one faculty, an inferior one, because unsocial and selfish, that of financiering, and crowns that with all the fruits of success.

We hope that this little book is but a sample of much more, equally interesting, which Mr. Childs has in reserve, and simply the introduction to a more extended work of the same kind.

Child Labor. Two prize Essays. By WILLIAM WILLOUGHBY and CLARE DE GRAFFENRIED. Baltimore: The American Economic Association.

These essays are well worth reading for a variety of reasons. For the general reader whose attention has not been especially called to the subject, they present, in readable form, an appalling statement of the condition of the children of the working class, the children who are to be the majority of the nation twenty years hence.

For the nationalist reader it is entertaining to note that Miss de Graffenried, though thoroughly infected with the cheerful optimism which pervades the department of labor, of which she is a very active employé, nevertheless, for the palliation of the evils of child labor, urges socialist measures such as compulsory education with support for the children, and compensation to the parents for the loss of the child's earnings.

For the specific student of economics the essays offer a mine of wealth. For they illuminate our official data as no mere nationalist or socialist candle-light of criticism could do. The Economic Association being made up of professors, with Gen. Walker at the head, cannot be suspected of carping dissatisfaction with the present social system, nor of indiscriminate hostility to the bureaus of labor statistics, state and national. Yet this publication is a *reductio ad absurdum* of all the statistical work hitherto done concerning child labor. For Mr. Willoughby proves from the official data that child labor is rapidly *in*creasing, and Miss de Graffenried proves that it is rapidly *de*creasing. And the Economic Association publishes the contradictory essays, side by side, and divides the prize between the essayists.

There is reason to hope that this sublimely candid and unprejudiced exposure of the worthlessness of our present official data may contribute to the improvement of the work of the bureaus of labor statistics.

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It would be work in the interest of our movement if the clubs in all those states which have bureaus would call the attention of the bureau to the exposure made by these prize essays, and urge upon the bureaus the necessity of persistent consecutive investigation of child labor, year after year, until legislation is enacted so effective and capable of enforcement as to abolish the evil at once, and forever.

How They Lived in Hampton. A Study of Practical Christianity applied in the Manufacture of Woollens. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D. Boston: J. Stillman Smith & Co.

In this book Dr. Edward Everett Hale has elaborated the idea upon which his story of "Back to Back" was founded,— a story which, when published in *Harper's Magazine* in 1873, in the midst of the great commercial depression, aroused so much interest that the author was invited by the proprietors of three different woollen mills to take and manage them on the plan proposed. This volume details the various features of a successful, co-operative, profit-sharing manufacturing enterprise, and has been written in narrative so as to give a picture of the practical working of such a scheme.

Dr. Hale draws admirably the distinction between work and labor; between the workman and the laborer. The terms are so confounded nowadays that it is well for us to bear in mind their radical difference. "Labor is always wearing, fatiguing, repulsive, and every man who is a man is always trying to replace it by some less wearing, less repulsive, and less fatiguing process. The whole of what you call civilization consists in substituting work, which is the conquest of matter by spirit for labor, in which a man throws his own dead weight or muscle against the dead weight of the clod he is handling." He shows that, in the correct English of the Bible, labors are spoken of as we speak of toils or drudgery. Paul and the other saints are always hoping to be released from their labors, while they also, like angels and archangels, are glad to be fellow-workmen with God. The distinction he points out is intuitively drawn in our common speech, for a railroad engineer will speak of his locomotive as "laboring badly on an upgrade," but when she runs all right he says: "She works well." A ship is also spoken of as "laboring in a heavy sea," but when she is going ahead satisfactorily she is said to be "working along finely." Therefore, when we look for the reason why workingmen almost universally speak of themselves as "laborers," and have their "labor unions" and "Knights of Labor," it will be doubtless found in the fact that they are intuitively conscious of the fact that they are held in the arduous bonds of industrial slavery. So, with the realization of nationalism, when machinery is put to its rightful use of substituting intelligent work for the drudgery of labor, producing, as it can, amply to meet the wants of all, we shall have men rejoicing in the honorable name of workmen, and what is now "Labor Day," in token of humanity's grandest emancipation, shall become the holiday of the workers. "We must do our part to have the drudgery done by beasts, by water, by steam, by electricity, and by new power which the genius of man, guided by the

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Spirit of God, can tame. To make more places for workmen, and to lift more laboring men into those places,— this is our duty."

A Strike of Millionaires against Miners; or, The Story of Spring Valley. An open letter to the millionaires. "Our Bad Wealth Series," No. 1. By HENRY D. LLOYD. Chicago: Belford Clarke Company, 1890.

In this age of strikes it is not always the workers who strike, as is indicated by the title of Mr. Lloyd's book. That brilliant and great-hearted journalist and publicist several months ago, in the shape of an open letter of several columns, printed in the *Chicago Herald*, told the story of the criminal and cold-blooded conspiracy of a group of enormously rich men against a body of honest and industrious workingmen. That letter he has made the basis of the present volume, which deserves a wide circulation among patriotic citizens of the United States. The strong and truthful words here uttered ought to ring throughout the land and arouse the people to a realizing sense of the greatest danger that has ever threatened our republic,— the danger of its conversion into the worst of despotisms,— that of rule by an irresponsible plutocracy. *A Strike of Millionaires Against Miners* is published as the first in a series devoted to social and economic questions, appropriately called "Our Bad Wealth Series," a name suggested by Emerson's words, "It is high time our bad wealth came to an end." If the standard of the first number is maintained in its successors, it ought to be a most valuable set of publications.

Mr. Lloyd appropriately introduces his subject by a chapter called "The Prelude of Starved Rock," telling, dramatically and poetically, the story of a promontory on the Illinois River where a handful of Illinois Indians, the last of their race, was besieged by the savage Iroquois. He then proceeds with the story of Spring Valley, to which new mining town, as is now widely known, a number of millionaires, in their capacity as directors in the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company, and in the sub-companies formed for mining, distribution of coal, and exploiting real estate in the town, were parties to a shameful act of a kind that has become quite common in our modern coal-mining tactics. That is, having enticed a large body of the best miners from all parts of the country to Spring Valley under false pretences, they shut down work in the mines with the deliberate intention of starving the miners into accepting lower wages than had been promised, and thus adding millions to the profits of their companies.

The worst of it is that Spring Valley is not an exceptional but a typical case; a repetition, with unessential variations, of what has been done at Hocking Valley in Ohio, and various other mining centres in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and elsewhere,— and we find that it is "but one pustule of a disease spread through the whole body." Mr. Lloyd does not overstate fact when he speaks of millionaires like these as hurrying the rights, prosperity, and liberties of the country to a catastrophe "by the greed and lust of a small body of the richest and most dangerously disloyal men popular government has ever been threatened by."

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OUR DESTINY.

CHAPTER VI.

GOD IN HUMANITY.

"Philosophic Morality may start without God; it cannot finish without him." ELME M. CARO.

"There is a statement of Religion possible which makes all scepticism absurd." EMERSON

37. Morality remains imperfect, till humanity becomes precious. Saintly men and women, let me repeat, however lovely in themselves, do not make humanity precious; it is humanity that gives value to their lives and labors, even to the life and death of a Father Damien.

How helpless humanity is by itself! We shudder at the desolate condition of a handful of people in an open boat in mid-ocean; we hardly realize that our actual condition on this globe of ours, whirling through space, suspended between two infinities, is just as lonesome; that we are by ourselves just as insignificant as a crowd of ants in a huge ant-hill. We may have ever so many saints among us,—how can they help themselves or us? Then think of the time, sure to come, when humanity in the flesh will disappear, leaving not a trace behind it! If all ends in smoke, what is the value of Morality, Love, Sympathy, Sacrifice? We are entitled to ask that question, for Utilitarianism is right in this, that utility is an inherent element of Morality, as it is of Value.

This leads us to the problem: will the coming nationalist society be religious or atheistic? To be frank, the main purpose of this essay has been, from the first, to solve this problem, as far as possible. I honestly believe I have something worth saying on this point, simply because I have for years lived in imagination under a nationalist *regime*.

Emerson says: "There is a statement of religion possible which makes all scepticism absurd." I am confident that nationalism can make such a statement, which will be its intellectual achievement. Again, I contend that socialism can show morality issuing in religion as a tree bears blossoms and fruit, that I call its moral achievement. Thus the preceding chapters become preparatory steps to what fol-

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lows. And, in order to be perfectly frank, I will here admit that my hope of this essay's attracting some attention lies just in the fact that I have, as I believe, some novel ideas on these tremendeous subjects of God and Immortality. I am fully aware that in spite of our prevailing scepticism my fellowmen have an insatiable curiosity in regard to any publication that so much as pretends to have anything to say on these matters. Witness the fact, that a most foolish book, entitled, *The To-morrow of Death*, translated from the French, enjoyed half a dozen editions in a few months after its appearance in London. I maintain, then, that nationalism will give us such a view of God as will satisfy the most developed intellect. I say that it is possible to predict what men will think on these subjects a century hence in a society where a socialist *regime* will have prevailed, say fifty years. I further deem myself able to prove in the following pages, that they will be all but unanimous in affirmation of the questions about which such a scepticism now reigns.

Before I go to the heart of the matter, let me advance a few general considerations. Many socialists now assume that when this world ceases to be a "vale of tears," particularly when it becomes a very paradise, men will not care a particle for another world. I believe there never was a greater error.

I believe, first, that the leisure, the ease that will prevail will precisely dispose men to transcendental thoughts; that when they get out of this world all that heart can wish, they will want to storm heaven by force. It will be with the earth as with the magnificent estate of which Dr. Johnson said; "Ay, sir, these are the things that make Death bitter!"*—and he knew human nature pretty well. To quote the Frenchmen of the First Revolution who pretty generally embraced atheism is not to the point, for the state of a people, all the time laboring under a tremendous excitement, and so to say, breathing an atmosphere of fire that made their very brains boil in their heads, will surely not apply to a nationalist community.

But of all general considerations the most important probably is, that the period in which we are living, which began with the Reformation, and now with railroad-speed is drawing to a close, is a *transition period*, and as such is, like the parallel time of the decline of Rome, naturally first sceptical then irreligious. On the other

—*Cardinal Mazarin expressed the same thought lying on his deathbed, when surrounded by innumerable objects of art and luxury, he exclaimed, "Oh, how hard it is to leave these things!"

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hand, *Organic Ages*, like Antiquity, the Middle Age,—to which will soon be added the coming Socialist Age,—are just as naturally, from the unity and corporate responsibility that obtain there, intensely religious.

The Middle Age shows this connection most lucidly. Its feudal society, thoroughly harmonized by a logical and effective system of ideas, constituted a splendid unity and organism whose parts were vividly conscious of their functions, while all efforts and ambitions converged in one direction. As a consequence "the heavens were imagined in close and tangible contact with the daily life of man; all were compelled to obtain the great prize of life by the same formula." Then we had a compact, coherent society, the functions of widely differentiated parts concurring to a common end, and with certain fundamental destinies in common; each in his due proportion participated in the divine blessing upon earth while each looked forward to an identical glory.

It is a similar system that will obtain in the future, but raised on a far higher plane, with delusions gone and a true brotherhood established.

38. We know, that now numbers of intelligent and well-informed men deny downright the existence of God, and what indeed is far worse, that scepticism on that point is more rampant and wide-spread among the masses than it ever was in Rome eighteen centuries ago. What I have not a particle of doubt of, in my own mind, is, that nationalism will radically reverse this state of things; it will in the minds of the vast majority *make all doubt on that point impertinent.*

By the advent and the following radical transformation of nationalism mankind will, in very truth, be granted nothing less than a real revelation from God which none can dispute,—a revelation *through human history.* What now most naturally creates scepticism will then just as irresistibly create belief. To deny God's existence will seem to mankind very much the same thing as denying their own existence as men. That is to say, the history of man will appear like a whole divine drama, unrolling before the very eyes of humanity. That which makes this remarkable difference between then and now

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is simply the different points of view. It so happens that now—as in every transition period—we are in the midst, in the thick of the plot, the most vital of the plots so far, and the vast majority of men do not see any issue out of it. Worse than that, our Spencers and other popular moral teachers affirm, that it will remain an unsolved plot forever, that the present social state is final, and that all further progress must consist in accommodating ourselves, as best we may, to this state. Where such shortsightedness obtains, history can be nothing else than a record of force and fraud. But with nationalism we have a solution of the plot, and all previous epochs and events are seen to be preparations for it — history assumes the character of a drama.

And a *divine* drama. Mankind used to ask for miracles in proof of the truth of the gospels. What they really wanted was evidence of the Intelligence behind phenomena, and they looked for such evidence in *infractions* of the natural order. Nationalism will at once open men's eyes to the fact, that the History of Man has been a standing, continuous miracle; but it is the *Order* in that history which will prove to them the existence of God as convincingly, as any fact ever was proved from circumstantial evidence.

The first link of that chain of evidence is already supplied by modern science, to wit: the law of evolution. It was a most fortunate circumstance, that men found that no scientific observation of phenomena was possible unless directed and interpreted at least hypothetically, by some theory, and that the more complex the phenomena, the greater the necessity, and that they thus discovered the law of evolution. But they fail, as yet, to see its vast significance. The same men who use it to interpret the phenomena of the past, are, so to speak, caught in the thicket of the plot in the midst of which we find ourselves and refuse to use it to find the path out of it; and so they preach the arrant nonsense that Evolution dethrones God. With the advent of a socialistic *regime*, all will see, as a matter of course, that evolution, instead of overturning a belief in God, overturns really a barbarous and crude conception of the way God works. Evolution then will precisely make *the presence of God the only possible working hypothesis.*

What religious people hitherto had, exclusively, to trust to and build on was the universal human instinct: that chance did not stumble on every living thing, particularly that unique thing, human consciousness, and its wonderful contents, science, art, morality, and

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the "thoughts that wander through eternity." They postulated Purpose, in order to avoid the notion, shocking to that instinct, of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms." But nationalism, as said, vouchsafes us a complete, true, *revelation* of the Supreme will: *it suddenly reveals to us a brilliantly illuminated segment of itself.*

Imagine yourself living at the advent of that Golden Age and look back the long stretch as far as tradition and scientific vision will take you: societies of men evolved from social beasts of the field, themselves for a long time not much less cruel and beastly than their progenitors, and blindly and laboriously groping in the dark. But it is evident to you from the bird's-eye-view you now have, that a superior power is preparing a path for them, leading their tottering steps, overruling their vagaries and preventing them from straying seriously away and going to destruction. Their freedom is fortunately limited; they are as much in leading strings as children ever were. At the very start, the infancy of their children is somehow lengthened, and this you see creates home and its affections, Love suddenly appears on the theatre of human consciousness, man finds it pleasant and is thus encouraged to develop it more.

You can see how man was led from stage to stage, step by step. Nation after nation arose, ascended a stage, then declined, but not till it had handed the torch of human progress to another nation, just ascending. Men fought battles at Marathon, Hastings, Magdeburg, and Lützen, at Gettysburg and Sedan, and all these battles had a meaning, and were fought to accomplish the solidarity, the fellowship of humanity. Men enslaved their fellow-men, but slavery will be seen to have been the necessary initial stage of civilization, and preparatory to a higher, to serfdom; this again, to wage-dom, and this to social co-operation. Men tortured, burned, and scourged each other — survivals from their animal past — but none of these torturings, burnings, and crucifixions were suffered in vain. One selfish genius after another arose, an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, who thought to make humanity a stepping stone to their own exaltation; they were suffered to play their private game, believing that they were following simply their private impulses, but as soon as they ceased to contribute to a larger life for mankind, they were struck down. At length the lowest, most numerous class of society awoke to self-consciousness, and this inaugurated the last act of the drama. With nationalism *Purpose* can like a red thread be traced all through

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history; God's *presence* will be a demonstrated *fact*: REASON TRIUMPHS.

This will be a glorious achievement of socialism in the religious sphere. It seems to me self-evident that every rational man, capable of fully imagining himself in a socialist *regime* and persuaded of its near advent, must thereby become vividly conscious and convinced of God's presence.

When nationalism will have made belief in God vivid and strong in the masses we shall witness our dogmatic churches, desirous of preserving continuous life, reshape their dogmas in accordance with the new revelation, and that perhaps will infuse new life into them; but religious "professors" will no longer teach that Adam's fall is responsible for whatever evils may still afflict us.

39. We now come to another intellectual achievement of nationalism in the religious sphere — much more important than may appear on first view: it is the new view it will give us of morality. We have hitherto persistently considered it as a fact, a blind force; now it becomes a *law*. Not a "law" like that of gravitation, which we remember, is rather a force, but a rule of action which we can disobey, but to the penalty of which we then must submit.

Today we talk sufficiently about morality as "the moral law," but the very greatest mischief is, precisely, that our intellect does not recognize its quality as law. Hear Sidgwick: "I do not find in my moral consciousness any intuition, claiming to be clear and certain, that the performance of duty will be adequately rewarded and its violation punished." We constantly see this so-called moral law violated with impunity; we are altogether blind to the penalty. The most astonishing thing is that Mill, aye! that John Stuart Mill is blind to it. On page 41 of his *Utilitarianism* we read: "The ultimate sanction of all Morality is a subjective feeling in our minds. This sanction has no binding efficacy on those who do not possess the feelings it appeals to." This surely is a serious matter; I should say that a theory like the above, which maintains in effect, that a man may get rid of his sense of moral obligation if he can, and that if he does the obligation is gone, is as grossly immoral a theory as ever was

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published. And Mill evidently accepted this theory, though he prefers not to say so; he only adds "But this is a danger not confined to Utilitarian Morality." Morison, also, in his *Science of Man*, evidently does not believe in the moral law (which as such must apply to all,) for he divides mankind into two classes: "Those who manifestly have a congenital bias to vicious and malignant crime, who have no good instincts on which a moral teacher can work" and "those with a prompt unreflecting bias toward good." The first class he proposes ruthlessly to weed out forever, and to retain only the last one in his new society.

These various sentiments are evidently diametrically opposed to the philosophy of morality, set forth in these pages, and what is more, they constitute too sandy a foundation for any sort of real morality. They *cannot* be the truth. The first reason why men now really do not believe in any moral law is, of course, that they do not really believe in God's presence. When we become convinced, as a nationalist *regime* will convince us, that there is a PURPOSE in the world, then morality becomes a law. Morality is evidently deep in this purpose, since it is the indispensable condition for social welfare. It is only when there is a purpose that science discovers the reign of law, whether in physical, physiological, or social phenomena; or wherever she discovers powerful tendencies that yet will become law, then the delayed purpose of the Universal Being is still manifested while awaiting fulfilment.

Under nationalism the supreme intelligent will is seen sitting in the chair of that authority, with which chapter II opened but which was acknowledged there as only a blind force, though the adjective "benevolent" was applied — a little too previously, I grant — to it. He will be acknowledged as the Ultimate Reason, and as such our only final guarantee that the universe will not restore itself into chaos before our eyes, so to speak. "He has so arranged the world as to let us know that morality is the law he has prescribed for you and me. The law is inflexible but noble, and should excite the sincere wish to make it our urgent business to act up to it and carry it out." This is the rational and manly way to look at it and the worthiest conception of it.

Secondly, morality is a law, because we have to some extent, Free Will, i. e., power of refusing to obey it. We feel that free will is a pre-requisite to morality; that without it there would be no morality.

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But how shall we reconcile these two things, that morality is both a law and a fact? We have already answered this question by saying that the proper use of the free will consists in voluntarily and conciously conforming to the Supreme Will, to the Order of the Kosmos. Those who are not satisfied with such a free will, who want it to be a rambling, vagrant liberty, should bear in mind, that God himself, is evidently equally limited. Modern atheism has undeniably this justification, that he whom popular religions worship is clearly a false "god"; a lordly, capricious, omnipotent, and in particular a *lawless* despot. Our reason compels us to assume, on the other hand, that once having established the Order of the World, God is as much bound by it as we are. And here the penalty comes in. This order of the world is not jeopardized by our disobedience; it is bound to be enforced. No, it is we who lose by it; it is *we who fail* by disobeying, we become failures, become — to use a very expressive word — "demoralized." This is the most suggestive difference between the civil and the moral law, that the former is concerned for its enforcement, the latter for the motive, with which it is obeyed — since it is sure of being enforced in the end.

But the respect where this becomes of by far the most practical concern to us is, that it is by the establishment of this moral *law*, and only thus, that we become God's *co-workers*. The happiest way, it seems to me, of defining an ideal human law, is by saying that it is a rule of action, for the common good, made by the clear and far-seeing for the short-sighted. Both classes of men, so far as they are rational, want to do the right thing, but all do not know what is right. Apply this to the moral law. God has prescribed it for us: we co-operate, *by acting God's thought*. We have seen that virtually our whole evolution so far has been, and indeed up to the realization of nationalism, will be, natural evolution, i. e. a development in which God's purpose is virtually the sole directing force. We have been, and are still, part and parcel of an onward growth against which it would be useless to rebel — aye, to which it is our great privilege to conform. But in this evolution men are far from being superfluous or mere tools. We cannot, as Spencer seems to want to have it, fold our hands and await events. God cannot do without us; he needs our co-operation, and those who obey the summons are amply rewarded for their labors and sacrifices: they are paid by the day, by the hour, we may almost say by the piece.

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And here I come to a point, which I pray my readers to note well, and which, it seems to me, will alone justify the printing of this chapter. The unknown author of *God in His World* says: "They that believe wait upon Him; they behold his works and *though they know not the way thereof*, though it hath for them wonderful surprises, they co-operate therewith. * * * The world is awaiting a new Pentecost. But what embodiment in human economics this new spiritual revival will take we know not. They are the friends of God, building with Him *they know not clearly what* — they have never known." This, in other words, is the same view which Robert Browning holds when he writes: "The individual knows nothing of the Divine scheme."

This, I contend, is a fatal blunder — *a most mischievous, practical mistake.* How is it possible to be co-workers with one whose plans we know not? The whole drift of this essay is precisely that we can, and are bound to know God's schemes for our immediate future, and this, again, in the highest sense, is what makes His thoughts, and morality, a *law* for us.

40. These then are the intellectual gains that nationalism will bring us concerning our relation to God; but it is almost inconceivable what moral gain will come from society's being animated by God's spirit — which it surely will be the moment it is developed up to a certain point, and becomes intellectually convinced of his presence. Please recall the typical life under nationalism; that surely is attractive so far as it goes, but still, as we had not come to the conception of God, society is as yet but an aggregate, a crowd, rather than an organic unity, and even the highest morality not much better than refined egoism. It is God's acknowledged presence that will establish *the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.* At present there are without doubt noble men whose very nobility of heart makes them atheists; their atheism is the cry of an outraged conscience; they have abandoned God because of the evils which he permits and the prevailing pharisaism of the churches. Ah! it is man himself who is responsible for by far the greater part of the evils under which he suffers.

In all ages, whenever religion was really powerful and ennobling, it

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was not at all limited to caring for the private soul, but it was identified with efforts to realize heaven on earth; identified with some great sweep of social action in which individual lives were, so to say, caught up to meet ideal passions from above. Again, the "kingdom of heaven" which Jesus meant, was, without a particle of doubt, first and last a society *on earth*, with other social conditions, where the prevailing cruel social injustice should be redressed. As centuries roll on, the name of Jesus will be more and more venerated precisely on account of his social teachings, and his Dives and Lazarus acknowledged as fitting types of man's long degradation.

Our current pharisaism necessarily turns the hearts of the masses and all noble men away from God. It deals with private interests exclusively, and turns the Universal God into a mere respecter of persons, subject to all the caprices of a petty earthly despot. Henry James, sen., truly says "Our churches teach that the true aim of religion is to attest a difference between men, that certain persons are purer and better in God's estimation than others and thereby inflame all that is basest and most selfish in our nature by nursing an insane dread of personal damnation."

Frankly, does not the case as a matter of fact, stand thus: that our self-righteous "moral" man has an assured conviction of God's particular esteem for him, John Smith; that God knows his features, recognizes him when he prays and in effect says to himself, "This John Smith is a person whose interests I will certainly look after, while that miserable Tom Jones shall certainly go to hell?" And—these again are the words of Henry James: "While John Smith and his comfortable and influential friends are trying to cajole God, they are filling their felonious pockets with dollars coined out of the sweat and blood of their helpless, starved brethren. They are the enemies of the Kingdom of God because "they in their overpowering lust of mammon, are content to live in such glaring iniquitous relations with their fellow men as virtually condemn the vast majority to degrading want and ignorance and lift a small class into idle abundance." For this is precisely the fact, that the cause of our social evils lies in the prevalent inhumanity of one to another as organized in our boasted political and social institutions. How can we have the Kingdom of God as long as every man must assume that every other man he meets on the street, in hall or church, is selfishly intent on selfish interets?

But if the Pharisees, however pious and "Christian" they may be,

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oppose the coming of the Kingdom of God, what shall we say of those sedulous cultivators of intellect, who spend their forces in self-culture, and look with contempt, or at most with pity, on the struggling world. In one of his books, Renan, that excellent representative of this class, actually writes: "If we could reform the world, we ought to take good care not to do it, because — (observe!) this world is really *too curious* a thing to contemplate for the thinker!" If, then, this class only would "contemplate" the world exactly! but they have hardly an idea how their fellow-men live. Witness O. B. Frothingham who a few months back could write: "I do not see that there is much inevitable indigence in the world!" It is those people who by their scientific alms-giving ("organized charity") rob charity of what poor resemblance it has to Love. What a difference I find in this respect between Victor Hugo and our own Emerson! What a splendid lesson Hugo has given us just in this respect to ponder over — and for which alone I do not grudge him all the adulation of which he was the object — in that Christlike figure of Bishop *Bienvenu* who turns a *Jean Valjean* into a *Maire Madeleine*! Compare on the other hand Emerson in his *Conduct of Life*, where we read; "Shall we judge a country by its majority or minority? By the minority, surely. The worst effect of charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve *are not worth preserving!!!* Masses! the calamity is the masses, I do not wish any masses at all, but honest men only; lovely, sweeet, accomplished women only. Nature makes eighty poor melons for one that is good. All revelations are made, not to communities, but to single persons."

What an idea to compare men with melons! Is it not true, as once said, that those timid fugitives from the duties and work of the world, who have retired to nurse their cold intellects, are desperately selfish and have wilfully turned their backs upon the goal which Providence has set for man? It is such sympathetic souls as Hugo, who do not sneer at the "masses," but try to bring them up to their own level and make them all vigorous and sane and good, and wise and holy in the measure of their well-balanced capacities, that are the true co-workers with God. They know that among the "masses" there are as great geniuses, or greater than, themselves, and it is *only opportunity* that they need.

Yes, in spite of Hugo's many follies and idiosyncracies I am ready to kneel down to him for his *Les Miserables*. It is such noble minds

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as he who will at last turn men's hearts, and make them resolve that society shall no longer break God's social and economic laws — for, never forget this! that unselfishness is now practically impossible for the individual, since society is, at present, an organized warfare against the Kingdom of God. How small a residuum of evils then we should have to trace to unavoidable accidents! And perhaps but little of that residuum could fitly be called "evil." Many ills are due to ancestral errors but the recuperative powers of nature are astonishing; we need only go steadily on in order to cancel ere long the consequences of being apathetic for generations.

Self-*restraining* morality, or Duty — *Justice* (for mark! these are correlative terms; what is my "duty" is "justice" to others) will entirely cease to exist as such, in our future perfect society, for when the interests of my fellow-men become identical with my own — as they will under nationalism — I shall plainly be a stupid person if I do not do my duty in every respect. Yet this branch of morality — which thus is merely incidental to human destiny — is what fills our "moral" citizen with peacock-like pride; simply not to rob their fellow-men of a farthing entitles them, in their opinion, to squeeze the last farthing due them, say for rent, out of a poor widow. It is self-*expanding* morality, love and sympathy, that will make man "in action like an angel, in comprehension like God." It will be a love, developing the most passionate social relation, whether with relatives, friends, neighbors, and fellow countrymen, till at last our existence is widened to the dimensions of universal humanity. It will be a love that will see in the most depraved a brother and sister with, at least, a spark of the divine in his or her nature.

I know well enough, that many good people will loudly protest against this idea, that Justice will in time be effaced by Love. To strengthen my position, then, I wish to quote the following from *God in His World:* "Justice is not a divine attribute. Even in human affairs justice has no significance, save in connection with the conventional adjustments of a perverted life. Injustice must be manifest, before there could be a conception of justice, which is an outward, mechanical righteousness, equity of division. *The very notion of justice arises only from injustice.*"

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41. Nothing has—nothing could have so much and so well commended Christianity to mankind as the touching conception by Jesus of God as *Our Father*. There can be no doubt that life under a socialist *regime* will vividly justify to our minds that name to the Intelligence behind evolution which then will clearly be perceived to have acted the role of a tender father to us, leading us like little children by the hand, while we all the time were perfectly unconscious both of the road we were going and the goal we were to reach. But how is it possible now for the majority of men, living as they do, in order to work and themselves blind as they are, led by blind leaders, to see in God a Father? Must it not rather seem to them to add mockery to injury, in naked truth to place a crown of thorns upon their brows, when our religious teachers try to justify the present arrangements by the will of this "Almighty Father?" A few years ago a book: *The Ground-work of Economics*, by C. S. Devas, was published, that almost reaches the lowest depth of such insulting sophistry. This is the summing up:

"I have given the Christian justification of inequality among men in regard to wealth, enjoyment, and remuneration of labor, nor do I believe that any other justification can be found, any other conclusive answer to the socialist objections against accumulations of wealth in a few hands. Mercantile profits and rents and interest can be justified, indeed, on the grounds of the union of the rich and poor and the *mutual position assigned them by Providence*. He from whom the right comes may attach conditions to its enjoyment. Let the laborer then cease from murmuring. He can claim from his fellowmen to have as much of the produce of his labor as will give him opportunity for a decent existence; he has no right to more nor yet any right to refuse to produce more than this quantity. The surplus may be spent in ways he dislikes; he may receive from those whom this contribution of his enables to live a cultivated life only scorn and neglect. *But all this is not his concern*. It is not for him to discuss the mysterious dispositions and permissions of Divine Providence; if those who hold power mis-use his contributions to the life of that society, it is not for him to punish. There is one who sees and in his own time will bring all to account."

It is not evident that nationalism will quite otherwise conceive God's fatherhood, by showing that "in his own time" he *has* brought all to account? For clearly, if the present arrangements are his will, then

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the coming changes, and *the advent of nationalism, particularly, will, in a special sense, be his "will."*

Then no man will be so blasphemous as to write as Devas further does: "There can be no doubt of the *superiority of the rich to the rude and toiling multitude.* In Christian societies their inequalities of property are a cause of *union, binding together the various members of the commonwealth* and are occasions for abundant compensations, of charity, generous contributions to religion, public buildings, patronage over work-people and serving the state without pay."

God has proved himself and will still more prove himself a "father" in a way that precisely befits man's destiny: by giving him will to overcome his circumstances, and by intensifying his will, his manliness; and history has shaped itself from the beginning according to this programme. "God has incessantly been eliciting man's inherent pith and substance, by provoking him to throw off all outward dependance." Henry James, sen., says: "Hence men have come to dislike mere toil as servile. Mechanics without a doubt embody as large a measure of human worth and furnish as good an illustration of solid manliness, true human sweetness as those of any class, but the temporary social inferiority of the mechanics is perhaps a good thing, as furnishing the necessity of stimulating them to feel disgust at the actual servitude to which they are subject. A perfect society will never allow any of her members to remain content with mercenary labor; and therefore they are goaded with incessant slights and sarcasms until they compel society to lift them above the accursed necessity of earning their bread by the sweat of their brows."

A Chinese philosopher of the thirteenth century said: "The essence is always without desire, wherefore he may be called Little. All beings owe subjection to him, and he does not consider himself as their Lord, wherefore he may be called Great."

This doctrine of the self-abnegation of God is a noble thought — this, that God's whole existence of Beatitude is a "Giving-forth," a bestowal of good, absolute Love, in which Selfishness has no place whatever; and this is a conception which, I am sure, nationalism will very much strengthen.

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42. When Darwinism pretends to be not merely a probable scientific hypothesis, but a full philosophical interpretation of the universe, and of the whole course of organic evolution, as well as mental, moral, and social evolution in man, we have a right to dispute these all-embracing pretentions. That mankind from its natural side has descended from a social animal, that is both credible and a great philosophic achievement; but surely we have still another kinship, a divine descent, which as I apprehend, nationalism will make good.

Let us try to explain Jesus. Explain him? Yes, I should say, that if any phenomenon in the world needs explanation it is Jesus and his wonderful supremacy over the centuries—more and more wonderful the more rationalistic men become. What a marvel, that he who, dying on the cross, seemed the deadest of failures, rose to the most splendid empire, so splendid that it may be deemed worth many crucifixions; that he, a man, became the incarnate God; that he, a Jewish carpenter, became the adored of kings of power and intellect! It can, of course, be explained, for it surely was not a matter of chance, but of internal necessity. There must be a reason why mankind unanimously, intensely, and persistently believed that God took on human form and suffered in human ways—aye, there must so much the more be a reason, the more singular it now appears. I think the reason for this is also the reason for that other phenomenon, to be noticed in the following section, why he became the mediator between God and man. It is, that mankind had a vague idea of, an instinct for, *the truth*, to wit: that there is the closest affinity between God and man, that God, whatever else he is, is essentially human and that the personality of God is identical with the personality of humanity. Frances Power Cobbe notices the strange fact, that the name of Jesus has entirely put God into the background and usurped his authority. That came about most naturally. Man felt, that as the essence of humanity constitutes his own real self, his own personality, so he there found the true personality of God, and not being able to grasp that idea, he took Jesus for the symbol of all Humanity. In other words, God is the Supreme Reality that evokes, draws out, the social self within us.

No man in our generation has had a truer insight into the relations that ought to exist among men, or a nobler intuition of God's true relation to man than Henry James, sen. He has painted these relations in the most glowing colors, contrasted the actual and ideal relations almost to perfection, first in one work, and then, dissatisfied with his

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effort, has tried the same again in another and yet another work,* and after all accomplished very little of the good that he intended, and has secured but a very small number of readers, simply because he only preached, because he only tried to work on men's hearts—his works, in other words, were only castles in the air, without any support. Yet he saw, saw well enough, that it was our economic system which contained the crank, so to speak, that is to turn the whole social machinery; but how it could be done, still less how it *would* be done, he did not tell. Yet it is just here the emphasis is to be laid. James gives an excellent illustration of what Progress or Evolution truly means: the persistent effort of the paternal divine element to elevate man out of the mud and mire of his origin and assert its own essential primacy. He happily compares the process to the forming of a statue. Nature gives us body as the marble gives the statue visible incorporation; but the sculpter forms it by endowing the marble with his own genius, thus animating it, giving it soul. This is done by a gradual process of skilful but firm elimination and rejection; and Man's history is likewise a ceaseless *elimination* or rejection of every trait of his animal origin, approaching more and more the ideal image of the Infinite. With Darwinists, to contemplate only our natural descent is to make men like unto a statue which was conspicuous chiefly for its material, where the substance out of which it was fashioned challenged more attention than the plastic power of the sculptor over the substance. "Is it not a perfect statue just when the form imposed by the sculptor completely ravishes, swallows up and subjugates the material of the marble?"

He constantly insists that the essence, almost the whole nature of God is Love. That he is of a love so infinite, so void of self-love, that "even in bestowing his own eternal blessedness upon us, he immerses himself in his creatures' own atmosphere, diminishes himself with unflattering constancy to his creatures' own level, condescends with loving perseverance to every weakness." If God is indeed the power behind evolution — if there be *any* power behind — then surely he has with loving kindness lowered himself to the most hideous abysses of our human nature, since we have seen the most divine love and sympathy developed from the coarsest and most brutish germs. This should be remembered by those who think I have wrongfully made of Love of Approbation such a mighty motive in a

* *Substance and Shadow.*

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previous chapter. I fully believe nationalism will force this upon our comprehension, and that this again will call forth love in us if anything will and "make us see so keenly all the horror and hideousness of our overpowering cupidity and ferocity of manners as to avert ourselves from it and eventually disown every method and institution of our associated life which nourishes and perpetuates it."

What a difference between Comte's and George Eliot's "Humanity" and the same humanity, heartily believed to be animated throughout by God's spirit. It is the difference between a corpse and a living being. And what a difference between the God of theologians — one they got hold of *per saltum*, by a leap outside the concrete world, — and the God that nationalism will reveal: a working Divinity "grimy with the dust and sweat of our most carnal appetites and passions and bent on the patient, toilsome, thorough cleansing of our self from its odious, natural defilement!"

43. Here we have arrived at the culmination of this essay. All that precedes has been so many steps leading up to the answer of the question: Why is Humanity so supremely precious? Jesus has been looked upon, not only as the incarnate God, but as the mediator between the individual and God. Nationalism, as said, will also give us the explanation of this. Mankind felt the need of a mediator, and with a vague sense of the truth, they made Jesus, the man of sorrows, a symbol of humanity. The truth was and is, that *Humanity is our mediator.* Humanity is the medium through which we enter into communion with God—this is the keystone of any coherent system of morality and the crown of all preceding speculations. "Men hitherto foolishly supposed, and the more moral they were, the more they supposed, that God's redemptive operation was confined to the isolated individual bosom. Whenever they fancied themselves in any degree superior to their followmen around them, there was no end of cackling and self-complacency, or if inferior, no end of chagrin; they appropriated the great life of God to their own puny selves and converted it to every perverse infernal form of self-seeking;" as Henry James says. All they cared for was their own personal salvation at his hand; and they supposed they did what was pleasant in his sight, when they worried him

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with their private griefs and appeals. Nationalism will surely reverse this and teach us, that God has no vital relation to us individually *except through humanity*, and that only by working for humanity can we know him. God will be intimately known—not in nature, not even in the individual bosom, but—in man, first through history; later, still better through institutions, and our organic unity. We shall learn, what is the simple truth, that he takes no interest whatever in our passing evils, however hideous, as they affect us individually, any more than he does in our tooth-aches. Then we shall find out that his creative presence is in humanity, that he looks upon no portion of his creatures as hopelessly lost, but that the grand aim of his majestic providence on earth is to mould us gradually out of our most degraded conditions into the dignity of social beings. We shall enter into communion with him when the evils, incident to our rudimentary methods of intercourse become so palpable by their contradictions with our better self as to make us heartily ashamed of ourselves and sick of our political and social guides. Then we shall come to see, that no man does evil untempted without having all other men to help him by standing aloof from him and leaving him in abject penury, physical and moral; then the noble energetic minds among us, quickened by the ever growing tyranny of the atrocious forms of misery, vice, and crime, will perceive that only by bearing their brethren along with them and lifting them up, can they reach God.

As Henry James eloquently says: "What does the paltry evil-doing of even our criminals amount to against our organized inclemency of man to man? When myriads of his creatures are starving, for the base food of the body, while the gambling house and brothels are recognized necessities of our social fabric, and the interests of one class are organized in ruthless hostility to those of all other classes."

Comte's Humanity is a Great Being, unworthy of our homage, since it is without any aspirations that are not selfish. Humanity under nationalism, with the highest possible function, that of uniting us with God, is worth living and dying for. I come back to the gambler and swindler, who willingly sacrificed his life in rescuing poor servant girls, and in that moment realized his nobler self; in truth, united his real self with God.

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THE NATIONALIST.

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THE FARMERS' DEMAND FOR CHEAP MONEY.

BY O. M. PETERSON.

The idea that the government can and should do something for the people, or, in other words, that the people, in their collective capacity, as a nation, ought to do something for its weaker members who are getting crushed in the scramble for wealth, seems to be rapidly gaining ground in a quarter where one might least expect it. If there is one class which has thus far been quite independent of government assistance, and has had little or no representation in the government, it is the agricultural class. But just at present this class is clamoring for government assistance more loudly than any other except, of course, the tariff-protected manufacturing class, which never has had government assistance enough.

The farmers' request for assistance is in the form of a demand that the government shall loan money direct to them at a rate of interest not exceeding one or two per cent, or just about sufficient to cover the cost of printing and distributing the money, examining the security, making out the "papers," etc.

If the farmers were not so grave a class of men, and just now in a particularly serious mood, one might regard such a "demand" as a satirical rebuke to the government for having loaned to the holders of national bank stocks money at one per cent for more than a quarter of a century, and paying the same class four to six per cent. But as the farmers require the

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government to cease accepting for its notes any other security than real estate, one becomes convinced that they have made up their minds that other classes have enjoyed the advantages of "cheap money" long enough, and that, henceforth, *they* want a monopoly on this article.

There is no reason to blame the farmers for desiring special privileges any more than to blame other privileged classes; in fact, there is much less reason to do so; for the other privileged classes have grown rich from these special privileges, while the farmers have been systematically bled for their benefit. It is, therefore, quite natural for the farmers to think that it is now their turn,— natural, I mean, for people brought up under a system which is so admirably calculated to cultivate that instinct which looks only to its own special interests, or at most to the interest of its own class, but never to the common welfare of the whole nation.

It is doubtful, however, whether the farmers would of their own volition have ever made such a demand. It is much more likely that the idea originated in the head of some financial quack, or, most likely of all, that the money power, which is always on the alert to nip in the bud any attempt at destroying its special privileges, discovered a danger in the farmers' movement, and at once sent its emissaries into their organizations to frustrate their attempt at needed fiscal and other reforms, by persuading them to make a demand which would stamp them at once as political and financial innocents, and deprive them of the sympathy and support of all who are in favor of practical reforms, and opposed to class privileges of all sorts.

If the farmers confined themselves, in this matter, to demanding the repeal of the law which allows national banks, on paying a government tax of one per cent on their circulation, to issue bank-notes to the amount of ninety dollars for every hundred dollar bond deposited by them in the national treasury, every person not directly or indirectly interested in the national banks, or in supporting the party responsible for this system, would agree with them. They might go even further and

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demand that the government shall loan money to all classes on approved security at slightly higher rates of interest than those at which it can borrow money, and all who believe it the duty of the government to promote the general welfare, as the United States constitution has it, would regard their demand as just and reasonable.

But as the compliance with this demand would necessitate the establishment of a financial system entirely different from our present one, it would seem that the first step taken should be to ascertain whether any nation is carrying on the business of loaning money on approved security, and if so, to recommend the adoption of a financial system similar to the one which enables such government to carry on a loaning business successfully. Instead of taking this course, the farmers "demand" that the government set its printing presses in motion and furnish every farmer with paper money enough to pay off his present mortgage indebtedness, without stopping to inquire how large a sum would be required for this purpose, or to what the issue of such an amount of paper money would lead.

The farm-mortgage indebtedness of the country is probably something like $2,000,000,000.* If the farmers could get money from the government at one or two per cent interest, they would, of course, be anxious to change their indebtedness from one bearing 6, 8, or 10 per cent to one bearing 1 or 2 per cent. It is not probable that they would be in any great hurry to "lift" these 1 or 2 per cent mortgages, and the present owners of the mortgages could not return into the national treasury the money received from the farmers, as the treasury has no coin for the redemption of such money, and could not afford to issue bonds bearing 3 to 4 per cent interest (the rate at which

* There are, at present, no official statistics for the whole country on this subject, but statistics from a few states show that, in the new states, about three-fourths of the farms are mortgaged for about one-half their selling value; in the older states only about one-third of the farms are mortgaged; but supposing that about one-third of the farms of the country are mortgaged for one-half their value, the farm-mortgage indebtedness would reach the amount stated. The estimate is undoubtedly much too low. Ex-Governor Benjamin F. Butler asserted lately in a speech, in Boston, that the western farm-mortgages amount to $3,450,000,000; but this is probably an exaggeration.

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the government at present can borrow) for money for which it received only 1 or 2 per cent. Thus our circulation would soon be increased by about $2,000,000,000. It would require several articles to point out in detail the results of so large an issue of irredeemable paper money. The scheme is, however, by no means a new one; it has been tried by many other countries, besides our own, and has invariably failed. The continental currency issued during the early years of our republic was just such a currency. But the greenbacks issued during the late war, and of which a large amount is still in circulation, were not an irredeemable currency; yet its value, as compared with commodities, was at one time less than one-half of what it is now, on account of its great volume * and the government's inability to redeem it at the time; I mean redeem it in coin; for the government has always issued interest-bearing bonds for it, the interest being at one time 5 to 7 per cent. It is not an increased greenback currency the farmers demand; for it would be impossible for the government to redeem its greenbacks with bonds bearing a higher rate of interest than it received for the money loaned, and it has now only $100,000,000 in coin to redeem its outstanding greenbacks amounting to $346,737,458. Nor is there any reason to expect that the market rate of interest would fall under the proposed large issue of paper money at a low rate of interest to farmers only; for an increase in circulation generally engenders increased speculation, from which high rates of interest always result.

But it is really not worth while to discuss such a proposition as an issue of irredeemable paper money to the amount of $2,000,000,000, or to any amount approximating it. There is, however, the very best of precedent for the demand that the government shall take the management of the finances of the country, as far as issuing money is concerned, out of the hands of individuals or corporations, and establish a banking system which would enable borrowers to benefit by the low rates of

* There was one issue of greenbacks in 1862 which was receivable for *all debts public and private*, and which was always at par with gold, even when gold was up to 240 and higher.

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interest which a government bank can obtain. In most countries in Europe all money is issued directly by the government, and the government banks are also loan banks. This financial system, which has gained the approval of all leading political economists of all countries, because long experience has proved it safe and beneficial, could easily be introduced into this country at the present time, if those who demand financial reforms would refuse to listen to the schemers who always stand ready to kill any reform movement by leading it to demand extreme and impracticable measures.

The essential features of a European government bank are: the issue of a redeemable paper currency amounting, according to the different trade conditions, to from a few per cent to several hundred per cent, but generally and on the average to one hundred per cent more than the coin held by the bank for the redemption of its notes, and the loaning of these notes to any borrower (in the country) who can furnish sufficient security, either in real estate or in collaterals (including all kinds of commercial paper), the bank being managed by the leading financiers of the country, appointed to this position of honor and trust by the government. The details of the business are conducted by salaried government officials according to certain well-known rules, such as govern the business of all well managed financial institutions. The principal duty of the directors is to decide when the financial conditions of the country require an increase or reduction in the rate of interest or discount, whereby the volume of currency is always kept at a safe and sufficient amount for the transaction of the business of the country. Large loans of notes generally take place during times of great activity in trade, or perhaps in times of mere speculation. Such real or apparent prosperity is always followed by larger imports than exports, and the balance of trade against the country must be settled in coin or bullion. The importers present the government notes to the bank for redemption in larger and larger amounts, and the directors know from this that there are more notes in circulation than can be safely floated; consequently,

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they raise the rate of discount (or of interest on new loans), thereby checking the demand for loans until the drain upon the bank's reserve has ceased, when the rate is again lowered. So elastic and automatic is this currency that changes in the rate of interest and discount seldom take place more than once or twice a year, and seldom amount to more than a fraction of one per cent. Fluctuations in prices and depressions in trade take place from time to time as a consequence of the ebb and flow in human activities; but such a thing as a financial panic, like our panics of 1837, 1857, and 1873, are unknown in those countries where the government manages its finances in the manner here outlined.

As our national government held on the 1st of April, 1890, coin in the treasury to the amount of $656,019,661, it should, according to European experience, be able to float more than $1,250,000,000 in paper money. The amount of currency reported in circulation on that date was but $970,322,884, including $346,737,458 in greenbacks, $290,605,562 in silver certificates, $134,938,079 in gold certificates, $7,666,000 in currency certificates, and $190,381,785 in bank notes. This report includes, if I am not greatly mistaken, large amounts of currency that have been destroyed, and are not, therefore, in circulation.

But the whole amount of coin and bullion in the country on the 1st of January, 1890, was, according to the report of the director of the United States mint, $1,227,663,631, which, if used as a government bank reserve, would float about $2,500,000,000 in paper currency, or over $40 per capita of the population, instead of probably much less than $20 in currency and coin per capita in actual circulation at the present time.*

The change in our financial system which ought to be demanded is, therefore, as follows: —

1. A government bank with branches in all leading cities should be established under the control of five or more directors, to be appointed in the same manner as members of the cabinet.

* The Secretary of the Treasury, who claims much money that has been destroyed, as in circulation, estimates the circulation at less than twenty-three dollars per capita.

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2. The issue of legal tender treasury notes, redeemable in coin on demand, to the amount of not more than two dollars for every dollar of gold and silver coin and bullion in the national treasury. This would at once increase our note circulation from about $970,000,000 to more than $1,250,000,000, as above pointed out.

3. The redemption of bonds at a premium should cease, and the government should use its surplus, which, under a proper system of taxation might be largely increased without burdening industry, to increase its coin-reserve, and should continue to issue two dollars in currency for every dollar's worth of gold and silver stored away in its vaults. Our note circulation would thus be doubled within a few years, and at the same time our paper currency would be kept at par with coin, as above explained.

4. The government bank should be the only bank of issue in the country (thus abolishing national banks as banks of issue), and its funds loaned at the lowest market rate of interest on approved security; or, in other words, its business should be carried on not for profit, but for the promotion of the general welfare. As there is a need for absolutely secure banks for savings and deposits, the government bank might do a general banking business, but this is not an essential feature of the system.

Supposing that the government could, as soon as practicable and without violation of existing contracts, convert its bonded indebtedness into coin-bonds bearing three per cent interest, the note circulation would cost but 1½ per cent, and as one-half of one per cent would probably cover the cost of issuing the notes and bringing them into circulation as loans, farmers and others would then be able to borrow money "at cost." As the demand for private capital would gradually grow less and less, the government would be the only borrower. Not being in need of money for its own use, it would not borrow on the capitalists' terms, but practically on its own terms, and it is quite likely that the rate of interest would be thus gradually reduced to two or even to one per cent.

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Such a system of finance long experience of other nations has fully demonstrated to be both safe and practicable, and there seems to be no obstacle in the way of its introduction into this country except the general ignorance of the existence of such a system in Europe, and the foolish notion that we have nothing to learn from foreign countries. But since we have had to go to Australia to learn how to vote, we might be willing to go to continental Europe to learn how to conduct our national finances. Had the government done this in 1861, when it was transferred from the southern plutocracy (the slave power) to the northern plutocracy (the money power), conditions in this country would have been quite different from what they now are. The burdens of the war, which, under an honest system of finance and taxation, would have been borne by the propertied classes, and would have amounted to a small fraction only of the total wealth of the country, were, by the dishonest system of finance and taxation then devised in the interest of the money power, saddled upon the producers, and by the time these burdens are got rid of the war will have cost more than the total value of all the property in the country at that time. The farmers and other producers have not only had to carry these enormous burdens during nearly thirty years, but the system of finance and taxation then adopted has compelled them to contribute a much larger amount, in the form of interest, high prices, and profits on speculation, to the coffers of this money power, which is now estimated to possess three-fourths of the wealth of the country, although constituting but one-sixtieth part of its population.

The farmers' movement is really only a protest against this corrupt system of finance and taxation, and a rebellion against the oppression of the money power, although probably most farmers do not know what hurts them. In groping for some relief they catch at the first remedy offered, without stopping to think whether the promised relief is obtainable, and without thinking of the ultimate consequences to the country at large of the adoption of such a remedy.

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Perhaps when the farmers have learned that the money power is quite willing to humor them by making a feint at advocating measures demanded by them (as it has already done through its instruments, such as senators Stanford and Ingalls) without taking a single step for their actual relief, but, on the contrary, rivetting their fetters closer by continuing in the old course of fiscal oppression, they will be willing to consider some tried, safe, and beneficial system of finances, such as above suggested.

DR. LEETE'S LETTER TO JULIAN WEST.

(COMMUNICATED THROUGH REV. SOLOMON SCHINDLER.)

BOSTON, 2001.

MY DEAR JULIAN,— Your last letter, although I noticed therein your ill-hidden feeling of disappointment, and the pain which the failure in your journalistic enterprise has caused you, made me smile rather than grieve for you. I hope, dear Julian, that you will pardon my apparent lack of sympathy; and, if you will accept from me a fatherly word, there may be a chance that the wound which your pride has received may soon heal. The short and long of your letter is that, although in your time you had never received a journalistic training, you have ventured to enter upon a journalistic enterprise, even before you had made yourself thoroughly familiar with our present conditions, and that you have failed. Owing to your marvellous appearance among us, we gave you something to do which we thought would meet with your taste. We thought that as a teacher of ancient history, and especially of the history of the nineteenth century, you might do some good to the community, and thus give an equivalent for the support the community grants to you. Yet, before hardly a year has passed by, before you could have hardly familiarized yourself with the needs and wants of our present time, you have had the presumption — pardon the harshness of my expression — to criti-

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cise us and to teach us what we ought to do. Again, owing to the sensation which your sudden appearance among us had created, quite a number of good-natured people were found ready to subscribe for the *Trumpet*, as you were pleased to call your paper. Good naturedly, they were satisfied to give you a chance, and to hear what you had to say to them. If you had ever considered it worth your while to ask me about it, I would have told you to leave well enough alone; I would have told you that as little as an Indian, in your time, could have been made a member of your civilized society by merely taking him from the prairies and dropping him into the streets of Boston, so little can a person that has been reared in different conditions and under the former system of individualism at once comprehend our social conditions, sympathize with them, and appreciate them; I would have told you that first of all you ought to learn the A B C of journalism; I would have told you that, although everyone of us has indeed the right of expressing his opinion, nobody must think that his opinion is the *ne plus ultra* of human wisdom, or that after he has expressed it the whole world must at once become convinced of it. If you then had heeded my advice, you would have escaped the ridicule that always attaches to failure and the consequent pain caused by the disappointment. You did not ask me, but you went to work, got up a subscription list and began to issue the paper. What kind of a paper? A journal after the fashion of the last century and not after the fashion of ours. Would you have expected in the year 1890 a paper to flourish that was issued in the style of the year 1790? This misplacement of time, which we all find quite natural in you, has been the sole cause of your failure. I do not wonder that the journals as we have them do not suit you, and that, therefore, you desired to establish one that would suit your taste better, but you forgot that the style which would suit you, because you had become accustomed to it, must not necessarily suit everybody else.

In your time a paper contained four distinct departments. The department most interesting to the public was the news

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department. People wanted and needed to know what had happened all over the world; and many more things did happen then than do today. In your time, columns of a newspaper were filled with the description of crimes that had been committed, of wars that were being waged; today nothing of the kind occurs. In your time, people wished to be informed what the members of the aristocracy or the plutocracy were doing, how they amused themselves, what dresses the rich ladies wore, what summer resorts they were seeking, etc. Who would care for such trash today? In your time, the quotations of the market, the rising and the falling of stocks, had an all-absorbing interest. It was necessary for every business man, for every manufacturer, for every capitalist to know whether gold had gone down one point or silver had risen; today we have no exchange; money has ceased to be the pendulum on the clockwork of human society, and such events do not occur. Whatever remains as "news," and what is of interest to the public, is supplied by the "national bulletin."

2. The second department of your newspapers, and the one which interested the editors and the stockholders most, was the advertising department. Your pronounced individualism, and the spirit of competition which arose in consequence of it, made it a necessity to push one's self before the eye of the public. "Don't care for anybody else, but buy from John Jones," was the tenor of all your advertisements. If people had something to sell, or if they wanted to buy an article; if they were seeking help, or were wanting employment, they had to make use of the advertising columns of your newspapers. This, of course, does not apply to us. Whatever articles a person wishes to purchase, he can find in our distributing department; and whatever help is to be employed can be obtained at the national employment bureau. There being no demand for advertising columns, the supply, of course, has ceased.

3. The third department of your newspapers was the belletristic department. It reached its highest development at the close of the last century. There was not a newspaper in the

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land that would not supply its readers with stories of all kinds, mostly of a sensational nature. The novelists who wrote for a journal were told that they must not write stories that contained more than about 40,000 to 50,000 words, that after every 2,000 words the reader must be kept in suspense in order that he may be induced to buy the next paper, which was to contain the continuation. This kind of newspaper literature flourished because people had absolutely no time to sit down and read a book. If they intended to feed their imagination, they had to snatch away a moment here and a moment there. This want the newspaper supplied. People could read such a story while they were riding in the street-cars, or while they were eating their luncheons. As every person was obliged to buy a newspaper anyway, if he wished to be informed of the occurrences of the day, the novel which he bought with the paper did not cost him anything extra. All this is changed today; we have our comfortable libraries, we have sufficient means to buy a book that we wish to own, and, what is more, we have the time to read it carefully. Your newspapers struggling for existence were obliged to cater to the public taste and to embody in their columns all that might induce people to patronize them. In our days it would be considered absurd to cut up a story into a number of daily or weekly instalments. You complain that you were obliged to reject a story that was sent to you for publication on account of the tendencies which it contained, and which ran counter to the supposed sentiments of your patrons. I am astonished that a person was found who would endeavor to publish a literary production in this way, and I am rather inclined to think that the writer, knowing your antiquated ideas of newspapers, merely wished to pass a good joke on you.

4. The fourth department of your newspapers was finally the editorial department. The editor made use of his opportunities, and offered to his readers his comments and opinions on all matters of public interest. You were accustomed to be awed by authority, and the editorial of a newspaper of large circulation was not taken as the opinion of the one man who

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wrote it, but as the expression of the public itself. Again, because you had no time to consider carefully a topic, the editorials, at your time, had to be short and brisk. The government, furthermore, was always supposed to stand in opposition to the public will. Even when chosen by an overwhelming majority of the people, the administration was always looked upon with suspicion, and fault was found with almost every step which a president or a governor took. If officials pleased a certain party, they could be sure to displease the other, and thus as each party had its organ, the editorial columns were devoted to a constant warfare for or against the government. In your time this was not more than natural, because every act of the government needed careful watching, inasmuch as individual interests were at stake. The suspicion was always near that the motives of an administrator were sordid, and that having come in possession of power he would use it to enrich himself at the expense of others. All this has been changed; our officials are not suspected, they are rather honored, admired, and their word appreciated by the public. They need not to be watched, because although the wealth of the whole country is in their hands, they cannot make more use of it for themselves than you or I can. The trouble with you, my dear Julian, is that your ingrained individualistic tendencies are still blinding you, and that on account of your early education you cannot understand how a government should not need the watching or the criticism of the press. What was a necessity and a very good thing at your age has ceased to be so in ours. If some of us think that he has a suggestion to make, he can do so by bringing it to the notice of the superior officer, through whom it will reach headquarters; or if he thinks that his propositions have not received the proper attention, he can publish what he has to say in pamphlet form. If it is good it will spread without much advertising; one will tell the other, and in a short time the people will see to it that his proposed reforms are brought about. If, on the other hand, his propositions seem good only to him and to a few others, and will not

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strike the people as founded upon common sense, they will fall flat and be ignored. Now, in fact, we have not got newspapers or a press as you had them, nor do we need them. We were satisfied to let you have your way; but if you have failed in your enterprise, please do not lay the blame on us.

One more point of your letter I cannot help touching. You say, somewhat sneeringly, that a social system once instituted must be preserved at all hazards, merely because some time ago it had been created. As soon as we shall find that the social order which surrounds us ceases to be beneficial to us; as soon as we shall find that any individual or any class of individuals is unduly benefited by it while another individual, or another class of individuals, is unduly debarred by it from happiness, we shall surely change it, and not hesitate a moment. No, no, my dear Julian, do not borrow troubles. Behold, what a glorious institution ours is, learn by your own experience! Supposing a person would have come to you in the nineteenth century as you came to us, could he have found at once a place in which to make himself useful? Or, supposing that you, in your time, should have been infected with the ambition of becoming an editor, how would you have succeeded? You might have undertaken the task, as did many of your contemporaries, without a thorough knowledge of the work. As you were rich, you could have pushed the enterprise with money; but supposing you had failed to strike the right chord, supposing that your editorials would not have met with public approbation, you would have become beggared. With the loss of your fortune you would have lost your seat on the top of the coach, you would have been compelled to take your turn at the rope, and your former friends would have had no sympathy with you; at best they might have thrown to you a gift of charity. Now, although unsuccessful, you can return to the work for which you have some fitness, and after a time you may try again to climb upon an editorial chair.

Yours truly,

LEETE, M. D.

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ARE NATIONALISTS VISIONARY?

By Howard Wilcox.

It seems to be generally admitted by candid papers that the practical work which nationalists have set themselves to perform is anything but visionary; but the term is very freely applied to those large numbers of us who look forward to the accomplishment of these reforms in the very near future. Is this a just charge? That is the question I wish now to examine.

The great unthinking majority, of course, say yes; they say that it is folly to expect, inside of several centuries, the accomplishment of industrial reforms so vast as those pictured in "Looking Backward." Their honest conviction is expressed in exaggerated form in the review of "Looking Backward" published in the *Boston Transcript*, of March 30, 1888. The reviewer does not object to the book as depicting a degree of human felicity and moral development necessarily unattainable by the race, provided enough time had been allowed for its evolution from the present chaotic state of society. He thinks that in failing to allow this the author has made an absurd mistake, and it is suggested that the figure should have been seventy-five centuries.

I am one of those nationalists who look forward to the success of our work in the very near future, and my belief is not emotional, but the result of a study of the history of modern science. My conclusions are reached by the scientific method of reasoning, viz., what has been in the past will be in the future, other things remaining the same. How does science know that the sun will rise tomorrow, or an eclipse occur next year? From what has happened in the past. Why does science suspect that man was evolved from the ape? Because it finds proof of evolution up to this point. And so on indefinitely. The foundation of modern science is, "what has been in the past will be in the future."

It is, then, from a study of the past progress of the race that I reach my conclusions respecting its immediate future advance.

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I will make a brief survey of recent scientific progress with a view to ascertaining how far the element of time enters in. In locomotion the progress made between 600 B.C. and 1830 A.D. was as nothing compared with that made in the last fifty years. It is barely one hundred years since Priestley discovered that there was such a thing as oxygen, and already chemistry has remodelled our conception of the universe from beginning to end. The theory of the conservation of energy, and that light, heat, electricity, and magnetism are differently conditioned modes of undulatory motion, transformable one into the other, is not yet fifty years old. In astronomy we remained up to 1839 confined to the solar system; now we measure the distances and movements of many stars, and by spectrum analysis discover what they are made of. It was in 1830 that Sir Charles Lyell published the book which made geology a science.

Cuvier's classification of past and present forms of animal life, which laid the foundations of comparative anatomy and paleontology, came but little earlier. Modern biology dates from the announcement by Schleiden and Schwaun of the cell doctrine in 1839; and only ten years before embryology began with Von Baer. Scarcely thirty years have passed since the epoch-making discovery of natural selection was made known to the world. The study of human speech is but eighty years old, yet the discoveries since that great one of Schlegel's in 1808 rival anything which the physical sciences have to show. The "comparative method" in the investigation of political, ecclesiastical, and industrial systems is but thirty-four years old, yet it is compelling us to rewrite the history of man in all its stages. In logic, the twenty centuries between Aristotle and Whately saw less advance than the few years from Whately to Mill.

In view of these facts, can anything be clearer than that the progress of our race has been independent of time, that we have done far more in the last fifty years than in the preceding twenty centuries? And the reason is obvious,—*we are waking up.* As a boy learns more in five minutes good study when he

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is wide awake than in hours when he is almost asleep, so the human race has *in the past fifty years* given proof of what in the coming fifty years it can accomplish if it but be awakened. For let us not one moment forget that the world is now in process of awaking. Between the year 1 and the Renaissance the world slept profoundly; barbarous cruelty and outrage were common and unpunished. Since the Renaissance — which was the first awakening whence sprang all our modern scientific movement — the world has been growing more and more awake.

Will co-operation come within fifty years? Reasoning from the past, we say, probably. If the world shall then be sufficiently awakened to see the selfishness of the present system, we answer, certainly. It is a question not of time, but of how much the world awakens in these fifty years.

While we are engaged in our practical work, giving the people control of gas, telegraph, railroads, etc., let us be cheered by the thought that it is wholly unscientific to think of success as in the dim, dim future. It is near.

A SUGGESTION.

By Charles Evans Holt.

Taken as a whole, there is much to be done in the development of the nationalist idea, and it will take much time to accomplish our hearts' purposes and to get everything working smoothly. Meantime, much educational work will be required. Object lessons are valuable, and may be more valuable even than theoretical teaching. Of these there are various kinds, of which we have one in the several co-operative societies, organized upon various bases, and with different special features. In the January number of this magazine, Max Georgii tells us of one, the co-operative society of Ghent. Keeping the first two facts of his statement in mind as demonstrated by these

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object lessons, permit me to suggest still another such lesson, which can be both instructive to observers and students, and a training school to its participants; an educator of those without and those within. It is this:*

Let a "national co-operation" be duly incorporated with an authorized capital stock. Let it obtain, if possible, a national charter; if not, one from the state most liberal to corporations, or most desirable, all things considered, to organize in. Let it receive subscriptions in cash to its capital stock as an ordinary corporation. Let it also receive deeds of real estate and other property in trust, or under contract, from those who, like Paul, say, "silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee": this property to be sold to the best advantage, and certificates of stock to be issued to the grantors named in these deeds and conveyances for the net amount of cash realized from these sales. Take subscriptions, in a legal manner, for stock conditioned on one half-million dollars being taken by responsible parties. Let a committee search out some location in the direct line of improvement (and there are many such in the west and south) where can be found a healthful climate, arable land, good water and water power, timber, coal, iron, marble, etc. Let this committee work secretly and obtain options on large tracts of land until something like two townships (46,080 acres) are secured. Just such work as this, followed by the improvement which labor makes, is what is increasing so largely the wealth of this nation today. Let us have this increase of wealth at work for us rather than against us.

Five hundred thousand dollars for our proposed movement would be ample. More would be better, and, I believe, could be raised. Leading prohibitionists are at work upon this very thing, have purchased 300,000 acres of land in Tennessee, organized a corporation with authorized capital of $3,000,000,

* I am aware of the several socialist colonies existing at this time in this country and elsewhere, but the plan here proposed is broader than these, as will appear further on; and has provision for ample capital obtained and used on business basis.

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and have a present subscription of $800,000 taken by 250 subscribers. The real estate in one city site is valued at cost of the whole 300,000 acres, and a part of the site has already been sold for $600,000, or one-fifth of the whole cost. Their investment is for the profit there is in it, in connection with a desire to exemplify prohibition as it may be when enforced by those who believe in it.

Ours would be inspired and guided by nationalist principles. There would be as great an increase (profit) to our investment as to theirs, albeit divided in a different way. Upon this basis could be worked out, under favorable circumstances, some of the practical questions which lie behind general theories and plans, and which, *in their detail*, are what hinder and perplex thoughtful men when considering nationalism. Only a few particulars can be given in an article like this, and they only briefly; so no more upon this point.

As a suggestion, the company might be organized upon the basis (each stockholder having one vote only) of having one governing body, or board, to be chosen as follows: the stockholders may choose ten members of the body for an indeterminate time; the remaining twenty (say) members of the board to be elected annually by the several districts or townships of the community from its members. When a vacancy occurs in "the ten," the stockholders may choose one to fill the vacancy until such time as the stock is withdrawn from individual ownership, when the whole board shall fill all vacancies in its own body. Members of the board may be removed for cause, but not without a majority, both of the ten and the twenty, favoring it. This would be the legislative body of the community.

After ten years all stock held by individual owners could be purchased at its par value by the corporation, which should thereafter be the whole community, with the aforesaid board as its legal trustees. No dividends should be paid or declared, but the entire increase (profits) should be used for the benefit of the community, and be its property. Apply now, Max Georgii's first two facts above referred to.

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"1. That labor out of itself is able to create all things necessary for life, comfort, and luxury: in short, to carry on all production.

2. That labor is able in a short time to produce its own capital."

And is there anything further necessary to complete the story? An enterprise of this magnitude in the hands of careful, practical men could not fail of success.

Organized in some such way, and working upon every day practical plans, many of the causes of failure attending other trials would be avoided, as the community would only come in competition with others in the disposition of its surplusage, it having within itself enough to satisfy, in time, nearly all its own wants. With the original capital returned, as proposed, to its contributors, they did but "lend to the Lord," without risk, as they were the owners of their stock until their advances were repaid, and having "cast their bread upon the waters" it is returned to them after many days, and upon their "loan" they will receive eternal dividends of enjoyment, peace, and honor in return for their loss of interest for ten years only. Cannot 250 men (nationalists) be found willing and able to do this? Or are we less zealous than our friends the prohibitionists?

Further *details* need not be given here; practical men can easily work them out. With such an organization there would be many nationalists who would be willing, besides putting in such an amount of money as they could, to move to such a settlement and *live* that life of the "each for all and all for each" which is our vital principle.

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SONGS OF BROTHERHOOD.

THE BALLOT.

Behold the sword the freeman wears!
Behold the brand the freeman bears!
The hilt is strong, the blade is long,
To reach and to sever the cords of wrong.

Oh, many and many a legal thong,
And many and many a civic wrong,
Shall fall in twain e'er cords of pain
Are rent from the suffering heart and brain.

For cords of custom bind our lives,
And captive Labor proudly strives
To win its worth, and free our earth,
So Life may go singing with songs of mirth.

Then seize the sword and face the foe!
Knight Roland struck no lustier blow,—
This sword hath power, did hearts not cower,
To cut as the scythe of the wind a flower;

To smite our tyrant laws and trades,
What cords may bind, what work degrades —
The sword 's in hand — 't is yours — command!
And ye are the monarchs of wealth and land.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

(May be sung to the tune of "America.")

Thou hast ever led our people, Thou, our fathers' God!
We would tread the paths of honor that the fathers trod;
We would fight the foes of freedom till our land be free;
"One from many," consecrate us one for Liberty!

Not with foreign foe or Hessian, as in days of old,
Fight we now, but with the minions of the kings of gold;
Alien rich and Hessian poor! these have challenged Thee;
"One from many," consecrate us one for Liberty!

God of Lincoln, God of Adams, God of Washington,
Hear and heed the supplication of each loyal son!
Loose the shackle, break the bond, till the poor are free!
"One from many," consecrate us one for Liberty!

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Once we shared our fight together, battled side by side,
Once we mingled tears and life-blood in a common tide;
Now in days of peace and pleasure sharers would we be;
"One from many," consecrate us one for Liberty!

Sharers of our equal birthright to the common soil,
Common sharers of the produce of our common toil,
One in wealth, in work, and leisure may we ever be!
"One from many," consecrate us one for Liberty!

ALLAN EASTMAN CROSS.

IN VACATION.

The morning sun fills earth and sky
With light as if with deity:—
Fills, too, my heart with warm desire
To lift my life's low level higher.

The sun descends the hill's far side,
And leaves the peace of eventide;
And peace doth in my heart abide;
But deeper still there glows the fire
Of morn's unsatisfied desire.

The night wind wafts the scent of pines
And the brook's low song; while o'er me shines
The evening star, one spot of light
Upon the forehead of the night.
Alas! beyond those dusky hills
A cry I know ascends and fills
The city air,—the old, sad cry
Of wronged and foiled humanity.
Renew, my soul, the early vow;
No gift of heart or hand allow
To rust unused; but give them all
To help the weak and free the thrall—
Return, and heed the human call!

PERCIVAL CHUBB.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Duty of Voters.

In every city of this land the voters should stop the drain of their life-blood (for that is what money represents today) into the pockets of the few possessors of gas, electric light, and street railway franchises. Irrespective of party, demand a pledge from your representatives in the city government, or candidates for election to such positions, that they will take the necessary steps to restore these privileges to the whole people.

The Industrial Army.

Labor Day will see the hosts of labor "processioning," as Walt Whitman puts it, in every important city. If this mighty host would vote as unitedly as they march, their labor holiday would not be the sole day in the year devoted to the celebration of the arts of peace. And yet this marching shoulder to shoulder means that the masses are awaking to the consciousness of their interests, and will vote for them some day instead of starving themselves in strikes.

Legalized Corporate Murder.

The legalized taking off of Kemmler by electricity sent a shudder all over the civilized world, and probably has done much in the direction of abolishing capital punishment. The opinion seems to be growing that if one man has no right to kill, a collection of men have no right. Yet thousands of men are illegally murdered by electricity and other preventable causes, due to the criminal neglect of a few men composing corporations, and the world shivers not. It is for the benefit of the God "Business."

A Common Platform.

"The need of the hour, or what to do next," seems to be the appropriate title for the great serial of the century. The subject matter is

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simple. All reform organizations should unite on some one plank of a platform which would sweep the country. The Farmers' Alliance, Nationalists, Knights of Labor, Trade-Unions, and all other reform bodies, could unite on the demand that the railroads and telegraph should be nationalized. It is perhaps the only thing that they could at present unite on. Concentration is the need of the hour, and to demand public railways and telegraph seems the first thing to be done.

THE INNOCENT THIRD PARTY.

In the struggle between the labor organization and the corporation there stands an unfortunate third party whose rights are disregarded and trampled under foot. This is the public, never well treated at the best, but now maltreated villanously on account of its own ignorance. The public pays the wages of the employes of the railroads from the president down as well as the profits of the stock and bond-holders. Yet the dear public, who every day is receiving the fate imprecated by Mr. Vanderbilt, hasn't collectively waked up to demand, as the only remedy that these modern highways should be taken out of the hands of the irresponsible private toll-gatherer, and owned and controlled by the nation itself.

THE RAILROAD STRIKE.

Public indignation over the New York Central strike has not been as intense as it should have been; that is to say, against the corporation. Much adverse comment was made on the action of the strikers, and but little attention paid to the real instigators of the trouble, the officials of the company, who, there seems to be no doubt, have deliberately discharged men for no other reason than to break up their organization. Now, in such a case the men either have to see their organization, the only weapon they possess to compel attention to their wrongs, broken up stick by stick, or to go on a strike. Naturally, they chose the latter alternative. But the outlook seems to be that they will be defeated. There is clearly no sense in striking piecemeal.

Strikes on railroads, too, tend more and more to become failures, on account of the paramouncy of the system over the individual, and the transportability of skilled labor from end to end of a railroad. The only remedy is for the railroad employes to demand that the roads should be nationalized. Then their grievances would receive the same respectful consideration as those of the letter carriers and postal clerks, and, after a proper period of service, they should be pensioned.

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PINKERTON TO THE RESCUE.

Not satisfied with the protection afforded by the municipal police in regard to their property, the New York Central called in Pinkerton, and some of his "thugs" have been amusing themselves by firing into the crowd as the car that contained them went by. They succeeded in wounding some bystanders who had nothing at all to do with the strike. Even such capitalistic papers as the New York *Sun* are indignant over this outrage on the public perpetrated by the New York Central. It seems about time to abolish the Pinkerton system, or the Vanderbilt system, or the present industrial system, all of which appear to be synonymous. If the railroads are not nationalized pretty quickly, there will be trouble before this century goes out.

WITH FACE TOWARDS THE MORNING.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's address at Chatauqua must have been one of the most notable of the year at that place, judging by the synopsis given in the press reports. Its publication in full will be welcomed by the large majority of his admirers who had not the good fortune to hear it. His subject was "The Aristocracy of the Dollar," and his characterization of the American plutocracy was keenly and brilliantly accurate. He showed how the aristocracy of birth was dying out before the aristocracy of wealth, and with the mastery of epigram that distinguishes his literary style, he announced his belief that "the aristocracy of the millionaire will give way to the aristocracy of the million." Col. Higginson is not one of the "indolent optimists" whom Prof. Ely pronounces so mischievous in their influence through their confidence that the course of evolution will ultimately bring about a beautiful condition of affairs, so that there is no need for anybody to take hold and help things along. Col. Higginson, like Edward Everett Hale, believes in "lending a hand," and the sentiment of the words just quoted is in accord with the idea of the noble poem, dedicated to Edward Bellamy, that he contributed to the first number of THE NATIONALIST.

THE NATION'S HIGHWAYS.

The railway lines are now the true highways of the nation. Their only excuse for existence is the public convenience. On that score their projectors have been clothed with valuable and extraordinary privileges by the public. They have been given the right of eminent domain, and the railway corporations have largely built their lines with the public's

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money, in the shape of grants from the nation, from states, from counties, and from municipalities. The Hungarian nation has now made a year's trial of a new system of railway fares. It substitutes for mileage charges a "zone tariff." Under it fares are uniform within certain distances from the starting-point, increasing regularly with each zone, or stretch, of a certain width. The result has been an enormous reduction of rates, a correspondingly enormous increase in travel, with no increase in operating expenses. At the same rates, were a similar system applied in this country, it would be possible to travel from New York to Boston for $2.24; from Boston to Philadelphia, to Washington, or to Buffalo, for the same sum; from New York to Chicago for $4.48; from San Francisco to Boston for $15.68. The public highways of this country are operated chiefly for private profit; for the public accommodation only so far as it will promote that end. Were they nationalized, the public might gain the advantage of such rates as are enjoyed by a European people far less intelligent and free. Is it not time for the people to claim their own?

A Soulless Corporation.

How very significant that, when the Western Union Telegraph building was burnt out in New York a few weeks ago, not a word of sympathy was heard for the company in the great crowd that gathered to see the fire. "On the contrary," says the *Spectator* of New York, "there was considerable satisfaction expressed over the fact that the 'fire fiend' had found a way to reach a company that has persistently defied public opinion, the laws and the courts, and in its general policy takes advantage of everyone whom it can bully or outrage." It is typical of the general meanness of the Western Union Company that it refused to pay the insurance patrol for protecting its valuable records, papers, office furniture, etc., on the occasion of a previous fire in its building. The Western Union carries no insurance on its property, and so the patrol sent in a bill for its services. This time when the patrol responded to the alarm, and found where the fire was, they folded their arms and made no effort to protect the property from damage. "The calm indifference with which fire underwriters and the insurance patrol viewed the work of the flames was something seldom seen at a fire," says the *Spectator*. It might have added, with truth, that if the fire could only have annihilated the entire corporation there would have been universal rejoicing throughout the United States. If the people of this country

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could only make their sentiment felt, a postal telegraph system would be voted into existence at once by the largest majority ever given.

Labor's Inherent Right.

The recent strike of the employes of the New York Central Railroad was occasioned by the company's discharge of men whose only fault was in belonging to some labor organization. It is the old story over again, a wealthy corporation unwilling to concede to labor the privilege they themselves have so long enjoyed. Capital has always claimed the right to combine, and therein lies its tremendous power.

Political economists have claimed that prices were governed by the equitable law of supply and demand; however plausible that may have been in the past, it is certainly far from being the case today. For now manufacturers meet and decide upon the price of their commodities. Tariff rates upon all great railroads are fixed by a board composed of their respective managers. If the supply of coal on hand even threatens a reduction in price to the consumer, the so-called coal barons combine to reduce the output at the mines, thus perpetually insuring to themselves an exorbitant profit. And thus it is in every business where money capital is involved. The laborer has something to sell, and upon the commodity he brings into the market rests our entire social fabric; this commodity has been well called by Ingersoll "the only solvent thing beneath the stars"; this useful, indispensable commodity is labor. It is the workingman's capital. He has a right to self-protection through organization. If right for one class, it certainly is for the other.

The time has come when the rights of the workers must be conceded, and any corporation, however powerful, that attempts to perpetrate so gross and palpable an injustice upon its faithful employes should be held to a stern and strict accountability for all loss and inconvenience to the public caused by an attempt to abridge or annul an inherent right.

Gnats and Camels.

How interesting to note the unanimity of the press in its denunciation of the Louisiana lottery! The earnestness with which they implore the people of that state to rise in their might and crush the hydra-headed monster would lead one to suppose that when that work was accomplished there would be nothing more to be desired in the way of reform,— that the last and most formidable foe to the people's welfare and happiness would be banished from the land. That this lottery is an evil,

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few would have the temerity to deny, but that it is not the greatest from which we suffer is obvious to all who look below the surface of things, and it is certainly astonishing to see so many of the leading papers of the country so bitterly attacking this minor evil, and yet saying nothing of those larger ones that threaten our very existence as a republic. The cornering of food-products, thereby artificially enhancing the price of the necessaries of life to every individual, is a thousand-fold greater curse, to say nothing of the methods employed by powerful corporations to enrich themselves at the expense of their less fortunate fellow-beings, for these vultures feed and fatten upon the labor of others, often far more worthy than themselves, and are then held up to the world's admiring gaze as the highest types of our modern civilization. Through their ill-gotten wealth they succeed in getting themselves, or their pliant, conscienceless henchmen, elected to fill the most important offices in the country, and thus render abortive all efforts to procure legislation in the interest of the true wealth-producers. The attitude of the press, with a few honorable exceptions, toward these evils of far greater magnitude than the Louisiana lottery is disgusting. How much longer will they continue to "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel?"

Our Work to Find, not Make.

Nationalism, like all other reform movements, is so misrepresented by its opponents that some very excellent people have become prejudiced against it, but that the principles underlying it are endorsed by the majority is evident from the fact that when presented to them without any name attached thereto they accord it an instant and hearty endorsement. If some of the writers who are striving to belittle the cause, and who show their fear of it by their frantic and senseless efforts in this direction, would take the trouble to talk with the first twenty persons they meet in regard to the advisability of placing the Western Union Telegraph under national control, they would quickly discover that our so-called visionary and utopian ideas are held by a large majority of the people. Those who are active workers in the cause have obtained sufficient data to know that all that is needed to bring about a speedy, practical application of our theory is to crystallize this wide-spread, almost universal, sentiment, and that is being done by trusts, syndicates, and combinations that are crowding the business men with small capital out of the field, or into bankruptcy. This is doing the work much more rapidly and effectively than is possible by any other means. The in-

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fluence of gigantic corporations in politics and legislation is another important factor in producing the same result, and, though a deplorable state of affairs, it can be viewed with comparative equanimity by those who recognize its active and potent agency in bringing about a speedy revolt from such inequitable conditions,—a revolt that can end only in the downfall of this dangerous plutocracy, and the replacing of power in the hands of the people, from whom it has been insidiously taken. Our chief work is not to make converts to nationalism, but only to discover them, and then bring into harmonious union that vast number whose sentiments are in perfect accord with ours.

A Mistaken View of Nationalism.

Under "Letters to the Editor" in our August number, Mr. William Harrison Riley, in a short article called "Help Yourselves," urges nationalists to organize themselves into a nationalist village, or villages. He asks, "Why should *we* wait?" and he says, "I want to see the rightness of our principles proved in *one* nationalist village; and I am sure one successful example of their practicability will do more good than ten thousand verbal assurances."

Now we do not wish to be understood as criticising, nor, in the least, as condemning the private opinions of any of our valued correspondents; but one word of caution, editorally expressed, seems proper. The plan advocated by Mr. Riley is one of simple communism. Experiments of this kind have been tried, time and again, without any marked success. The latest test of a co-operative colony is now in progress, under favorable conditions, at Kaweah, California. But communism of property and effort is not nationalism.

It is a misconception of our grand objects to think nationalistic principles can be proved or disproved by any voluntary groupings of individuals in social and industrial settlements, where all shall share equally in labor and in reward.

If an island in the Pacific could be obtained, and if such an island were large enough to accomodate a nation of men and women who wished to emigrate from other countries to found a true co-operative commonwealth, then, indeed, a fair trial of nationalism might be made; but under present conditions let us be patient until the leaven of our true social doctrines has permeated the body of the American Republic so thoroughly that the popular demand shall make ready the final change from oppression and slavery to true freedom and equality. We may, as

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individual members of the great reform party, advocate the minor remedies for relieving the dreadful injustice of the present system, and we may encourage co-operative production and distribution, profit-sharing, shorter hours, the single-tax idea, or communistic colonies; we may believe that each one of these measures for lifting, slightly, a grievous burden has much to recommend it; but nationalists should not, as an organized party, stray from the broad road leading to the sound solution of the industrial problem by taking any narrower paths which end only in the alleviation of social miseries, but which can accomplish no permanent cure.

It is unnecessary to call attention to the practical obstacles to any such plan as that offered by Mr. Riley. These will occur to the minds of most readers at once.

MUNICIPAL LIGHTING.

So many cities and towns throughout the country are now establishing their own electric lighting plants that it is difficult to keep run of them. The satisfaction which such undertakings uniformly give the public is in marked contrast with the complaints heard on every side of the bad service and extortionate charges of private corporations. Boston, which until lately has paid the exorbitant price of $180 a year a lamp, the highest rate in the country, has been congratulating itself on getting the companies down to $146, which is still more than twice the price paid by Chicago, which does its own lighting at a cost of less than half what Boston pays, with the advantage of running all its wires safely under ground, while Boston continues its dangerous overhead system, notwithstanding its costly experience. The cities of the South have been most backward in doing things for themselves, and the most of them depend upon private companies even for the water supplies; but Austin, Texas, has had such success with its own water supply that it has lately established its own electric lighting plant. In Massachusetts the large town of Peabody, the next-door neighbor to Danvers, the pioneer town of the state in municipal lighting, has lately voted to put in its own electric lighting plant at a cost of $30,000. Probably by another year the state senate, even corrupted as it has been by corporations, will hardly dare to refuse to municipalities the right to supply their inhabitants, as well as light their streets. Indeed, so very favorable was the opinion of the Supreme Court on the subject of municipal lighting, when asked for by this year's legislature, that it is very likely that cities and towns have the

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right already without the necessity of legislation. Therefore, it would be advisable for a town like Danvers to go ahead and make a test case by supplying some private party or parties with light or power. The example of the city of Marquette, Michigan, as lately given in the *Dawn*, is instructive. For two years it has owned its water power and electric light, and already its electric plant is worth three times its cost, and is earning for the city $4000 a year net. The mayor is confident that in the near future the city can be managed without a cent of taxation upon its property, either municipal, state, or county, out of the profit to be realized from this power, and at the same time sell said power at a small profit that will encourage manufacturers to come in. There are hundreds of towns in New England and elsewhere having streams near by with a power that electricity can make cheaply available. How much better it would be for them to do like Marquette, and give the profit to the whole community, instead of leaving all the advantages to be gobbled up by speculative corporations which, with their selfish striving for large gains, discourage local industry by their heavy charges. News of one of the largest public electric undertakings comes from over the water. The St. Pancras vestry in London has decided to establish its own plant, and, at a cost of about $250,000 is to have an installation for light and motive power sufficient for 10,000 incandescent lights, with mains sufficient for 25,000 lights of 16-candle power, and 90 arc lights. Mr. Preece, F. R. S., the distinguished electrician to the post-office, who was consulted on the subject, said: "I think that the vestry of St. Pancras is doing a wise thing in carrying out this installation, and I see no reason whatever, from the careful consideration I have given to the plans submitted, why it should not obtain all the results that have been foreshadowed. The rate payers will secure the light at the cheapest rate, and the profits accruing from private lighting can be devoted either to the reduction of rates, or to the expense of public lighting."

Co operative Mechanics.

One effect of the strike in the building trades has been to arouse an interest in the formation of co-operative associations among workingmen to undertake contracts for building, thus dividing among the workers the entire amounts paid for their work, instead of giving a portion of it to contractors, who, under the usual system, hire the workmen. It is significant that the American *Architect*, speaking for those who have the giving out of building contracts, cordially approves the movement.

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"Most architects," it says, "would rather give a contract to a co-operative association of good workmen than to a contractor, for the reason that the latter, even if his intentions are good, cannot look after all his men all the time, and the latter, having no particular interest in the work, and very likely never having seen the drawings or specifications, make blunders, and waste time and materials in a way that would be impossible with an intelligent co-operative society, where each man would take pains to ascertain what was to be done, and would not only do his part to have the work go quickly and correctly, but would be on the lookout to see that none of the other men injured the general interest by carelessness." As to the objection that the small amount of capital at the command of such co-operative associations would make them financially less responsible, and therefore induce preference to contractors, the American *Architect* is inclined to think that for ordinary work this would be of little or no importance, a contribution of a week's wages from each member, with a willingness to wait a little while, in case of need, for a portion of his regular income, would constitute capital enough for all the business that such a society ought, in the present state of the law, to undertake, and a co-operative society with a good reputation for efficiency and honesty could have from the architects' offices all the business it wanted on those terms, if it could be relied upon to carry out faithfully the contracts which were awarded to it." The importance of such associations carrying out their agreements to the letter is dwelt upon, and a frank word is spoken as to the growing prevalence of unfaithful workmanship among mechanics, as architects universally testify. It should be said, however, that employers themselves, under the contract system, are probably as responsible for the habit of bad workmanship as the mechanics, since, in their efforts to make their profits as large as possible, they are too likely to furnish material of poor quality, and encourage the doing of bad work. A gentleman whose profession has for the better part of his life given him the oversight of important public works in more than twenty large cities of this country says that he has found, without exception, that work is more honestly and faithfully performed where it is done by direct employment of the workmen on the part of the city than where it is given out to contractors; in all his experience, he has never known of a single instance where the penalties of a contract were enforced; the contractor is too apt to palm off inferior work upon a city, and to avoid

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acting up to obligations through some political influence that he may possess. It seems likely that by the making of contracts for work directly with organized bodies of workmen a higher standard of workmanship will become general. The new co-operative associations, therefore, cannot be too careful as to the character of the work they perform. With due attention to this point, that which the American *Architect* believes to be the great industrial movement of the future will, at least, be a welcome advance from the old system, and make a good step towards the nationalist ideal.

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S ERRONEOUS GROUND.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in his contribution to the *Century* for August, ranges himself with the decadent *laissez faire* school of political economy. His essay is substantially identical with a paper read before one of the numerous denominational clubs in Boston nearly a year ago. These various trade, religious, and ethical clubs of the New England metropolis are, by the way, developing quite an appetite for sociologic and economic discussion, and are the means of making public some valuable contributions towards an understanding of the most vital issues of the day. President Eliot's paper, which he calls "The Forgotten Millions," is too limited in its field to deserve its sub-title, "A Study of the Common American Mode of Life." It is a study of the rural community in which he has for some years had his summer home,— the town of Mount Desert, on the Maine coast. It is undeniably a conscientious and valuable piece of work, but after all too superficial to be a really accurate statement, as is almost inevitable with observations from the outside. President Eliot's fellow-townsman, Mr. J. Murray Howe, of Cambridge, who knows the people of the Maine coast more intimately, pointed this out very trenchantly at the time when President Eliot first read his essay, showing that many of the traits which that eminent gentleman found so admirable were in reality based upon dishonesty, immorality, indolence, ignorance, and other undesirable qualities. President Eliot regards the state of society that he describes as "wholesome," and appears to be in hearty accord with the sentiment of his Mount Deserters, which he quotes in their homely vernacular: "We 're well 'nough 's we air." Before accepting this as true, it might be well to ask an explanation of the fact that in the rural communities of Maine there is a notable scarcity of young people; that the most active and energetic young men and young women, finding life there intolerably dull, hurry away to the cities as soon as they

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can; and that those towns are almost universally dwindling in population, except in the case of the few which, like Mount Desert, have come into favor as summer resorts. President Eliot terms the tendency to call attention to the wrongs, evils, and dangers of our present social and industrial conditions an "empoisoned state of mind." That his expression may justly be termed extremely infelicitous, to put it mildly, is evident when we consider that the growing public sensitiveness to the evils and injustice of our industrial system is in unbroken continuity with the quickening of the world's sympathy that has made impossible the cruelties and oppression of the bad old times when the inquisition flourished, when petty offences were capital crimes, and the torturings of the condemned were occasions for the amusement of the multitude,—a progressive movement that has reformed, and is reforming thousands of abuses to which mankind has until lately been callous. If it is an "empoisoned state of mind" that is necessary for a sense of the enormity of the evils depicted by the author of "Prisoners of Poverty" of the terrible wrongs that child-labor inflicts upon children and the race; of the chapter of horrors made up of the outrages perpetrated by millionaires upon honest miners who should be free American citizens, but who are slaves in all but name, in which chapter the stories of Spring Valley and Hocking Valley, as Henry D. Lloyd has shown us, are but steps of the menacing growth of the money power;—then by all means that is the kind of poison we need to have administered in large and quick-working doses! It is the healthy body politic, as well as body physical, that is sensitive to even slight indications of maladies that threaten its well being; it is only the ill-developed social and physical organisms, with dull nerves and blunted senses, that are indifferent to internal disorders and noisome surroundings. Therefore, even though the great majority of the American people were situated as comfortably and hopefully as President Eliot assumes, it would be an ill omen for our nation's future were they indifferent to the hapless conditions of even a very few in their midst. Just as there is rejoicing in heaven over the one sinner that repents, so is there rejoicing in a healthy community over one abuse that is corrected. The most hopeful thing that distinguishes the American people is its capacity for discontent, its determination to better the condition of the individual and of the community. Should "we 're well 'nough 's we air" become the sentiment of the nation, then we would see President Eliot's thirty to forty millions of the American people

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realize his ideal that finds its likeness in a sodden and ignorant European peasantry. But with the Farmers' Alliance, and other agitations now rife, there happily does not appear to be a prospect of stagnation.

A Model City.

The claim Julian Ralph, in a late *Harper's*, makes for Birmingham, England, as "the best governed city in the world," is perhaps a trifle extravagant in view of what is accomplished in Berlin, Glasgow, and some other European municipalities. Birmingham, however, ranks very high in the scale of municipalities that furnish to the rest of the world model examples of what can be done when a well-devised system provides adequate means for the expression of public spirit in enlightened self-government. It is undeniable that we Americans, with all our advance in political freedom, are still far behind a large portion of the rest of the world not only in Europe but Australia in a truly democratic administration of that form of government that comes nearest the people,— the municipal. Accounts of the good results effected elsewhere, like this of Birmingham by Mr. Ralph, and those of Glasgow by Dr. Albert Shaw, and of Berlin by Prof. Ely and Sylvester Baxter, ought to have a beneficial effect in inciting us to improve our own municipal methods. The widespread interest aroused by articles of this class. and their appreciative reception, indicates that the time is ripe for more determined efforts at improvement than have heretofore been made. Disgust with municipal abuses has repeatedly aroused citizens to a wholesale overturning of affairs. But the trouble has been in giving but slight attention to the improvement of the systems that have permitted the abuses, and the clean and capable men who have replaced corrupt or incompetent officials have found it impossible to work to advantage under a form that necessitates irresponsibility and inharmonious management. Therefore, as a rule, the public after a while becomes apathetic again, and thinks it is no use trying to better things. Affairs soon relapse into a condition as bad as ever, until some glaring evil again produces a sporadic attempt at improvement. It is not too much to say that the well-intentioned and eminently respectable men who have been at the head of various "citizens' movements" are, by their failure to perceive that it is the system itself that needs reforming, at least fully as responsible for the evils as the men who take advantage of the system to exploit a city government for their own profit. These "leading citizens" have, by confining their efforts to the replacing of bad men rather than the

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reforming of a bad system, too often made themselves unwittingly the instruments for the entrance into power of a set of "outs" who desired simply to possess for themselves the opportunities enjoyed by the "ins" of emolument at the public expense.

The fact that Birmingham's excellence as a model city dates back only twenty years or so, and that the efforts to make it what it has become grew out of the existence of grave defects that needed mending, holds out encouragement for similar effort here. Its form of government is evidently a studied modification of the German method, as exemplified in Berlin, by which the common council is the basis of the whole structure, a permanent body of experienced men being assured by retiring a third of the membership periodically, while the council elects both the aldermen and the mayor. A weak point of the Birmingham form, as contrasted with the Berlin, appears to be the mayoralty, which is more honorary than practically executive in character, since the mayor, who is chosen for but one year, "may amount to something or nothing, as chance has it." It costs, on the average, $15,000 to be mayor one term. It is therefore a defect to have the chief magistracy eligible to only rich men, whose ambition might lead them to the practice of questionable methods to attain it.

As to what is effected in Birmingham, we learn that "it is a city that builds its own street railroads, makes and sells its own gas, collects and sells its water supply, raises and sells a great part of the food for its inhabitants, provides them with a free museum, art gallery, and art school, gives them swimming and Turkish baths at less than cost, and interests a larger portion of its people in responsibility for and management of its affairs than any city in the United Kingdom." It is "a business city, run by business men on business principles." Many of these things are excellently done in other well-governed cities, but Birmingham appears to have gone a step beyond anything attempted elsewhere in the way of conducting undertakings for the convenience of the inhabitants as individuals by raising on its large sewage farm and selling at reduced cost a large portion of the meat, milk, and vegetables which they consume. It is logical inference that, if the city can raise and sell for its inhabitants a portion of their food, it might, with equal right, furnish the entire food supply at reduced rates, and to the benefit of all concerned.

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THE WORK OF ORGANIZING.

The hearts and souls of thousands and tens of thousands in all parts of the country have been aroused as never before to a sense of the evils of our present social system, based upon the wasteful and wrongful methods of industrial production that have hitherto prevailed in the world. This has been done by a plain, straightforward, and eloquent picture of things as they might be, in vivid contrast with things as they are. The devoted men and women who for years have been conscious of these things, and who have constituted a forlorn hope striving towards the right, have been fired with fresh courage, and filled with confidence by the rising of this grand sustaining tide around them under the inspiration of a clear and clarifying mind. A mighty impulse has been generated that cannot fail to sweep us onward to an attainment of the ends more rapidly than had hitherto been hoped for. Where there is a will there is a way; and now that the will has become manifest, the question before us is how best to open and enter upon the way to the realization of what we desire. How can the interest thus aroused best be taken advantage of, and the energy of the mighty flood best be utilized to achieve the purpose of the power that set it in motion?

In the very beginning we have the promise of the fulfillment, for, as a sense of the evil conditions of the present developed an accurate perception of their cause, so a knowledge of the cause led to the discernment of the steps that would bring the remedy; therefore, since the popular sense, thus appealed to, is aroused, we are assured that the steps which it now clearly perceives to be right will, sooner or later, be taken. For nothing is more true than that, when mankind once really becomes convinced that certain things are desirable, it will surely find some means to possess them.

In seeking this way, we have but to look to the incentive which has pointed out the direction in which the road lies. The first step has been taken instinctively. Just as in chemistry the agitation of a saturated solution gives the impulse to the formation of centres of crystallization, so the masses, who have been saturated with the truths of nationalism, with a sense of what a mighty instrument for the welfare of the people the nation is capable of becoming, and is destined to become, have spontaneously begun the formation of centres of energy in the shape of the nationalist clubs now springing up on all sides. We have but to follow out the lines thus indicated.

The key-stone of practical nationalism is efficient organization. That

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which we seek to see the nation become must serve as a model for the building up of the nationalist movement. We must use our best efforts to base it upon the most efficient instrumentality possible, working with the least possible friction and waste of energy. By our own processes we must illustrate the correctness of the principles we advocate.

In the first place, we must be ever alert to keep alive the flame we have fanned into life. We must not permit the fresh enthusiasm to wane. To this end we must ever give it fresh fuel to feed upon. We must, therefore, follow speech with action, precept with practice. We must realize that this is a cause in which we have enlisted for life. It is a holy war, which we, who begin the struggle, must wage as a sacred duty. But, with the consciousness of right, and that we are working for our fellow-men, we can fight bravely on like soldiers, regardless of whether we ourselves shall live to the hour of triumph so long as the army presses on to final victory. There is before us work in whose doing we may rejoice, and though we may not be permitted to behold the completed structure whose noble form stands stately and beautiful in our visions, yet we can have the joy of laying many a course upon its steadily rising walls and see them take on their growing glory in substance prophetic of the grand result.

Every club may thus make itself the centre of practical work, of which there is practically no end in that which stands ready to be done on every hand, in town or city, in state or in nation. The nature of this fundamental work has been frequently pointed out. Locally, it lies in the assumption by the municipality of all possible co-operative functions for which conditions may be ripe, as in supplying water, gas, and electricity, running street cars, establishing institutions for education and amusement, like public libraries, museums, parks, etc., and improving the public schools by compulsory education of all children up to the age of seventeen or so, thus preventing child-labor, destroying ignorance, and improving the lot of adult workers by removing competition. Manual and physical training should be also made a part of the school system, for the production of future generations superior in skill and health. In the state the passage of laws should be urged permitting and directing these things. In the nation the nationalization of the telegraph, railways, coal-mining, and other industries, as soon as practicable, their successful operation being conditioned, of course, upon a reformed and business-like civil service.

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NEWS OF THE MOVEMENT.

It is with reluctance that the present editor of this department takes up the work after the able manner in which it has been conducted by Mr. Willard, whose duties are such that he has been compelled to let the mantle fall on other shoulders. But the consciousness of Mr. Willard's sympathy will be a stimulus to the present editor in his endeavor to maintain the high standard that has been set by his untiring energy and devotion to the cause.

It has been said that those who are interested in nationalism are sentimentalists, but they are sentimentalists who are capable of accomplishing a great deal of work in a very practical way. There has always been a great deal of sentiment mixed up with the beginnings of great social movements, and the present movement is undoubtedly not an exception. When a person arrives at a point where he can see "the evil that men do unto others," then he is branded as a sentimentalist. Here in Boston we have seen during this month of August some 40,000 sentimentalists in line, with bands of music and tattered banners, and the great ones of the land paying their tributes of respect to these men who left their homes to fight for sentiment. Yes, it is the misfortune of some people to see the evils of their time and to speak right out about them, and judging from the reports that come from all over this broad land there are a great many who feel these evils, and who are setting their faces to the rising sun with hope and determination.

Out in California the work of organization goes on with unabated vigor, and the nationalists are making themselves felt more and more as a power in the government of the state. Club No. 1, of Los Angeles, elected on June 15th the following officers: A. R. Street, president; Mrs. B. L. Stephens, vice-president; Arthur Vinette, recording and corresponding secretary; E. M. Wade, financial secretary; J. P. Smith, treasurer; and W. H. Stuart, librarian.

The Oakland nationalists, who were the first to organize a club on the Pacific coast, elected the following officers on June 4th: Josephine H. Steele, recording secretary; W. C. Waage, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Mason, treasurer; Otis Orindorff, financial secretary. This club opened their new hall Thursday evening, August 7th, under very flattering circumstances. The hall was beautifully decorated and densely crowded. Dr. McGlynn delivered a lecture on "The Public Schools" that was heartily endorsed by all present.

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From Oregon Mr. White writes that new clubs have been organized at Briggs school-house, Columbia county,— G. C. Barker, president; also at Vernonia, with A. B. Lewis as secretary; also at Pittsburg, Miss Grace Cross, secretary. The work of organizing is being pushed at Portland, and we expect to hear from there very soon.

From Oregon to Florida is quite a jump, but nationalism has no bounds, and knows no North or South. At Chuluota, Orange county, the first nationalist club of Florida has just been organized, with J. A. Lewis as president; J. F. Culley, treasurer; and G. W. Wright, corresponding secretary. They meet every Saturday. The interest in nationalism is rapidly increasing in this section of the country.

In the new state of Washington the Tacoma nationalist club has started on its second year with improved prospects. They are trying to inaugurate practical co-operation in the buying of supplies. They send delegates to the Tacoma trades council, which consist of delegates from the various labor organizations.

The nationalists are very busy in New York, organizing, circularizing, lecturing, and spreading the doctrines among all classes. The people are fast becoming interested in the movement; they see that it is not a class movement; is not exclusively for the laboring class, or the wealthy or middle classes, but for all classes, and they see that this fact precludes the possibility of that corruption which is inevitable when "parties" get control of the government. The nationalists are not rallying around a banner whose principal motto has been "to the victor belong the spoils," but they elevate a banner on whose folds everybody can read "Purity."

We quote from a circular sent out by the central organization of nationalists to the labor, trade, and radical organizations of the city of New York the following: —

An important campaign is approaching for the election of municipal, state, and federal officers.

Our people have entered upon one of those stages in the social evolution of nations that mark the close of an old and the opening of a new era. The social stage of civilization based upon the wage-system is passing away; a humaner one, now made practicable by the great inventions, is about to take its place; and issues, different from those hitherto applicable, now thrust themselves upon the public mind.

Yet, notwithstanding, both the Democratic and the Republican parties, together with their several factions in this city, continue divided upon matters of empty form, or upon issues looking only to the interests of the capitalist and landlord class. Nor is this to be wondered at.

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It is not given to political parties, or classes, that have outlived their day either to readjust themselves to changed conditions or to acknowledge themselves obsolete. Neither the Whig nor the Democratic party of a generation ago would or could have grappled with the issue of chattel slavery. A new party, imbued with the new idea, was needed and sprang up. No more would or could the Democratic or Republican party squarely face the irrepressible conflict that is upon us today. They live on memories of the past; even the so-called "reform" parties that periodically break loose from their ranks, such as "citizens," etc., while preserving the worst features of both, lack the redeeming qualities of either, and exemplify, with their platitudes and dilettanteism, the imbecility of the ruling class. Now, as in the days of Fremont and Lincoln, the conditions call for a new, vigorous party; a party conscious of the needs of our age, and resolute to carry out its demands.

This looks like business, but this is not all. Down in Fifth Avenue the leaven is beginning to work, and a club has been organized in one of the wealthiest sections of the city, and many wealthy ladies are contributing to it,— for among the sentimentalists ladies most keenly feel a wrong. Miss Chevaillier has organized this club, and she has been ably seconded in her efforts by Prof. De Leon, who delivered an address from the economic standpoint, and by Hon. Thaddeus B. Wakeman who delivered an address from the humanitarian standpoint. Rev. William Raymond and Rev. Dr. De Costa delivered addresses from the ethical and spiritual standpoints. It is proposed to have at least one club in each assembly district, and they propose to take hold at the caucuses and at the polls, and vote for none but true reformers.

At the last regular meeting of the central committee of nationalist clubs of New York William N. Reed was elected secretary.

At Bristol, Connecticut, an enthusiastic meeting of citizens was addressed by Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, of Boston, and a nationalist club was formed with Rev. F. E. Tower as president; George A. Goody, vice-president; George A. Beere, secretary; and Roswell Atkins, treasurer. Rev. F. E. Tower has been for years a close student of social questions, and has just completed a series of six sermons on "Applied Christianity on the great Social Question," that are without doubt among the ablest productions that have been delivered in this form on the question.

In Rhode Island the following officers have been elected at Providence: Club 1.— H. Bartlett, president; T. Curran, vice-president; S. H. Davis, secretary. Club 2.— P. Mulligan, president; Herman Herold, vice-president; John Mallony, secretary. The nationalists of this city are very much interested in the stand that the mayor has taken in regard

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to the electric conduits. After the aldermen and common council had decided to grant a twenty-year franchise to the electric lighting companies for the use of the conduits, which would practically give them the right to supply the city with light for that period, the mayor vetoed the bill, and consequently the city fathers are the objects of a great deal of unfavorable criticism from the nationalists as well as the citizens at large. It is only another instance of where the citizens were almost compelled to shoulder a private corporation whose dividends they would have to pay after saddling the load on themselves.

In Kansas the nationalists are acting with the "Farmers' Alliance," and other radical clubs on nationalistic lines, and they hope to carry the state this fall, including most of the seven congressmen. A complete overthrow of the Republican and Democratic parties is looked for. A veteran who visited Boston during the G. A. R. encampment informs us that there are a number of clubs in Kansas city whose names are not on our lists. Will not the secretaries of these clubs please send to the editor their addresses, also any information in regard to the work that is being done.

In Ohio, New Jersey, and the city of Washington the nationalists are busy organizing and perfecting their clubs, and the reports from these places are very encouraging.

In Massachusetts the first steps have been taken for a state league. In response to a call issued by the advisory committee of the first club, delegates from clubs in Lynn, Haverhill, Somerville, Waltham, Framingham, and Boston assembled at 77 Boylston street, July 19th, for this purpose, and a committee of one from each club was appointed to draft a declaration of principles and constitution, to be submitted to the adjourned convention Saturday, August 23d. The object of the league is to bring the various clubs of the state into a closer union, and secure harmonious and concerted action in advancing the doctrines.

In New Hampshire the nationalists are working with a great deal of energy. The Manchester *Telegram* devotes several columns of matter to nationalism, and is organizing a club in that place. Too much credit cannot be given to this paper for the stand it has taken in the interests of nationalism. It looks now as if they were going to plant the banner on the summit of Mt. Washington.

It may be of interest to those who do not know that there are over 500 clubs in the United States, and judging from the sentiment it looks as if England was going to have several hundred before 1891.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEW BIRTH.

In the July number Mr. Willard says, "That there is to be this new birth is denied by few. The main concern now is whether it shall be a peaceful birth or not."

In the opinion of an old soldier and inventor, the new birth can be inaugurated both peacefully and rapidly if the party will only follow the lead of the California and Ohio brethren, and make the "initiative, referendum and imperative mandate" (the veto power, in short) the first national measure to be secured as the foundation to build on. This measure should embrace the extension of the town-hall system to every city and town in the country,— one hall to about every 500 citizens,— so that supervision could be attended to during the evening.

J. HAGGERTY.

QUALITY VS. QUANTITY.

Those who maintain that invention will suffer under a nationalistic régime make the usual mistake of confounding quantity with quality. True, the number of inventions may be infinitely less, but the world will not be a loser. What is the incentive of the majority of our myriads of "inventors"? Probably, a mad desire for self-aggrandizement, the evil-bringing corner-stone of our social system, the misfortune of all humanity. Can it be possible that labors having such an object in view can be productive of good to all? No; no more than the earth can, by independent movements of its own, bring its north and south poles into more congenial positions with the sun without destroying the harmony of the solar system. What, then, are the results of such labors? Letters-patent call them "inventions," but they really are decoys, deceptive novelties. These shams are the impediments of the true inventor. Their attractiveness blinds us, and we almost suffocate their originators with showers of lucre while we pass unnoticed, without encouragement, what is truly good until each one of us, individually, finds that "all is not gold that glitters," for but few will profit by the experience of others. Must not true invention be dwarfed by such a condition of things? It certainly is; for, when falsehoods are honored, truths stand a poor show. But, you say, such men as Edison, have they not wrought good and been rewarded? Yes; and were it not thus, that truth, although often torn, mangled, and bleeding, is the victor occasionally, our nationalistic and socialistic stars would not shine as brightly as now.

Once let the brotherhood of humanity be established, all untruths in inventions, and in everything else, will be relegated to the shades of innocuous desuetude. The "ruling incentive" to all endeavors will be the aggrandizement of all fellow-beings. Then all inventors, so called,

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will voluntarily leave the ranks, and nature will assign them places where their efforts will be positive, and no longer negative; and poverty being abolished, we shall progress individually no more, but in a body, in such a manner that the age passed will recall to us the snail's pace.

OTTO KOPPLIN.

HELPING OURSELVES.

In the August NATIONALIST, Mr. Wm. Harrison Riley opines that it is time for nationalists to be *doing* something as well as preaching; and suggests the founding of a nationalist village to demonstrate the practicability of the principles we believe and teach. Doubtless all true nationalists are anxious to witness at least the beginning of the embodiment of their principles in our industrial and social institutions, but I have serious doubts about the wisdom of trying to found a separate community as a means to that end.

During this century numerous efforts have been made to establish communities, and always for the purpose of securing to their members more just and congenial conditions of living than can be found in general society; but most, if not all, of these efforts, I believe, have failed of their purpose; and such failure is constantly pointed to by our opponents as a demonstration of the *impracticability* of establishing and maintaining a social order based upon the principle of economic and social equality.

To me, the truth seems to be that a small separate community cannot be established and maintained for any great length of time, because, however sound its basic principles, it cannot escape from the influence of the industrial and social despotism of the general society that surrounds it, consequently it would seem futile to look to the establishment of such village, or community, as a means of initiating or demonstrating the practicability of the industrial and social order nationalism seeks to establish.

In order to work effectively for the reformation and reconstruction of society, we must live and work *in* society it seems to me, and not separate from it. And for the present we must be content to labor, and labor hard, for the more general acceptance of the nationalist faith, nor must we be discouraged, if we do not see very speedy results. Nationalism, or scientific socialism, contemplates a great transformation of human society, and it cannot but require time and much effort to bring it about. The principles of nationalism are sound. Let us who believe in the grand possibilities of social improvement and the increase of human happiness which the new economic and social gospel presents to us, work, separately and unitedly, for its wide dissemination, and in due time our efforts will be crowned with success; and that success may come sooner than we think.

JOHN E. COLLINS.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

The World Moves: All Goes Well. By A LAYMAN. Boston: J. G. Cupples Company.

To the Christian who is in so unhealthy a state as to be capable of believing that an almighty and beneficent God has created any being for everlasting, hopeless misery, for eventual damnation, this book will be found most healthful reading. The man who can, by anticipation, exult in the agonies of fellow-immortals, or imagine that half the pleasure of angels in Heaven is derived from a contemplation of the torments of damned souls in Hell, is suffering from a dangerous mental, moral, and religious sickness; his whole being is infected with a virulent poison, to which our "Layman" has provided what would appear to be an effectual antidote. Written in a spirit of true reverence, every sentence of the book is strong and forceful. The effect of creed, when it takes the place of religion is well portrayed, and we can here find a solution to the enigma of how a man, who is honest, upright, and humane in all ordinary dealings with his neighbors, can yet anticipate with complaisancy the unending torture of those whose articles of faith are different from his own; can view with satisfaction the dishonesty of creating man in ignorance and punishing him for want of knowledge; and can regard with pleasure the inhumanity of consigning to perdition those to whom the means of salvation have never been offered or made known. We can find an explication of the mystery of how one who, of his own nature, is just and amiable will even resent, as a slander upon his God, the denial of the most fiendish cruelty and injustice, and the imputation to him of such goodness as is implied in the belief that everyone is made for final happiness and none for hopeless misery.

It is not necessary to assent to the truth of every proposition laid down in order to appreciate the general tendency of that which is written, and this we can unhesitatingly say is good. A brief mention of one or two points upon which we differ from the author is all that need be made. We think, for instance, that the golden rule as enunciated by Confucius and Gautama conveys a higher morality than its converse which is found in the New Testament. The negative is in this instance superior to the positive, inasmuch as the latter seems to inculcate the selfish principle of doing good to others that they may do good to us. Again, we must differ from our author's conception of natural law. It is true that we know very little about it, but our idea certainly is that what we call "natural law" is nothing but a sequence of changes which *must* take place under given conditions. Immutability is then one of its attributes, which could not be the case if it were nothing but the impress of a creator's will upon created objects. It is nothing to the purpose to tell us that the creator is himself immutable, because by this is furnished the negation of his very existence. Omnipotence is upon all hands agreed to be one of his attributes. Without this he ceases to be, but in it must be implied the ability to change.

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From the social economy of John the Baptist, as expounded in the pages before us, we entirely dissent. A division with the poor is not to be thought of for a moment. The elimination of poverty should be our object, and this would be accomplished by giving to the workman the value of his work. The practice of first robbing him who labors and produces, and then, in the name of charity, restoring to him a portion of the proceeds of that robbery is not to our mind a virtue. The injunction to be content with one's wages, however much they may fall below one's earnings, is a command that we can in no way endorse. It is only by compulsion that man can be brought to a peaceable submission to injustice, and, as our "Layman" well says, "everything which holds man by fear or compulsion will have to go." Even an agreement to work for certain wages cannot be held as binding unless the element of freedom is in the contract, which certainly is not the case while the worker has only the choice between acceptance and starvation.

But criticism is easy, and it is a far greater pleasure to dwell and comment upon that with which we are in accord than upon that with which we disagree. We hasten, therefore, to say that the short disquisition on education is a gem which it will do every teacher good to read. The mere stuffing of the memory and the training of the intellect is not the end of the instructor's work. It is the germs of manhood in the boy and of womanhood in the girl that are to be cultivated, an effect which can never be encompassed by development of the powers of competition in the struggle for a prize. So it is in the realm of morals. The morality that is taught and practiced for the purpose of gaining Heaven and avoiding Hell is immorality of the grossest type. The highest that is within the compass of our conception, or as the Bible beautifully expresses it, the "Most High" can never be reached until all idea of reward and punishment is eliminated from the endeavor. Our author's own morality is of a far higher type than that which he sometimes recommends us to follow because it has been taught by one whose character he reveres. His universality peeps out on every page. As he well says, there is within the reach of all the means of satisfying every want or desire in this life. To this we have no hesitation in adding that it is within the right of everyone to try to find this satisfaction, and that he who does anything to thwart a brother or a sister in this endeavor is a traitor to the principles of the brotherhood of humanity.

The Blind Men and the Devil. By PHINEAS. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1890.

This book is No. 1 of the "Good Company Series," which the above publishers are about to issue monthly. We are indebted to Messrs. Lee & Shepard for an advance copy of the work before us, which, unless we are much mistaken, is destined to have a large sale and to exert a very perceptible influence upon the minds of those who read it. People who see abuses in the social condition of any portion of their fellowmen and endeavor to bring about an amelioration of that condition, or correction of those abuses, are constantly charged with being demagogues and agitators, especially if,

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perchance, the sufferers do not, of themselves, feel the burdens of injustice which they are compelled to bear. It has been so in all ages of the world. If men are contented, we are told they should be left alone; no good can come of awakening them to a realization of the evil by which their lives are cursed, and thereby stirring up revolt against it. These objectors to philanthropic effort will do well to read this book. In it they will learn that blindness to condition on the part of the many is no legitimate cause or reason for inaction on the part of the few who can see. If there be any means of giving sight to the blind it is incumbent upon those who know it to appply it.

The satire upon existing customs and methods of thought brings forcibly home to us the nature of the follies amid which we live from day to day, and the character of the evils which we are either inflicting upon others or are ourselves compelled to bear. It shows to us the iniquity of indifference or quiescence while these follies and evils remain, even though all the world besides ourself should be in darkness as to their existence. It is not necessary that we ourselves should be among the sufferers. It is our duty to do what we can to remove injustice, whether we ourselves are or are not beneath its yoke. If every sufferer be blind to the character of that by which his suffering is caused; if indeed he be blind to the very fact that he is suffering, it is the duty of every man who can see to try to open the eyes of these blind and to make them discontented with their condition, as a prerequisite to success in any endeavor to effect a change. Active, healthy discontent is the lever by which the world is moved to progress and advance. The contented man never yet did one thing for the good of himself or others; the world was never better for the life that he had lived. Contentment is death, discontent is life eternal.

The Rag-Picker of Paris. By FELIX PYAT. Translated from the French by BENJ. R. TUCKER. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker, publisher. 1890.

Originally constructed as a drama, this story of Parisian life has been elaborated by the author into a novel, and this novel has been translated into English by Mr. Tucker. The work appears to have been done with the translator's usual skill and care, but inferior type, poor paper, and the vacation of the proof-reader have successfully conspired to place before us a production upon which it is impossible to spend sufficient time for a thorough and critical examination.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S ADDRESS

TO THE MANAGERS' ASSOCIATION OF LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

UNIVERSAL LIFE ENDOWMENTS.

As it stands, life insurance is a magnificent instance of the growth and sway of the Christian principle that each man must bear his brother's burden. The long-lived man agrees to take pot-luck with the man who dies young, by whatever accident. So far — well. But, as the matter stands, the people who thus unite in insurance only agree and unite with those who appear to be in good health. They do not propose to match their prudence, temperance, and, in general, their health, on equal terms, with the imprudence, intemperance, and diseased condition of others. And they should not be asked to.

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But it has been proved by illustrations, not many, but sufficient, that rates of insurance can be made for people whose symptoms of health are not such as would pass a medical examiner. And there are now but few strong companies which, for a larger premium than ordinary, will not take risks, say for going into the tropics, or for enlisting in an army. There are companies which will insure "habitual drinkers," as there are other companies which refuse them.

It seems desirable to increase systematically the insurance, or the endowment, of such lives. We might cite Dr. Holmes's interesting suggestion, among his aids to longevity, that one way of living to be eighty is to have a physician tell you that you have a hidden fatal disease. All men have such a disease. But it is not, in form, revealed by professional advice to all families that such a disease threatens one they love. When such a revelation is made care is redoubled, risks are lessened by every loving attention. The patient is no longer expected to run his own errands. He does not ride in open street cars. He does not eat indigestible food. The effect of such oversight may be seen in any good city census, in the comparison of the longevity of the aged of the wards where live the people who are nursed and attended to, in contrast with the other wards where live the people who fight their own battles and take care of themselves.

A return of the ages of people who die in a rich church of old residents of New York and of those who die in a chapel in one of the crowded town wards would be suggestive in this matter.

The United States is preparing, at a large cost, to undertake a health insurance, as it may be called, for the survivors of the soldiers who fought in the Civil War. The establishment of a pension list for disabled soldiers who served is to be looked upon as a health insurance which applies not to all the people, but to a very considerable part of the men who are more than fifty years of age. Speaking roughly, the men more than fifty are about one-seventh of the male population.

Such a proposal enlists the undefined sympathies of everyone, whatever his views as to the true national policy.

Those sympathies are quickened by the central truth that the one disease which no one escapes, except by early death, is old age. We may escape small-pox, or diphtheria, but, if we live long enough, old age is sure. No malingerer can counterfeit it, so that some birth-record shall not upset him. No ingenuity can escape it. The people shut up in Boccaccio's tower might avoid other contagions, but Old Age would enter even there, as in the Valley of Rasselas, or in Pitcairn's Island. It is the one disease to which all humanity is subject.

It happens, therefore,—and for a very good reason,—that where nations or communities look askance at other schemes for compulsory life insurance or endowment, systems for general pensioning of the aged have been much more cordially received. A well-considered plan for a general system of pensions for all the aged has been under discussion in England for several years, apparently with the favor of some important leaders of opinion. But in England there is a difficulty readily perceived. The plan proposes a new tax,—virtually a poll-tax imposed on all English men and women after they are eighteen years of age. With the proceeds of this tax pensions are to be paid eventually to all persons, say over the age of seventy. Now it might be possible to persuade Hodge and Lucy at eighteen that they would be glad to stow away two pounds every year, for ten or twenty years, to be sure fifty years hence to receive a competent little income in old age. But it is not so easy to persuade Hodge and Lucy to give this money to the state now, and let the state use it now to pension old Gaffer Diggory, or the Widow Dogberry, who never paid any two pounds a year for any such service. The proposal, therefore, of a pension for the aged to begin now is unpopular in England. And any plan for one to begin fifty years hence meets the "tomorrow" disposition of all politicians, and is deferred to the next session.

We are fortunate enough in the commonwealth of Massachusetts to have a regular annual income, which could, with great propriety, be applied to this service of equal pensions for aged citizens, and to which, in a certain sense, they have a claim.

This is the annual poll-tax. It is levied, under the Constitution of Massachusetts, on all males over the age of eighteen. A similar tax is levied on all women who choose to vote in school elections, but the tax on women may not be more than one-third of that on men. By the census of 1885 there were about five hundred and sixty-eight thousand polls of men, each of which should have paid one dollar and a half in that year to the treasury of the town in which he lived. The amount, if it were closely collected, would be eight hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars, to which something was added by the poll-taxes of women.

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Now the oldest citizen of the state has paid this tax, or one like it, since he was twenty, if he were born in the state. Indeed, in the early days he paid after he was eighteen. A simple computation will show that the eleven old gentlemen who were living in Massachusetts in 1885, at the age of one hundred and more, had, if they were born here, paid to the state in eighty-two years only the sum of one hundred and twenty-three dollars. Adding compound interest on these sums, paid at a rate between five and six per cent annually, each of these old men has paid to the state more than one thousand dollars: that is to say, the town in which he lived and the state are one thousand dollars the richer for his poll-tax. Of all the men in the state something similar could be said, making fit allowances of their ages. For our present purpose it is enough to say that each of the tax-paying men over eighty has contributed to the commonwealth in his poll-taxes alone a sum which, with interest added to it, amounts to about five hundred dollars. That is to say, if the poll-taxes had been invested in government securities as fast as they were received, that amount would be now at the credit of the particular tax-payer.

Now when these large sums begin to be considered, as a student of life insurance or health insurance considers them, much larger sums must be added to them. For the six thousand men over eighty years old in Massachusetts represent a much larger population, who started with them on this business of paying poll-taxes. Of such persons there were, in 1830, more than two hundred thousand; in 1840, more than two hundred and fifty thousand; in 1850, about four hundred thousand. Had the state, at the early period of 1830, laid by the poll-taxes of these persons also as a fund from which to pay pensions to the aged survivors of their number, that fund would be now many times larger than the sum of five hundred dollars for each man. The proportion is indicated by the difference between the number of tax-payers at the early period and the few survivors of that large number who came to the age of eighty.

These computations, however, may be regarded by the reader as speculative or hypothetical. They are only presented to show that, in a sense easily understood, the old tax-payers in Massachusetts might receive a pension, say of one hundred dollars each, without regarding themselves as paupers. They and those who started in life with them have done a certain duty by the commonwealth, which the commonwealth is proud to recognize, and wants to recognize it in any fit way.

As things stand, the commonwealth recognizes it in this way: If any of them becomes a pauper the commonwealth puts him in an almshouse, and supports him till he dies.

But would it not be more generous, more humane, and in every way better, to give to every such veteran, and to his wife, or to his widow, a hundred dollars a year, and let them live where they please? The annual poll-tax now collected in Massachusetts would do this, and much more, for every man who has lived for the last twenty-five years in the state, and for his wife. A proper provision of such a pension scheme would provide such details that no old man should move into the state for the purpose of profiting by it.

A pension of one hundred dollars annually, paid to all men over eighty who had lived twenty-five years in the state, and to the wives of those who are married, would, at the outside, be paid to six thousand persons. The sum required would be six hundred thousand dollars,—much less than the sum of the poll-tax for the year.

Such a system would at once relieve all the poor-houses of the state from the charges most difficult. A hundred dollars a year, regularly paid, would be an income sufficient to provide a home for every one of those old men who are in need. They would live with their old neighbors, and would not be pushed off to the care of officials. Such a system would make unnecessary many of the smaller poor-houses, which are, from the nature of the case, the most difficult to provide for. Such a system would relieve the overseers of the poor from the most difficult duty which they now have, which is the determining which persons of their aged charges shall be maintained outside the poor-house, and who shall be kept within it.

Such a system, again, would make the poll-tax the most popular tax paid in Massachusetts. Men pay readily an annual assessment like this, if they see that its direct fruit is comfort and cheer for the aged. They pay it irregularly and with protest when they are told, as they are now told, that it is a condition precedent to the right of suffrage. No such pension would be given to a person who had not done his share for the commonwealth. When offered, men would be glad to do their share, year by year, in the payment of their taxes.

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THE GRAND ARMY PARADE.

(Boston, August 12, 1890.)

I stand at my bannered window and watch the processional file,—
Thousands of living heroes,— each face a triumphant smile;
And my heart is beating proudly, and red as a rose of June
My blood is singing loudly, to Freedom's onward tune.

When sudden over the pageant a solemn cloud is cast,
And jarring the joyous music there comes an icy blast;
And instead of the living heroes, in chime with a people's cheers,
I behold a dear, dead hero, and mine eyes are filled with tears.

I have to turn from the window; I can hardly bear the throng,
Which a moment before did thrill me more deep than a poet's song;
For the eyes of my wondering spirit behold, by a spirit led,
Liberty's poet, O'Reilly, Humanity's soldier — dead!

Struck down in his prime — Ah! mystic, beyond all guess or dream,
The will of the Power Eternal must aye to our grieving seem:
How often, ah! how often, under the patient skies,
The base man lives and prospers, the great man fails and dies!

But he, our soldier-poet, now that his battle 's done,
He would not have us weeping, for sure 't is a victory won.
His life has been a triumph,— witness, ye shrinking powers
Of tyrant and of bigot! — and that triumph, it is ours.

I turn again to my window and watch the radiant throng;
And it seems to me they are marching to the tune of O'Reilly's song.
And well they may, for never has nobler song been sung
Than came like flame from that warm heart — cold; from that tuneful
— silent tongue.

Then raise him a statue, Boston! Thou hast had no worthier son
Than the poet and the soldier whose battle and song are done:
On the Common, the Place of the People, close to the Place of Flowers,
Oh, raise him a statue, Boston, not for his need, but ours!

For he loved the common people, regardless of race or creed,
And his life, it was the garden of many a lovely deed;
And wherever our future heroes press on to out-trample wrong,
They will march — and march forever — to the tune of O'Reilly's song.

HENRY AUSTIN.

The Boston Herald.

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OUR DESTINY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HEREAFTER.

> "All the efforts of ten thousand Ethical Societies will count as nothing in the furtherance of ethical regeneration, compared with the work of the man who shall again convince the world that every human soul is immortal; and that such a task is not beyond the reach of man, I am thoroughly convinced."
>
> TH. DAVIDSON,
> *The Ethical Record*, Jan. '90.

44. By substituting one word in a sentence of Prof. Huxley's it would read: "If the proof of immortality is forthcoming, it is my conviction that no drowning sailor ever clutched a hencoop more tenaciously than mankind will hold by such a proof — whatever it may be." I think this expresses human nature eminently well and that they who pretend to be satisfied with this earthly life alone are, to say the least, not good representatives of mankind at large. I think it may be truthfully said, that the interest of nearly all sober and serious men in any new thought is proportional to its possible relation to human *destiny;* that, human nature being what it is, immortality is practically *the* important thing to men, without which — frankly speaking — even God's existence would be of much less concern to most men.

Since it is precisely sober and serious men to whom I principally appeal, it will be a final and decisive argument in favor of nationalism to show that it has the closest and most direct relation to human destiny. Its first great religious achievement: that it inevitably brings to all healthy minds a conviction of God's presence and moral government has in itself a strong bearing on human destiny, and if this essay ended here, with proving, in other words, the preciousness of humanity, it ought to commend a socialist *regime* to thoughtful minds. But in this final chapter we are to proceed a good deal further, and show almost conclusively, as it seems to me, that nationalism will very much *influence* our belief in immortality. This is the second great religious achievement of nationalism: that it will, not so much give us new proof of immortality, as strongly incline our

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minds to heartily accept the kind of personal immortal life which will satisfy the most developed intellect — that is to say: *Immortality bereft of illusions.*

Man will in the future, as in the past, consider the question on broad grounds of moral probability. That he is by nature inclined to believe himself immortal, there is no doubt. Not alone that there is something overwhelming in the thought that all our rich stores of spiritual acquisition may at any moment perish with us, but it contradicts our reason. The *reasonableness* of the universe can maintain its ground only by insisting on immortality; to deny the everlasting persistence of the moral element in man is to rob the whole process of evolution of its meaning. This reasoning will be marvellously strengthened by the nationalist conception of God, humanity, and their relations as outlined in the previous chapter.

Meanwhile science is already now, contrary to the common notion, doing much to answer the question in the same way. By proving the conservation of energy she really has made another conscious existence — more than one, in fact — possible, aye! likely. She has certainly *proved* that we shall never escape out of the circle of existence into annihilation.

It is indeed the best answer to sceptics, and something to which their attention, curiously enough, is seldom directed: that all difficulties that may be raised to a future life are applicable to the present existence. It is not another life that is unreasonable: *it is this life that is inexplicable.* It is not unreasonable to believe that what daily happens, what happens every morning on awakening from deep sleep — the awakening into conscious life — may happen after death, and then be simply as inexplicable as now. But it *is* unreasonable to say that "Nature, after her long, deep, unconscious sleep, should have a bright dream, called consciousness, to be succeeded by a heavy, eternal slumber of death again;" or as John Fiske puts it, that "the life of the soul ends with the life of the body, is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption known in the history of philosophy."

It is, thus, not the proposition that this earthly life is but *one* act in a divine drama that ever has met or will meet with the greatest difficulty, or the one that I apprehend that nationalism will mostly influence — though I do believe it will greatly strengthen it — but the notions about the *nature* of the future life. It is on this point mainly

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that the following pages will simply offer some suggestions. Or, to once more state it more particularly, nationalism will remove the obstacles in the way of a hearty acceptance of a *rational* belief in a future life.

45. Before entering upon this subject, I wish in this section to make a digression, which, however foreign to nationalism it seems, may yet turn out to be pertinent. I have already made known my firm conviction that nationalism will inaugurate a very great religious awakening. One reason I have mentioned is, that the delights of this life will make all men indisposed to believe in annihilation of consciousness; but there is another of far greater force: that the working masses will then, for the first time, become an active religious factor. They are now, practically, all sceptics, or rather indifferent, and no wonder, for they necessarily become rather weary of life, and have no leisure at all for so much as thinking over religious matters. But when nationalism gives them leisure and a zest for life, it will be vastly different. They are naturally religious at bottom, and religious studies and speculations are naturally congenial to them; they will, I am sure, commence these studies with ardor, and in their enthusiasm carry their fellow-citizens along with them. Now it so happens that certain investigations have lately started that will powerfully appeal, and be peculiarly suitable, to the minds of workingmen.

It is quite remarkable that when scepticism was greatest, a movement in the contrary direction was inaugurated, taking the shapes of great interest in Buddhism, in Theosophy, and of the investigation of psychic societies into the hidden forces of the soul. Dismissing Buddhism and Theosophy by remarking that these, by their new ideas of *Karma* and *Pre-existence*, may do much to widen men's horizon — it was of the latter doctrine that Hume said that "it is the only kind of immortality that philosophy can hearken to" — I should say that the investigation of the Psychic or Dialectical Society of London, as reported by Sergeant-at-law Edward W. Cox, in his remarkable volumes entitled *What Am I?* are decidedly those that promise to have the most practical value for the future.

This society has started from the proposition that although little can

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be learned from the workings of the human mechanism in its *normal* condition, when the machine is moving smoothly, a great deal may obviously be learned from it when observed in its *abnormal* conditions, when parts of the machinery are thrown out of gear. It concluded that forces whose presence is imperceptible when working well will be exhibited when working irregularly, and thus that we may learn their uses by their *failure*, their power by their *friction*, and from their *imperfect* or *misshapen* products what are their proper functions. And they started in to study the soul and its manifestations under these abnormal conditions. Electricians do not perceive by *sense* the thing called magnetism or electricity. They cannot see, feel, nor hear these immaterial forces, but are nevertheless assured of their existence. It is by observing *the operations upon matter* of the forces that they reasonably infer their existence, and have learned and are learning much of their qualities and powers.

In the normal state of the mechanism the soul and the brain work together so harmoniously that it is difficult, if not impossible, to show their mutual relation. Still they commenced there — with familiar *sleep* and *dreams*. The control of the will over the brain is then suspended. The partial exercise of the brain produces dreams — the mind invents a drama thronged with impossibilities, paints scenery, models the actors, and places in their mouths appropriate dialogues.

This work of creative genius is executed nightly, not by the intelligent only, but by the most stupid, illiterate persons who, poor in ideas and speech when awake, perform the seeming wonder — miracle almost — of constructing continuous stories. Such a shrewd lawyer as Cox concludes that this alone tends to show what the soul can do when not clogged by corporeal conditions, but released from the obligations of adapting itself to the capacities of the body.

Somnambulism they found is another undisputed abnormal condition, which is both natural and can be produced artificially and which to the mind of Cox tends to prove that the soul can exist distinct from the body. In that condition both consciousness and will are suspended, and the soul ceases to communicate through the body with the external world. The soul — or the patient — acts independently; it perceives directly, without the aid of the senses, objects which, in the normal condition of the organism, are perceptible only through the senses: sees without sight, hears without ears, feels without the sense of touch.

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Trance, again, is a condition when the intelligent "something"—the soul—is still further dislocated in its connection with the body. The soul *acts* its dream, but has no memory of it in its waking state; it has in trance a perfect conscious life of its own and even a separate memory. The will is often awake and can control the body, but receives no intelligence through the body. This condition of trance has raised in Cox's mind a strong probability of immortality by proving that even in this life soul and body can be partially severed and preserve distinct existences.

But the most instructive and suggestive of all the investigations of this Dialectical Society have related to what they call *psychism*. If spiritualism has not done any other good, it has at least led to most remarkable discoveries in regard to the soul, for "psychism" is really the scientific name for it. Psychic force is *soul-force;* that it exists is just as sure as that the force exists by means of which the magnet moves the steel without contact, though we are ignorant of the imperceptible "something" that passes from the magnet to the steel. This "force" the soul in its normal state uses evenly upon the entire organism through the nerves, but when a disturbance occurs, it produces phenomena that startle us by their strangeness and inconsistency with its *customary* course. This, surely, is a most suggestive scientific discovery, that such a condition as "psychism" does in fact exist, in which the soul can direct its force immediately on the material world, without, as normally, using the agency of the brain and body. I simply suggest that these and similar investigations may powerfully affect the common mind when decent material conditions once exist.

46 I insist that nationalism will have a *decisive* influence on men's views of a future life. Let me again and again emphasize "men's views." I do not of course pretend for a moment that nationalism will enable us to get so much as a peep beyond the gates of death, but next to positive knowledge on this subject come moral convictions, and perhaps the latter is for all practical purposes, both for happiness in this world and still more to give color to life and motive to action by far the most important. Now I have not the least doubt that

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nationalism will, especially in connection with the new ideas I have mentioned, make men pretty unanimous as to the *fact* of a future life, but even on that I lay no stress. What I deem by far most important is that I am confident that men under a socialist *regime* will fancy themselves a far different *kind* of future life from what they do now —both those who now believe and those who disbelieve in it. By dwelling myself in imagination very much on the conditions under nationalism, I believe I have perceived what men in future will embrace and what they will discard; I believe that the state of future life which they thus will instinctively prefer will be what their reason will sanction, and experiences I myself have passed through have tested for me the practical value of these ideas. I think the fact of this future *belief* can be proved pretty logically, and I commence as a preliminary by showing that *memory* is a very distinct thing from *self-consciousness*.

In this respect we ought to look at facts of absolutely scientific certainty which are of vast import. I refer to the numerous medical cases on record where various diseases have had the effect of *blotting out every vestige of memory* up to the date of the disease. This loss of memory is called "amnesia," and I take the following facts from the well-known French psychologist Th. Ribot.

Temporary amnesia usually makes its appearance suddenly, and ends in the same way. It may vary from a few minutes to several years. An educated man, thirty-one years of age, found himself one day at his desk in a confused condition; he remembered having ordered his dinner, but everything else was a blank. He returned to his dining-place and was told, in answer to his questions, that he had both eaten his dinner and paid for it. A young woman who was married to a man she loved passionately was seized during confinement with prolonged syncope, at the end of which she lost all recollection of events occurring since her marriage, inclusive of the ceremony itself, but she remembered clearly the rest of her life up to that point. She had, up to the publication of the fact, never recovered her recollection of this period but believed her parents when they told her that she was a wife and mother of a son, but never became convinced. There are many cases where memory is altogether lost—total amnesia. The writers, in describing these cases, compare the patient to an infant and call his mind *a tabula rasa*.

Here is another suggestive case: a young American woman who

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had a copious stock of ideas fell one day into a profound sleep, and on waking was discovered to have lost every trace of acquired knowledge. It was found necessary to teach her everything over again. With considerable proficiency she soon became once more acquainted with persons and objects, like a child for the first time introduced into the world. Then another fit of somnolency came over her, and on being aroused from that, it was found that she was restored to the state in which she was before the first paroxysm, but now wholly ignorant of every event and occurrence that afterward had happened to her. In the one state she possessed fine powers of penmanship, while in the other she wrote a poor, awkward hand, not having had time to become an expert. These states alternated for four years. Ribot calls this, mistakenly as I should say, a "double consciousness;" evidently it should rather be called a "double memory."

Simple drunkenness is sometimes marked by loss of one memory and the return of another particular memory, of which there is an instance, well-known to the medical profession, of an Irish porter who, having lost a package while drunk, got drunk again and then remembered where he had left it.

I think these cases tend to show the point I wish to establish, that memory is no part of our inmost being; that it is, contrary to the received opinion, an accretion on our "self." These different patients had precisely *not*, as Ribot says, a "double consciousness;" on the contrary, they remained the same old "selves" they were before, the same "I's," *egos; retained their identity*, in other words. The change was, simply, a new, another memory.

It is really the same thing we experience ourselves, everyone of us, in the course of our lives, though not in this startling manner. The memory of our past life, first of our childhood, and then of our youth and so on progressively, is forever vanishing, so that the greater part of our life is, with us all, a great blank. The old memory is constantly disappearing and a new one constantly forming.

Yet, we know that throughout this change of memory we are the same "I," we retain our identity from childhood to old age. Suppose, instead of a progressive change of memory, a sponge were applied to the memory and its contents entirely wiped out — that is what is done in the above recorded cases, as a matter of fact. What is the effect? That we forget all we have learned, our whole previous experience is a blank; we forget our acquaintances, but that by no

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means involves the destruction of our identity. We remain the same *ego*, and *are conscious of ourselves*, as such; our "self" remains, with all its faculties. Indeed, most of us experience this condition once in every twenty-four hours. Make the experiment for yourself. On waking in the morning, you most likely will for some moments, of longer or shorter duration, not be able to recollect where you are or whether your position is one of happiness or misery, but you know perfectly well you are yourself.

Now what has this to do with — *not*, please observe, with a future life, but with — *our ideas about* a future life?

47. I am now about to enter upon an important part of my essay. First of all, there are two ways in which I firmly believe nationalism will radically modify our views about the hereafter; one, which presents no difficulty, and is to my mind certain and of far-reaching, practical importance, will be treated of in the forty-ninth section; but the other I approach frankly, with trepidation, though I am, fortunately, fortified by the support of recognized philosophers. It will be discussed in this section in its negative aspect, and in the following from its positive side.

When we now think of another life, whether believers or unbelievers, we always think of it as a continuation, or *second volume*, so to say, of this. We suppose that we pass over into that other life precisely as we leave this. If we pass away as a beggar, we enter the other life *with the memory* of a beggar; if as an emperor, *with the memory* of an emperor. Mallock has expressed this by saying, that our hope of immortality consists in expecting to finish the picture we have commenced in this. Now, I say, that contrariwise nationalism will dispose us to believe that we shall enter upon the other life with our *personality* alone.

It will here be requisite to explain the distinction I make between individuality and personality, and to recall that I in chapter III stated that we here would need the *datum* of our "private" and "social self." The distinction, I know, will be one unusual in English and opposed to the etymology of one of the words, but that will hardly be

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an objection, if I make a proper definition, the more so as I have the authority of French philosophers in favor of my usage of the word.

"Personality" is derived from *persona;* this Latin word meant "mask"† or the "character" personated by the actor, (as for instance when Cicero says: "*Ego sustineo tres personas*"—I am sustaining three characters.) I shall use Individuality in this sense, and Personality in precisely the opposite sense. By *individuality*, then, mean all the qualities that distinguish me from other men, corresponding to my personal, private "self"—we may call it *Self-ness*; this it is which enables me to perform my special functions and be useful in my sphere. *Personality*, on the other hand, is my innermost being, my "social self," what I have in common with other men—this we may call *Self-hood*, and this it is, which entitles me to the divine regard. This is also the distinction which Paul Janet makes in his work *La Morale.*‡ "Individuality is composed of all the exterior circumstances that distinguish one man from another. The individual has such a body, such a face, is of such an age, lives in a given country at a given period; he has had such and such functions, and has performed such and such actions. But personality strikes its roots into individuality yet constantly tends to disengage them. I am a person, not as I am capable of sensation, but in so far as I think, love, and will."

At present we cannot so much as conceive of a future life without carrying our pecularities, our differences over into it. That is, then, the point upon which this whole argument turns: that those who now believe in immortality imagine it to correspond to this life in all particulars, with all its pretensions, as your own features answer to the face in your mirror, and what is still more important, the multitudes who do not believe in it, do so precisely for the reason that they have the same ideas of immortality, and such future life seems irrational to them, preposterous, in fact; their common-sense forbids them to believe it.

In the last half of their conclusion they are undoubtedly right: such a future life *is* irrational, and then there is the further difficulty that memory seems to be reared on the bodily basis, and that therefore it seems that it will be dissolved with the dissolution of the body. But no one but the choicest spirits can so much as conceive of immortality

† From *per-sonare*, to sound through, i. e. the voice.

‡ Translated into English under the supervision of Noah Porter of Yale College.

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without memory. Here it is that nationalism will transform men's understanding: it will make them not merely see but heartily admit, *that what is vouched for, preserved by, memory, is husks, not worth immortality.* It seems to me inevitable that nationalism will, in the course of a not very long period, have that effect; that the consequence from it will be deep and far-reaching; that it will be a religious achievement, only second in importance to the conviction of God's presence, but both equally sure of being foretold.

The late Hon. George F. Talbot wrote an essay on Immortality, published in *The New Ideal*, January 1890. The following extracts give the leading idea in it:

"I am told and men generally believe, that, after death, the essential essence of every man — all of him that is not material and earthly — lives on with the same faculties of mind, and the same traits of character he had possessed as a mortal. I do not deny that my animal instinct shrinks from the loss of personal identity with genuine apprehension. I sometimes surmise that God, who knows better than I what is best, will disregard that brute cry of the animal instinct, and work out his better purpose. Why should the alternative of personal immortality be blank nothingness and death? I believe in the immortality of the *soul* rather than in the immortality of *souls*. The permanent is the infinite, and whatever is finite, whatever exists in the condition of individuality, is necessarily transient."

The last sentence is very true: "Whatever exists in the condition of *individuality* is necessarily transient;" that is precisely what I have just affirmed. But Talbot did not make any distinction between "individuality" and "personality." Remember that memory is not at all necessary to our identity; all then that is necessary to reconcile us to a future life without it and even heartily prefer it, is precisely what nationalism will give us: *disdain and unconcern for what memory preserves*, to wit: our self-*ness*, in contradistinction to our self-*hood*,— the mass of our experiences, personal peculiarities, which now are so dear to us, but which might have been very different, indeed, and yet our "I" have remained the same.

They will further come to acknowledge that a future life where we remembered our earthly experiences and sufferings, remembered that we had been beggars and princes here would be simply intolerable. It would be carrying Pharisaism to extremes that would be harrowing to the worst of Pharisees; — as Mme. de Staël is said to have asked a

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German prince: "would you want to be born a prince in the next life?" What terrible old bores and fogies we all should be, especially those of us who have been heroes and geniuses here. How will Browning get along with Fitzgerald, in whose face he was ready to spit? Is an earthly king there to pine for his life here, or to have his old courtiers and subjects around him? Mahomet would there be the most conceited fellow imaginable. No wonder that such an inane idea disgusts thoughtful people, and makes them reject belief in immortality.

And our great religious founders never contemplated a future life as merely a sort of second volume of our earthly history. Christianity itself—does it not teach that with this weight of clay our painful and weary earthly consciousness shall drop off, that we shall forget our past and sad experiences? It seems to me, further, that the modern tendency to Buddhism is significant as predisposing us to this change of view.

8. In its positive form then, the theory is that a nationalist *regime* will dispose men to look on immortality as immortality of the highest in us; this will make another intimate connection between morality and religion and let us see how imperfect the former is without the latter. Let us recall that morality is self-realization: realization of the true, the real self, which we saw in the fourth chapter was the *social* self, self as a member of society, of humanity, in contradistinction to the private self. Now the mischief of the present social order is, that this private self is even with "moral" men virtually the exclusive self, because we are *made*, COMPELLED, by the prevailing system to look out for our private interests first of all; but nationalism will so repress this private self that men will refuse any longer to identify themselves with it; they will so live in the lives of others, will find humanity so involved in their own very essence, that their social self will be all in all to them; they will acknowledge this alone the divine part of them, as their real personality, and be concerned only about that. Immortality will to them mean *continuity of their social self, exclusively;* they simply will not care for any other immortality—thus religion becomes truly the fruit of morals.

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Now mark, that this social self is what is affirmed by self-consciousness, while memory avouches our private self. Nationalism will of course not dogmatise at all about the matter; it will say nothing about whether a memory of our earthly experience will or will not follow us into the future life. But since undoubtedly the persistence of memory creates insuperable difficulties to a belief in immortality, a socialist *regime* will vastly strengthen the belief by inclining men, not simply to dispense with memory, but heartily to embrace the theory of its absence.

Let us consider how this belief may be conceived, formulated practically. Mankind will then believe that humanity, past, present, and future is one vast *organic* whole, of which not a single constituent element, a single "social self," *ego*, could disappear without bringing the cosmos into confusion; they will believe, that *somewhere* (why not, as a matter of speculation, on another planet, as Plato supposed?) the advance guard of humanity, having prepared the way for us here on earth, is at work once more and pursuing its and our destiny; that death is a sponge, wiping out memory but not our identity and that after it we shall find ourselves awakening into conscious being by another birth, as indeed we are now awakening every morning, with humanity all around us there as here, but all on a higher plane than in this earth life, which witnessed our issue from animality, and nearer to God; they will believe that they shall not there personally recognize their beloved ones on earth, but this will be to them, unlike what it is to men now, a matter of comparative indifference, since they will know that these friends and dear ones *are there* around them somewhere; they will finally believe that they there will be perfectly self-conscious, possess their complete self-hood, with all their attainments acquired here (the *Karma* of Buddhists) but purified.

It must be repeated that memory is *not* necessary to the unique feeling of self-consciousness. It is equally indescribable, equally beyond analysis or explanation why in this life I know I am myself—in the morning before memory returns.

Now, considering this suggestion in the earnest, unprejudiced religious spirit proper to it — while it may in our time look strange as it certainly is novel — I cannot get over the conviction that, granting my premises, granting that a socialist *regime* is surely what is coming, if it really will have the consequences, set forth in detail in the previous pages, if it really will develop morality as supposed, I am logical

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and correct in my argument, that it will develop such a belief in God and immortality. To me the argument appears without a flaw, and, as it seems, ought to persuade all religious minds to further nationalism with all the strength and influence they possess.

I am perfectly well aware that I have in this and the preceding section been treading on delicate ground, but fortunately I found out some time ago that I was mistaken in the notion I had had for years, that the thoughts here set forth were original with myself. Fortunately they are not. No man of intellect, however practical his nature, can help indulging in dreams on that subject, and acknowledged philosophers have come to definite conclusions, identical with my own. Of these I shall here refer only to the Frenchman from whom I have already quoted: Paul Janet and his *La Morale.*

We remember how he stated the distinction between individuality and personality; but he goes further: "Does the individual want to be immortal? But how will you recognize Cæsar without his body, his aspect, and his vices? No, what is immortal is not such fragile or illusory accidentals, which one in his vanity might wish to carry over. Personality is the *consciousness of the impersonal* (his italics). I am a person, not as I am capable of sensation, of physical pleasure and pain, but in so far as I think, love, and will. *This consciousness* which every man has of the divine within him, *is immortal*, it is personality; and *eternal life is the consummation* (not annihilation) of personality. * * * Even in this life experience tells us that the life of personality does not involve loss of consciousness. The *savant* forgets himself in the great truth he has discovered; he knows no longer when or where he exists but he has consciousness of this. The artist loses himself in the masterpieces he has created, but he enjoys all this. The lover loses himself in the beloved, but he is conscious of his absorption."

Ah, it is difficult to describe the gratification, the joy that overcame me in this discovery that another mind concurred with my own in the same definite thought!

Professor Graham presents the same thought, not however as a definite conclusion, but simply as an hypothesis, worthy of attention. He speaks in *Creed of Science* to objectors, as follows:

"But it would not be really *you* Common Sense exclaims, without memory to make the link of connection between your supposed "self" and your present "self." No matter, we say, that other self

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will be just as good as I, if the same feeling of self-consciousness gathers around it then and there as here and now. * * Memory is necessary to connect my present with my past consciousness, but is not necessary, in order to have the peculiar feeling of self-consciousness, unshared by any other being which is the essence of the part of 'self.'"

Is there, then, any originality in my presentation of this idea?

I should say that there is. Others treat it as a possible, at most a probable, solution, but all must admit that it is entirely unsuitable and obnoxious to minds living under an individualistic order of things. But I treat it as a solution that will naturally, and inevitably, evolve out of the social order and the moral speculations incident to a socialist *regime;* as a solution that will be congenial—perhaps alone congenial to minds, disciplined by, say, fifty years of nationalism. It seems to me that such a belief will fitly crown the most spiritual form of Christianity.

Comte's humanity, a vision in a sea of nothingness, and each individual existence bounded by the cradle and the grave—what an emptiness of life! How chilling! What bubbles we then are, continually bursting! How bright, in comparison, the conception of our personality, meandering like an underground river throughout the hidden world of God's creation, and enabling us, at each stage, to partake of humanity's victories.

True, here we touch the primal source of the desire for immortality, as well as the real sting of death: the eternal *farewell.* I am well aware of it. "This is the eternal cry of the human heart. Love and affection are the most divine things evolved, and hence another stage for love is demanded." True, but I insist, that here there is a confusion of two distinct ideas, which I know will remain confused as long as individualism lasts, except to those who already possess socialist hearts. But I also know—a conviction gained by personal bereavement—that when nationalism has once changed all human hearts, as it will, men will distinguish between *capacity* for love, which will go on increasing, and this craving for meeting with the *persons* of the beloved ones, which they will come to acknowledge to be a passing weakness of the flesh, as even in this life the love for lost ones in the course of time is forgotten; and then we must not forget that under nationalism Universal Love will be vastly intensified, to a great extent

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amalgamating with private affections, whose principal office indeed it is to lead up to it.

49. Now, however, we enter from twilight into bright, clear light. *One destiny awaits us all.* That we are *unitedly* entering upon our unknown destinies will surely be admitted by all having socialist hearts. As it is the glory of Christianity to have established the brotherhood of man by our descent from one pair, so it will be the glory of nationalism — its second great achievement on the problem of the hereafter — to have clinched the organic unity of men by insuring us a common destiny. It is rather curious to note, that our so-called "determinists" deny free-will in order to get rid of religion altogether, free-will advocates insist on it, in order to send the majority of men to hell; posterity, on the other hand, will admit both necessity and free-will with the result of insuring all men the same future.

It is often said that it would be impossible to found a new religion, because it would be futile to imagine a higher morality than our churches teach. It is seen by all that the loftiest morality will necessarily be victorious. Well, none will surely deny that a common redemption is the very highest and noblest morality.

Protestantism was, of course, a needful religious movement, but surely it has proved no unmixed good. During the Middle Ages each in due proportion participated in the divine blessing upon earth and looked forward to an identical glory, while everyone could, by using the same formula, ready at hand, obtain the great prize. But the Calvanism of Baxter and Edwards committed, unwittingly of course, an awful crime against both God and man, by dividing mankind from all eternity into two hostile camps, each going its separate way. What a terribly selfish, anti-social doctrine, the mother of our individualism and Pharisaism, and of the sneaking private designs on God's bounty, in the shape of personal salvation for oneself, no matter what becomes of the race or even of wife or husband!

It really strikes me as another sign of divine providence that protestantism has been divided into innumerable sects, for conceive, if you can, the depth into which Pharisaism would have sunk if one

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sect had had sole monopoly of religion in protestant countries as catholicism has had in its domain. It is one of the signs of the times, that the doctrine of Hell is being silently dropped by all; that we more and more do our duty, not from religious fears, but from what is due to men as fellow-men. This, at all events, is one good result of our scepticism. The doctrine of Hell, when in vigour, was the greatest obstacle to brotherhood and fellowship among men. What a miserable idea of the future life it was which the poor and lowly had in former times! that it was a state where the conditions here were reversed: they on top and the rich beneath! We see now, that the thought of even one man in Hell would fill Heaven with misery and be enough to destroy all rational ideas of immortality.

Here, I know, we meet with the stumbling block, that many, perhaps the majority of men, actually grudge scoundrels and criminals,—such a wretch, for instance, as the Boston brother-murderer—the privilege, even after an immensity of sufferings, to share their own destiny. Selfishness, indeed, seems so ingrained in our countrymen, that they actually have no word, positively expressing "not to grudge" a word, corresponding to the German "zu gönnen." That is very significant, it seems to me. It is in this respect that we ought to feel humbly grateful to Victor Hugo for presenting us a brave, humane object-lesson in his galley-slave Valjean. This man is surely as dangerous a criminal as ever was. What healthy, moral man would not like to strangle him, after he has robbed the poor Savoyard boy? But when we meet him again as Maire Madeleine, what sympathetic man is not ready to bless Hugo for showing us what nobility may be hidden inside a hideously repulsive shell?

Ah, I am sure Hugo had a far deeper insight into the divine character than the orthodox Christians who denied him fellowship. He knew that God is love, love of the intensest and most comprehensive kind; in that respect he is much superior to Browning, who did not doubt God's omnipotence, but did doubt his love. Why, love must be God's very nature, and *an absolute need* that makes him descend to our ugliest weaknesses, and which will make him not rest till the lowest man is raised to the level of the good. It is to this loftiest conception of God we must come in time; and nationalism will enable us to attain to it.

But talk now to one of our pious church-members of what he conceives to be the highest themes, and you will learn to your

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astonishment that in his opinion God takes no interest in universal questions, in those economical, political, and social questions which interest all good and wise men in proportion to their goodness and wisdom, but only in some trifling, private question about the "salvation" of this, that, or the other individual soul. Yet what can more revolt a mind who conceives of God as being of infinite love than the thought of enjoying a blessing at his hands which all other men cannot equally share? But nearly all our religious fellow-men are, as has been well said, "self-complacent Pharisees to whom nothing comes acceptably which does not come of merit. We hold that we are properly separated before God into virtuous and vicious beings. Our religious habits have so little spiritual innocence, and so inflamed us with mercenary intentions towards God, that we are filled with every sneaking, private, personal design upon his bounty." It is so with both protestants and catholics. As to the former I need only refer to Bunyan's hero, Christian, who has been a model to all evangelicals, and who yet leaves his wife and family behind in the City of Destruction. As to the latter, think simply of Cardinal Newman's famous "Myself and God" as the only beings he was concerned about! — aye, reflect simply on the first question and answer of the Roman-catholic catechism: "Why did God make you?" "To know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in the world and to be happy with Him in the next;" which answer I pronounce wicked, immoral teachings, for the simple reason that it is a *half*-truth — omitting the other half, love of our neighbor — precisely analogous to the way the devil is said to read the ten commandments: by covering each "not" with his finger.

Ideas of God and immortality are the crown of morals, but the latter would subsist to all eternity, though all religions were swept into oblivion. Spencer's task is therefore lost labor; there is no need of "a new regulative system to replace supernatural systems." That, however, does not prevent religion from having a vast reflex influence on morals; it links the latter with the Eternal in whose divine repose, as Plato taught, it is contained. It is surprising to see these able men putting these problems aside with a smile as being unimportant, as mere metaphysical puzzles of an insoluble kind which we may cease to think about without producing any particular effect on morality. Yet, the truth is that morality depends on what men are, whether

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humanity is precious or contemptible; depends on whether this life is a stage in something larger and wider, or not.

What unity and vigor, how distinct and original a tone will the conviction of God's vital presence in humanity give to life! To be, each of us, an integral part of the body of the living God, what a race-consciousness that will produce!

And that other conviction, that we are all mysteriously permanent beings destined for the same holiness, what pettiness it will confer on our private self, and what a sacredness on our higher nature, and on all human beings! Would it be possible in a country with such a belief that a Sidgwick in such a book for students as *The Methods of Ethics* could in regard to the proposition to set apart certain unfortunate women from society, write these infamous words: "This view has perhaps a superficial plausibility, for continence involves a considerable loss of pleasure."

Men *must* have some theory to give color and vigor to their actions. The prevailing tolerance — really indifference — now a necessary evil, will soon become intolerable. Nationalism makes this world a real one, but preparatory to another; makes selfishness satanic, individualism a delusion and will teach us that while unlikeness is a necessary condition for individuality, i. e., for being useful in the world, it is our common humanity, as said, that entitles us to the divine regard.

I have finished this *Study* in ethics. An inward force has seemed to urge me on and leave me no peace till I had finished it, down even in the abyss, shut out from those sympathies and friendships I so much prize, but with the conviction that I really had a message to deliver. The explanation is very simple: socialism with whose spirit I surely have familiarized myself is the bearer to us of a revelation of God's will and of man's destiny. Hence I can declare to those who, in toying with these pages, perhaps may glance at these closing lines, that this essay, in spite of its uncouth form, does contain solemn truths and important lessons, both timely and novel. and which will soon have to be learned by us all.

To estimate these truths let me make a comparison. Six years ago I published *The Co-operative Commonwealth*. I cannot complain of its success in this country and England; later phenomena, certainly, prove that it has scattered many germs and that not a few have taken root. But my point is that its ideas, like those of the books of Henry

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George and Edward Bellamy, moved mainly in the plane of material interests. I have become more and more convinced that Karl Marx's doctrine, that the bread-and-butter question is the motive force of progress, is not tenable, but that we must grasp the very highest moral and religious truths.

In a nutshell they are these: our churches teach and Browning teaches, that each individual person is, in himself, all in all, and that his eternal progress can be accomplished by himself. This is false; *it is false!* But equally false is the positivist position, that the race, by itself, is the precious element, and that it is our individual duty to work for posterity, a thousand years hence, though to us personally it can mean nothing at all. Socialism reveals God's truth: that *the individual person in the race* is what is important; that each person is an eternal, integral part of humanity, that the fibres of each "self" are, and will be eternally, intertwined with those of posterity and our ancestors. From this follows the other truth, that our present great evil is not our abnormal wealth and abnormal poverty, so much as that men are used as *means* to others' private *ends*. And the lesson is that the brotherhood of man is the supreme interest of each of us; is morality, our destiny, and the prescribed road to our destiny.

Of these truths every person can be convinced himself, if he but will.

50. And now the most solemn moment has arrived for me. When I reflect that what remains to be said may prove the spark that, applied to the will of some of my readers, may turn them into the Leaders of Men whom we so much need, I almost tremble from the excitement that masters me. How blessed life then would be! For everything else is ready — only leaders are wanting.

What sort of a man is needed for that purpose? First, you must believe that you have a life-work to do, beside the labor by which you gain your living, and that it is by far the most important, and resolve to devote all the leisure you can get to it. The man who says, "Oh, it is very important indeed, but I have but little time for it," is not wanted at all. Phillips Brooks said lately, very truly and very eloquently, to the Harvard seniors: "Now the one great thing we need is to believe that in character and *service* lies the true life of a human

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creature. We do not thoroughly believe that. We think of the struggle to be perfect, and the effort to serve humanity as suburbs of human life, great districts into which excursions are to be made, heavens into which ecstatic flights are to be soared, not as the very city and citadel of humanity, to live outside of which is not to be a man.

Next, you must consider this life-work not a mere hobby, but look upon yourself as God's co-worker. You must feel within yourself that God needs you, that he cannot do without you. Robert Browning is wrong in claiming that we are here "for the purpose of probation;" we are here to execute God's will. This is to come back to that dangerous practical heresy I referred to in the preceding chapter, of that poetic volume, *God in His World*, that men are mere spectators of God's activity. It is not so! — this cannot be repeated too often. Such a sentence as "least of all do we attempt the solution of any problem," shows that the author *is* a "quietist" however much he repudiates it. God, indeed, plans our future, but he always reveals his plan in time to those who are to execute it. He does not directly act on the affairs of the world. We must act out our own destiny or nothing will be done — that is the meaning of being God's co-workers, and of free-will. Oh, if it were written in letters of fire on every heart: *We carry out God's thoughts!* Lastly, God clearly has put a stamp on his co-workers. I mean to say there are two temperaments among us: those of an individualistic, and those of a socialistic temperament — the latter constantly growing in numbers. You must be of the latter group.

In order to succeed, these three things are absolutely required: stalwart, right convictions, energy and organization. Right convictions are the *sine qua non*, and our philanthropic people do not have them at all. How many splendid men and women there are in our large cities who war against the devil, ignorance, vice, intemperance, and crime. They go daily among the poor, instruct them and relieve misery wherever they can. If these should sometimes be discouraged, it would be no wonder, since their's is truly a Sisyphus labor; for every miserable case relieved, a fresh victim or two are thrown into the social abyss. No, there is a better way to go to work. God himself points the way by every sign at his disposal. Ah, if a few of these persons in every large city would perceive the pointed finger! Here in Boston a few noble clergymen of different denominations have

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come together and are preaching by speech and writing. If but our warm-hearted people would hear their voices! If they would bring some of their friends together, energetic, intelligent persons, and commence to study these great social problems, and then come to the correct conclusion, that is, that nationalism is the coming radical divine social order. The advice of the *Christian Union*: "Christian ministers should study socialism not in order to identify themselves with it in name, but to sit in judgment upon it" is not fit for earnest minds who want to do God's will, as little as the practice of that other minister who invites young men to come weekly to his house for discussion but "makes no attempt to foist any theory upon the young men, nor argues specially for any economic scheme." They should improve even on those Christian socialists who want to draw people, in the first place, into the church and work for socialism only second. *Socialism should be their first and exclusive object.*

Again I want these men to say loudly and determinedly: "We want socialism inaugurated *in our life-time*, surely." There is not a town, I am confident in any of our Northern states, where not three young men can be found of the right stamp. Let them seek out each other, form a brotherhood — it is with such a grand aim in common that *friends* are made — and grasp the hands of similar brotherhoods in surrounding towns, and within a year we may have a great American brotherhood, resolved that the United States shall in twenty-one years be a socialist-commonwealth.

It is only *energy* that is needed. I am confident that there are now enough young men in the land, of the right kind to effect the desired change.

The last requisite is organization.

One warning is absolutely needful for these men and their associates: that is, beware of becoming all officers and *having no privates*. An army of mere generals is worthless. These men I speak of and their friends should in time become the natural leaders, but of whom? Ah, the privates are ready at hand: that is one of the great signs of the times.

We have already seen that our wage-earners, our labor-organizations, have for years been filled with the true socialist spirit; without recognizing God's finger, they nevertheless have seen his sign before all others. They have several times attempted to form political parties, tried to influence legislation, but without success, simply for want of competent leaders. Once they thought they had such a leader in

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Henry George, we all know how splendidly they seconded him; but they soon discovered that he did not really sympathize with them. I repeat; what they need is leaders, not — decidedly not — a programme, or principles. These they have already; nobody is competent to elaborate a better programme for them.

The great danger of the associations which I should delight to see formed, is that they would keep aloof from the working men; that they would simply gather together men of their own class and become a clique of unpractical *doctrinaires*. They must sympathize with the wage-earners, that means, sympathize with the *aims and aspirations of the working-classes*. They must learn that our whole civilization has been a struggle about the condition of the producers. This is then the practical policy for them to pursue: with untiring zeal and on all occasions to be a mouthpiece for the wage-workers in the cities and of the farmers in the country, and to *organize the sympathy* which already exists for them in the other classes. We have seen just as these pages are being finished, a sad,— as it seems to me — and glaring evidence of the need of precisely such an organization. As is well-known, the Federation of Labor had resolved on last May 1st, to force by strikes a normal working day of eight hours. All clear-seeing reformers know this is the necessary first step, and every one else — even our politicians — knows and admits that the measure is just and must soon obtain. Now, instead of calling out the whole body of organized labor in all the cities, the opportunity was frittered away by limiting the movement to the carpenters, as a feeler. Perhaps it was the best to be done under the circumstances, but these circumstances should no longer have existed. A brotherhood such as I plead for, giving them energetic, moral support, would have made the eight-hour a fact today.

There are very many socialistic measures ripe and waiting now for such a brotherhood: nationalization of the telegraph system with a true civil service *for it;* municipal control; advances by government to our farmers, and more than anything else, the thorough education of our children,— which, however, the more it is improved, will show the more, that education is absolutely futile without a socialistic order of things. Ah, such a brotherhood will be divine! What friendships it will give rise to! What influence for good it will possess! What love for good and noble manhood it will breed!

THE END.

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THE NATIONALIST.

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SAVED BY NATIONALISM.

BY H. B. SALISBURY.

CHAPTER I.

THE VILLAGE AS IT WAS.

George Newton lived in a New England village. The story of his life is the story of hundreds of country boys who, born in this land of "Freedom and Equality," are duly instructed that all have an equal chance, and that if one is studious and industrious, shrewd and not too honest, one may some day become president or governor.

George's father was the village shoemaker. Situated at a distance of twenty miles from a railroad station, the village was undisturbed by the mad rush for money, and Mr. Newton was content to peg away at his lapstone, mending the uppers and saving the soles of his village neighbors.

Of wealth he never dreamed. Extreme want he never feared. He had his home, with its orchard and vines, and three or four acres of land. Here he raised his own garden truck and vegetables. His orchard yielded him summer fruits and winter russets, while the strawberry patch, the blackberry knoll, and the fringe of raspberry bushes by the old stone wall, all gave up their luscious dainties for the picking.

The old red cow that bare-footed George drove to pasture

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every morning and drove home every evening contributed not a little to the comfort of the family, while the white leghorn pullets added their share to the general store in fresh-laid eggs.

No prettier, happier village nestled among the New England hills than this. With no one rich enough to be idle, there was yet a modest plenty for all, and an item of three dollars for feeding transient tramps was the only report the overseer of the poor had for the year.

In the hill districts the farmers were prosperous. Their cattle and sheep grew fat upon the green hillsides, and twice a year they made up a large drove of them for the Boston market, driving through the village amid admiring glances from the girls at the boys on horse-back, who guided the cattle on the march, and with approving nods from the older people at some particularly fine cattle from the North-hill or West-hill district.

The surplus wealth of the town was thus exported in its flocks and herds, or in its butter and cheese, its maple sugar and potatoes, and returned to it in numberless comforts from that almost mythical Boston, of which the drovers gave such glowing accounts, but which most of the young men and maidens had only seen in their dreams.

They were shut in from the contamination of a restless, selfish world by mountains that towered high above the little village.

Three times a week the yellow stage-coach with its six white horses carried the mails and passengers to the railroad town, twenty miles over the hills.

The social life of the town was enlivened by school exhibitions and donation parties, sleigh rides and picnics.

Occasionally, a farmer was sick at harvest time; then a "bee" would be organized by his neighbors, each giving one or two days' time, and everything would be harvested in good order for him.

Then in sugar time! Lives there a New England boy who has seen at night the twinkling lights on the hillsides, telling him that the fires are crackling under the sap-pans, whose pulse

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will not quicken, and mouth water, as he thinks of the sugaring-off parties?

Ask him as he treads the mazy dance, or listens to the opera, or dines with banker Jones at Delmonico's, if he really enjoys it better than a sugar party in the old New England home, and you will get your answer.

Chapter II.

THE VILLAGE AS IT IS.

George Newton was studious, industrious, and honest. A few years later we find him clerk in the country store of the same village.

He is now tall and handsome. His brown hair is so curly that his mates have nick-named him Curly Newton.

Meanwhile the little village has sadly changed for the worse. The serpent of commercialism has found this Arcadia, and already its slimy trail is over every hill and valley.

A "business man" from Boston bought out the village store. He had more wealth than any of the villagers and saw a chance to increase it. He and a few capitalistic friends of his soon caused the county papers to cry out for a railroad up the valley, got appropriations for a survey, and, to the surprise of many, it was declared that, by winding and twisting, by heavy grades and high trestle works, a railroad could be built.

Then the papers teemed with statistics of the possible wealth to be extracted from the hills and rocks, the granite mountains and soap-stone ledges, the forests of valuable timber, and the manufactures which were sure to spring up.

Cunning agents stirred up the people to discontent with their isolated condition. Town meetings were held to agitate the question. A charter was granted by the legislature, with permission to the towns to mortgage themselves for thousands of dollars to build the road. "A public debt is a public blessing" was repeated by paid orators until many believed it.

George, then sixteen years of age, had seen his father's trade

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dwindle to that of a mere cobbler. Factory goods replaced hand-made boots and shoes, and the old man gave up his bench to others.

George graduated from the village academy and went into the store as clerk for Mr. Skinly. He saw plainly that no man with a trade could, under present conditions, make any more than a living, while business offered him a chance to become rich; and he was ambitious.

The store was the social centre of the village. There all the exchanges both of news and merchandise took place. There was one other store in the place, but, as the proprietor owed money to the County Bank, of which Mr. Skinly was president, his competition was not severe.

From the new administration Mr. Skinly received the post-office appointment, which added largely to the attraction of the store as a headquarters for news.

One day a knot of railroad boomers was sitting upon the counters or lounging about the door. Old Bijah Austin, the oracle of the North-hill, was seen coming across the village common for his mail.

With his six-foot form, a little bowed by age, clad in home-spun frock, he looked a patriarch of the hills, as indeed he was.

"If we can get *him*," said Mr. Skinly, nodding toward the approaching farmer, "we can carry the whole North-hill district for bonding the town." At this every boomer sat upright upon the counter and prepared for the coming discussion.

"Good afternoon, Uncle Bijah," said Mr. Skinly, grasping him warmly by the hand. "I am so glad you have come. Major Burke, of Boston, who you remember looked at the soap-stone ledge in your north pasture, has sent an agent to buy it or lease it from you, provided the railroad is built." Mr. Skinly lowered his voice as he said this, and the agent, taking the cue, came forward for an introduction.

Uncle Bijah stood silently, with eyes upon the floor, thinking. Mr. Skinly, believing that the bait had been swallowed, said to the agent in an impressive voice, "Col. Steele, this is Mr.

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Austin, who owns that valuable ledge of soap-stone. He is one of our best citizens, and I am glad of his good fortune. Uncle Bijah, this is Col. Steele, of Boston."

Slowly Uncle Bijah raised his eyes, looking straight at Mr. Skinly; then, extending a tremulous hand to Col. Steele, he said, "I don't want ter see no railroad in my taown, Mister Steele, I've seen 'em and rode on 'em, I've seen ther curses that goes with 'em." The old man's tremulous voice grew stronger as he continued. "Ther's some things thet money won't buy. I travelled some in my young days, an' when I was ready ter settle, I struck off inter these parts. Most a hundred miles me and Mariah rode behind a yoke of steers. We settled on the North-hill an' cleared it. We've pervided our boys an' gals with a better edication than we had. We've given 'em all a better start than we had, an' we have enough ter keep us while we live. My boys shall never say their dad helped ter bring a railroad ter curse their taown."

Mr. Skinly and the colonel looked dumfounded. The bait had not been swallowed after all. The crowd around them was increased by new comers, who sniffed the battle from afar and hastened to get within hearing. If the old man could not be won, the vote might go against them, so the colonel returned to the attack. "I know, Mr. Austin, how you love the peace and quiet of this lovely valley, but think of the thousands who are deprived of its enjoyment, who have no means of reaching it but by that long, tiresome stage journey. Think of the men of wealth and leisure in Boston who, if they could come and go on a railroad, would build summer residences here and spend their money here in beautifying the town. The wonderful increase in wealth would build up your village, and perhaps be the means of turning your academy into a college."

George Newton, like most of the young folks, was in favor of the road. He listened somewhat impatiently to the old fogies who opposed it, and wished he was of age that his vote might be cast to bond the town. Afterwards he was glad he had had no voice in it.

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As the colonel's remarks wound up with a flourish, a round of applause started by the young boomers was heartily given, but Uncle Bijah was unconquered.

"I 've driv cattle ter Bosting fer twenty year," he said, "an' I 've seen all I want of railroad taowns. Ther boys git shif'less an' loaf roun' ther deapo, an' drink. Them as do n't do that goes away ter ther city, an' ther taown goes ter rack."

"But, Uncle Bijah," cried one of his impatient neighbors, who also owned an out-cropping soap-stone ledge, "ef you has got all yaou wants fer this world, yer ain't a going ter stan' in ther way of yer neighbors gettin' some more, are ye; ye aint ser selfish as that, I know."

Uncle Bijah cast a reproachful glance at the neighbor, who well knew that there was not a selfish hair in the head of Bijah Austin.

"Lanky Bemis," he said with a tremor in his voice, "yaou know ef thet ledge was of solid gold, and eny of my neighbors had need of it they could have it all, but ef this 'ere railroad could change ther soap-stone fer gold, paound fer paound, they could n't have Bijah Austin's vote." The old man removed his hat, took from it an old red handkerchief, and blew a nasal blast that resounded through the store like a bugle of defiance. No one was prepared to answer him, for many had cause to remember his kindness in sickness or in trouble. Replacing his bandana, he resumed, breaking the awkward silence. "I was daown ter Keene this Spring, an' I saw more miserable lookin' folks than I ever seed afore. Tramps and beggars comin' raound every day. Why, they have ter hev locks on ther barn doors everywhere, even ther door mats haz ter be chained ter keep 'em from bein' stole. Yer don't ketch me livin' in no railroad taown. It may make sum folks rich, but it makes others awful poor, an' makes 'em awful selfish tew." At this he turned and looked at Lanky Bemis, who rather sheepishly sat upon the counter munching a Boston cracker.

"Why," the old man continued earnestly, "I saw sum folks comin' aout of an old rickety shanty with tew little children,

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an' they had n't clothes enuf ter kiver 'em. An' I sed ter cousin Mariah, she 's cousin ter my wife, same name yer know, I sed, sez I, 'Who be them people?' An', sez cousin Mariah, 'Them 's railroad han's. We do n't never know 'em.'" Bijah Austin looked around upon the faces of his neighbors with a sort of triumphant gaze. He saw the interest in his story was weakening their interest in the railroad. "But, sez I, 'taint Christian ter let 'em live so, can't they get no better place ter live in, nor nothin' ter wear?"

"'I dunno,' sez she, kinder short, 'They 're mostly that way. But nobody minds it,' sez she. 'We 're all used to it, yer know. They 're only track han's an' furiners at that. We do n't never know 'em.'

"But," sez I, "do n't yer take up kerlections fer ther heethin an' have sewin' sercieties an' sich? Why do n't yer do somethin' fer these neighbors o' yourn?"

"'Track han's aint no neighbors of mine,' sez she, real snappish, an' as I seed she was a gittin' mad I sed no more. "But," he added, clinching his argument with a blow of his fist upon the counter that fairly rattled the teeth of the boomers who were seated upon it, "But I do n't want ter see eny railroad come ter this taown, ter take all ther human feelin's aout of my neighbors that way."

The boomers looked somewhat uncomfortable, and the logic of Uncle Bijah made such an impression upon his rustic hearers that it was only by trickery and bribery that, at the ensuing town meeting, a final vote was secured, mortgaging the town to the railroad schemers for eight times' the assessor's grand list.

Chapter III.

COMMERCIALISM IN THE TOWN.

The railroad was built. Its results sometimes gave force to that startling question: "Is modern civilization worth what it costs?"

We still find George Newton in the store of Squire Skinly.

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At the time of the railroad building George's father had mortgaged his place to take stock in it, as did many other public-spirited men at that time. As had been planned by the schemers, the railroad went into the hands of a receiver and the stock was wiped out, but the mortgages on public and private property remained in full force.

The railroad was then bought in cheap by the schemers, and paid for with the money already filched from the towns and the suffering people.

The bank foreclosed many mortgages, among them the one upon the shoemaker's home, while, with taxes increased four-fold, and the ability to pay them constantly decreasing, the bank or the squire held mortgages on half the farms in town.

The interest on both public and private debts transformed this Arcadia into a gigantic poor-farm, with a few wealthy overseers who lived upon the interest money and managed the politics for the town.

Bijah Austin lived long enough to see his direst prophecies fulfilled, and he would mournfully count upon his fingers the deserted farms in the North-hill district.

The freight rates on soap-stone were so high that no individual could ship it, but a company who had a special rate offered Lanky Bemis two dollars a ton for all that he would deliver at the depot in suitable order. So the old man and his boys blasted and teamed, and neglected the farm in order to deliver soap-stone enough to pay his taxes, for he was land-poor. Finally, a hoisting derrick broke and killed him with soap-stone, and that industry perished with him.

Bijah Austin had a grand-daughter, Edna. In the eyes of George Newton she was the sweetest at a sugar party, the belle of a sleigh ride, and the fairy queen of a spelling match. When Bijah died, Edna's father took the home farm, and Edna had to leave the academy to help at home.

The struggle to keep all his father's land and meet its taxes and interest on mortgages required incessant toil. Edna's father worked harder and enjoyed less than his father before him.

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One day he and Mrs. Austin drove into the village with a load of wares. George was busy with a customer, and Squire Skinly met them at the door.

"How much are you paying for butter today, Squire?" asked Mr. Austin as he hitched his horse and assisted his wife to alight.

"Sixteen cents," replied the squire.

"No," replied Mr. Austin in surprised tones, "I thought it was twenty cents."

"Yes," replied the plausible squire, "but so much came in that we had to reduce the price."

"I can't afford to sell at sixteen," said Mr. Austin slowly as he came up the steps into the store, "I laid out to get some things, I won't have enough to pay for them at that price. Can't you say eighteen cents? It's very fine butter. My wife and Edna churned and worked it all, gettin' up at five o'clock in the mornin' to do it. Can't you say eighteen cents?"

"No," replied the squire. "To tell you the truth, if I did n't know how very good your butter was (this with a gracious nod and smile to Mrs. Austin who was listening intently) I would n't take it at any price. I do n't care to buy any more butter now, for (with a knowing shake of the head) it will be cheaper before it gets dearer."

"Oh, well, then, I will take the sixteen cents, but I tell you it is hard on us farmers when butter goes down. I was dependin' on it for what I wanted to buy."

"How about eggs," he enquired nervously, as he picked up a dried codfish, turned it over, and tested it with his finger.

Mrs. Austin was examining some remnants of homely calico on the opposite counter, but she turned quickly to catch the reply.

"Wife brought in some eggs," continued Mr. Austin on getting no answer. "We ought to have kept them packed for better prices, but we wanted to use the money," and he picked a sliver of fish from the dried cod, chewing it absently as the squire silently wiped the bald spot on his head with a silk

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handkerchief. His smooth-shaven face was shining with the benevolent look of a father-confessor as he ejaculated: "Bless you, why I have such a lot of eggs on hand that I do n't want any more, but just to accommodate you I will take them and allow ten cents a dozen for them."

"Ten, why I thought they were surely worth twelve 'nd a half. There 's eight dozen of them belongs to Edna. She 'tended the chicks and raised the pullets, so I give her all their eggs for herself. She thought they would just buy her a pair of your dollar kid gloves for nice. She picked berries all the week, an' her hands are stained. She won't go to church without those gloves," and he looked enquiringly at his wife, who shook her head. "Can't you say 'leven cents?"

The squire shook his head and smiled.

"We 'll have to use the egg money and allow her for it," whispered Mrs. Austin. "Poor girl, she will be so disappointed, she has worked so hard this summer, and she deserves the gloves." A mother's tear dropped on the homely calico remnant as she thought of her daughter, with her refined tastes and education, condemned to the hard work of the farm in a struggle for subsistence.

Finally, their load all bargained away at the purchaser's prices, they in turn would buy.

"How much for granulated sugar?" asked Mr. Austin.

"Ten cents," replied the squire sweetly.

"Ten, why I only paid eight before," said Mr. Austin again dismayed.

"Yes," replied the squire, pausing with a sugar scoop poised above the scales, "but the sugar trust has fixed a new price-list." No help for it, they must have the sugar to do up the berries.

They wanted some paint to paint the sitting-room. George blushed a little as he overheard this. Perhaps this painting was on account of his frequent Sunday visits. But paint had been advanced owing to the lead trust. Next, a barrel of flour. Eight dollars wrote the squire on the bill. "What, eight dollars," said Mr. Austin, "the last I had was seven."

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"Well, you see," said the smiling squire, "a speculator in Chicago has a corner on the market, and so flour has gone up."

Mrs. Austin whispered that she would do without the calico this time. And so the farmer and his wife, robbed at both ends of their trade, by a system of exchange constructed and intended for that very purpose, left for home with their purchases, wondering if better times would never come. Through the processes of trade, Mr. Austin's butter, sold by him at sixteen cents, found its way to a Boston retail counter at thirty-eight cents, and the eggs he sold at ten cents a dozen were retailed at twenty-five, and other products in proportion. Some one is being robbed by such a system. Is it the farmer, the consumer, or both?

Chapter IV.

THE TOWN UNDER NATIONALISM.

Without any of the conventional methods of getting there, we will go forward twenty years, and visit this same New England village as it appears under the nationalist régime.

The railroad, being national property, has been wonderfully improved in comfort, speed, and safety. As it winds and twists up the narrow valley, the train seems running through a vast public park.

Forsaken farm-houses of twenty years ago are now replaced by beautiful homes, surrounded with orchards and gardens.

Swamp-lands have been drained, becoming the most fertile spots in the whole valley. Many of the homes are built of the beautiful granite, of which two great mountains lift their heads proudly two thousand feet above the tracks. These mountains, like all quarries, mines, forests, and land, all bounties that nature gives, belong to all the people in common. The nation has been organized as one great partnership with all its partners equal.

All the granite costs, all *anything* costs, is the labor required to take these free bounties of nature and mould them into useful form. Such things as rent, interest, taxes, and profits

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are unknown. Great national store-houses are provided, in which every product to be exchanged may be deposited, the producer receiving a receipt for the number of hours labor it has taken to produce it, and this receipt will exchange for anything that any other worker has produced anywhere in the country by the same number of hours labor.

Nature's materials cost nothing. Labor costs everything. There being no charge for storage, transportation, or distribution, the number of hours of labor required in these non-producing branches are added to the hours of the active producers to get the average cost in hours of any given product, and all branches of workers are paid alike. Hours of clerks, accountants, and those required to replace the wear and tear of machinery are also added to the cost, but as only those best fitted for such positions are appointed by the workers themselves, and no superfluous men are thus engaged, this adds but little to the cost of products.

The forces of nature have been harnessed to do much of the work for nothing. There are windmills upon every hill, while every mountain stream is made to store up electricity for a thousand labor-saving purposes.

In the canibalistic days of competition mankind flocked into large cities, that they might the more conveniently live on one another. Now they are flocking back to the bosom of mother nature to enjoy her bounties, and this valley seems a universal, happy brotherhood. Each is allowed a certain amount of land for his house and grounds, and may select it anywhere not already occupied, and hold it while he uses it. His children have the first choice of it at his death, but no claims upon it if once given up to another.

All other land is cultivated by the national industrial army, organized in squads, companies, or regiments. Each company selects its own manager from among its own number for competence and merit only, subject to immediate reduction to the ranks for any neglect of duty, his place to be filled as before by the choice of the subordinates.

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This system prevails through every grade to the very highest offices. Merit and service are the only qualifications, duty to the people the only tenure of office. Thus the people govern; they are not governed.

With this glance at the principles of the new system, let us note its effects in the home and surroundings of George Newton.

From the depot we take a carriage through the village. On every hand signs of plenty and happiness are evident. Homes of granite alternate with those of grey stone or other material. Room, lots of room, seems the rule everywhere. There are flower gardens and orchards, lawns and vineyards, and each may rest under his own vine and plum tree.

George has the old home of his boyhood again. Recovered from the decay that marked it on the occasion of our last visit, skilled hands have made it the beautiful home of a man with the proudest title in the world,—an American citizen. Edna looks out of the window, her beautiful face flushed with joy and pride as two lovely children come up the walk from school hand in hand.

A little farther in the village we see the great public store, and George himself as manager. He was the first selected by the villagers to act for them as custodian and distributor when the new system was adopted, and he still remains, though he has been offered promotion to a position as state manager, which he declined. So he might have been a governor after all, only we have no governors under the new system.

No salesmen are required in this modern store, only efficient men to receive the mail and telephone orders from the more distant parts of the town, together with those written at the counters by those who have inspected the samples or consulted the printed catalogues. These orders are filled quickly, and, if for a member of the village commune, are charged up as so much merchandise costing so many hours' labor, while on the opposite page the member is credited with so many hours' labor rendered, and the account is balanced weekly, by giving him receipts for the surplus number of hours he may have labored above what he has withdrawn in goods.

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If, however, the purchaser be a member of some other town or village commune, he will give up receipts for the number of hours' labor that the goods ordered have cost.

These receipts, after being cancelled to prevent using again, will be forwarded to the state clearing-house, which clears all balances between the communes every week.

As we are admiring the perfect system, the town reports for the day begin to come in.

The company of milkmen reports so many cans of milk, costing so many hours of labor, which, being credited to them, is charged to the town creamery, which in turn reports that by adding so many hours' labor it has produced from the milk so many hundred pounds of butter.

So report after report of the organized companies in charge of the town flocks and herds, its farms and quarries, proved that society organized could, from the abandoned farms of the old régime, produce wealth that a former generation never deemed possible, and the North-hill farms, which, under mortgage debts and lack of improvements, became almost worthless, now under the better system yield a constantly increasing stream of real wealth to the whole people, and the old farmers, some of whom twenty years before were opposed to the change, now with one accord agree that in giving up private ownership of the earth, or rather the portion of it which they claimed to own, they have received in return more than a hundred-fold as partners in the prosperity of the whole people organized.

THE NEED OF A NEW INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM.

By Rev. C. A. Cressy.

The historian who shall write up the events of the nineteenth century will tell his readers that the people who lived in its closing years were brought face to face with some of the gravest problems of the ages and settled them.

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Some of these problems are now before us, and we must settle them. They cannot be dismissed as "fads." They cannot be laughed away. They who seriously discuss these questions upon the platform and in the press may be called fools and cranks, or alarmists; but calling names is not solving the problems. They are here confronting us at every step along all the lines of our future progress. They must be settled on the basis of right and justice toward all concerned. Some of the factors of these problems may be briefly outlined.

1. The rapid absorption of our unoccupied lands and natural resources.

2. Poverty increasing on the one hand, with the enormous increase of wealth on the other.

3. The army of the unemployed growing larger and larger year by year.

4. Illiteracy on the increase in many sections of our country, notwithstanding our excellent public-school system.

5. Crime and insanity increasing in greater ratio than population. To illustrate: in 1850 we had a population of 23,000,000, and between 6000 and 7000 prisoners. In 1880 we numbered 50,000,000 population, and we then had 58,000 prisoners. In 1850 we had 15,000 insane; and in 1880 we numbered 91,000 insane.

These are grave facts, and they enter as serious factors into the problems which must be speedily solved. They are phenomena whose causes must be sought in the existing industrial and social order. To say that the present established order is the best is to ignore one of the most emphatic lessons of history, to put bars in the way of further progress, to stifle aspiration, to eradicate hope from the yearning heart of humanity, and to reduce mankind to the awful condition of despair.

By the present industrial system men, women, and children are tied to employments for which they have neither ability nor taste, and for which they get no adequate remuneration. Many indeed are shut out from any employment at all, and thereby deprived of the happiness which proper occupation would

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secure to them. Children are deprived of the education and training which their natures and their future relations to society demand. By bad associations are engendered moral conditions that will be prolific of crime and pauperism when these children are grown to men and women. By this means society is incurring trouble and expense to itself; for when these bad conditions have produced their fruit in criminals and paupers, society must protect itself from the one and disburse its "charities" to the others. Neither measure, however, is a cure for the evil, and we thus see society defeating the very ends for which it exists, viz., the protection of the best interests of all.

When I was a boy, I was continually being reminded that "energy, industry, and economy were the sure roads to success." The good people who came round to the schools to "make some remarks" used to introduce us to Benjamin Franklin, going up one of the streets of Philadelphia, eating his "penny roll," and they would tell us how he began life with nothing, and reached success. But Franklin would not stand the ghost of a chance if he were a poor boy in Philadelphia today. While it is true that many of our richest men did begin with nothing, yet, if they were to begin again with nothing, they would continue with nothing.

Times have changed. Conditions have changed. Highways to success, once open, are now closed. The marble statue of a newsboy, on the top of the American News Company's building in New York, commemorates the humble start of the manager of the great concern; but no newsboy can now win his way to such a pinnacle of success. Greeley and Bennett will be remembered for their eminent journalistic success, but neither of them could now start a leading paper in New York without enormous capital to back it, because where "competition is the life of business" the strongest alone attain success. The toughest survive, the weakest go under.

The condition of the toiling masses of humanity can never be materially improved by preaching patience, submission, thrift, or the old hackneyed consolation that in some other

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world their wrongs are to be righted. So long as the existing industrial order is perpetuated, no amount of this kind of preaching will spread the butter any thicker on the crust of the laboring poor, or clothe naked backs, or put shoes on little naked feet. What the toiling people want is a change of environment that will give them rights and privileges now withheld from them by the greed and oppression of monopoly.

Every industry and employment in the land is so under the power of capitalism that one cannot work unless his labor may result in more profit to another than to self. Practically, the only or the chief interest your employer has in you is to make money out of you. He wants to use not his own but *your* talents, *your* powers of hand and brain, for his own advantage. In other words, while he is selfish, and sordidly so, he wants you to sacrifice all self for his benefit. Your enjoyment in the exercise of your own talents, your personal good and happiness, are nothing to him. All must be prostituted to his service for his gain.

What is the inevitable tendency of this state of things? What but to make men sordid, mean, selfish, desperate? A system that places before men, women, and children temptations to crime is a deplorable system, and ought, on humane principles, to be abolished. A temptation to be dishonest arises, under the present system, at the point where destitution contrasts itself with plenty. For example, on a hard-working, insufficiently-paid laboring man, with wife and children whom he can with difficulty support at starvation rates, what must be the effect of reading such a statement of facts as these from the pen of a correspondent to the *Brooklyn Eagle:* "The widow of the late ——— has $40,000,000. She is a presbyterian. Church going is one of her favorite pursuits. She has a private chaplain, and has a private chapel at Long Branch which cost $70,000."

You cannot make an intelligent laboring man believe that a system which admits of such enormous inequality of condition between one member of society and another is a just system.

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Temptations to dishonesty arise at the point where hunger contrasts itself with surfeiting, poverty with extravagant riches.

Society, as now organized, tempts the poor man by withholding from him his rights. Under the goad of pressing need, which society will not recognize, he steals; society arrests the man, shuts him up in a penal institution, assumes the expense of his board and clothes, and taxes its other members to pay the bills. Would it not be vastly cheaper for society to supply the poor man's need in the first place?

The present industrial system ought to be superseded because it admits of and fosters monstrous wrongs to the children of the working people. Take some figures: in 1883, while the average expenses of workingmen's families in Massachusetts were $754.42, the *head* of the family could earn but $558.68. The wife and children had to help maintain the family. In the same year 28,714 children under 16 years of age were employed in the industrial establishments of the state. In the family of the average workingman 32.44 per cent of the support fell to the lot of the mother and children. According to the Illinois commissioners of labor statistics, a few years since, "one half of the intelligent workingmen are not even able to earn enough for support without depending on the labors of wives and children." In 1880 fully 1,118,356 children under 16 years of age were employed in various industries in the United States. A writer in the *North American Review* for June, 1884, says that in Pennsylvania "herds of children of all ages, from six years upward, work in the coal breakers, toiling in dirt and air thick with carbon dust, from dawn to dark of every day in the week except Sunday.

In ancient Sparta babes were exposed for a day and a night to the inclemency of nature, to test whether they were fit to survive or not. If by not dying they demonstrated their fitness to live, they were nourished and trained with great care, with a view of their becoming strong and efficient to serve the state. But today thousands of tender children are put to worse tests, and if they survive the inhuman treatment and neglect, and

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the dwarfing of their powers, they are all, at manhood or womanhood, thrown absolutely upon their own resources for a livelihood, with no proper chance or fitness for the same. I am told that in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, there are 3000 children between 6 and 15 years of age at work in the coal breakers. Think of little children, in factories and mills, as I have seen them in the East, in the cotton manufacturing establishments, set to feed machines all day. I knew a little girl who was refused employment only because she was not tall enough to reach the machine she desired to tend. I have seen little children less than 10 years of age carrying on their backs huge waste-baskets, and two such children could easily have been packed into one of those baskets. What shall be said of children brought up in this way? What can cure this monstrous wrong to childhood but such an industrial system as will allow parents to take better care of their little ones, by sending them to school and training them, according to natural endowments, for usefulness to society, which owes to its future members its first care?

A great mistake in the study and discussion of economic questions is the elimination of ethics therefrom. Ethics is the science of human duty. Man is a being made for action. The normal action of his powers, mental and physical, is ethical. What man by natural capacities is fitted to do he *ought* to do. Nothing has become more deeply instilled into human thought than the essential brotherhood of man. The fraternities have built enduring monuments to this ethical principle. Poets have sung and orators discoursed eloquently of it. But, as it is exemplified in the existing industrial order, it is scarcely more than a fine phrase. It is the brotherhood of the shark and his victim, the fraternal feeling between the spider and the fly. No true brotherhood finds expression among those whose highest endeavor is to make enormous profits one out of another. A better system of industry, based upon human rights, natural endowments, and the interdependent relations between man and man, would give ample scope for the exercise

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of the principle of brotherhood, by putting no obstacles in the way. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* says, "the ethics of socialism are closely akin to the ethics of Christianity, if not identical with them."

A better industrial system would secure from every man, in part, the debt he owes to society for its benefits to him. I say "in part," for no man can fully pay this debt. That which society confers upon him is not to be computed in dollars and cents. Every man born into the world now is born not at the foot but away up the slope of the mountain of human progress. The masses who have toiled before him have made it possible for him to take his place in the foremost rank. He has not to learn by dint of hard study or experience the principles that lie at the basis of the industrial, social, and scientific orders. Thinking brains have thought them out, and formulated them for his adoption, before he comes upon the scene. He finds the great industries and scientific systems of the world nearly at their maximum of development. The applied mechanical powers, with steam and electricity harnessed to the car of progress, invite him to jump aboard and ride on to yet higher and grander achievements. The snorting, hissing engines which toiling hands have built before him stand ready to transport him from one end of the country to the other. Swift ships are waiting to bear him to other lands and around the globe. The lightning of heaven has been pressed into service to flash his thoughts, with the speed of thought itself, to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Art, science, and literature bring their priceless treasures, and lay them at his feet for his use and enjoyment.

What does he owe to society and the world for all this? I answer, the best there is in him; the best thought of his brain, the best skill of his hand, the noblest endeavors of his whole being, as his just tribute of acknowledgment of obligation to those who have wrought out so much for him.

A better industrial system, by its recognition of human rights and the relations man sustains to his fellows, proposes to secure

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the highest good in the highest development of all. That better system, towards which the irresistible logic of events is carrying us, will place the laboring man in the position of honor in the estimation of the nation, for he is the strength and support of the whole industrial system on which the prosperity of the country rests. Let the nation accord to him his rights. Let it protect *him* as well as his property. Let it build up her *citizens* as well as her cities, and thus realize to every man, woman, and child within its borders the ideal state set forth in our national motto: "America, the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

WHO ARE THE UTOPIANS?

By Rev. Herman I. Stern.

The term Utopia, as is well known, was coined by Sir Thomas More out of the two Greek words signifying *nowhere*, and applied as the title to his work in which he describes an imaginary island, where a perfect state of things exists, politically, socially, morally, and generally. Whether the learned old author meant his book to be a real encouragement to struggling humanity or rather a cynical mockery of their hopes it is not my present purpose to discuss. There is no doubt, however, that the creation of this unfortnnate word has resulted immeasurably more in the latter than the ideal picture of the book has contributed to the former feeling, simply because the term has survived and become popular and proverbial, while the book itself is known only to the learned. There is in the world a vast class of people swayed by words rather than by thoughts; a parole, a bon-mot, a device or motto, a nickname catches and fills out their intellectual grasp, and neatly disposes of the matter for them. It is an easy and a happy course, much easier than the effort of independent thinking. It diffuses them with an air of such superior wisdom and self-complacency. How venerable, experienced, and practically wise they appear when

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with one of these set phrases they answer an impassioned appeal from some enthusiastic believer. The epithet "crank" is a favorite one in the mouth of these people, and by far the most popular is "utopian" as applied to any proposal for improving the existing order of things. This adjective is used with especial gusto in regard to the programme of the nationalists, and, strange to say, I have heard it most frequently from religious people.

One reason why they apply the word to this scheme is because it is ideal. In their minds ideal and utopian are synonymous, *i. e.*, an ideal has no habitation, is nowhere, hence is nothing real or true. The vulgar, popular conception of ideal is contemptuous and scornful. It is regarded as the opposite of practical. A man who deals in ideals is a useless, visionary dreamer, a fool. At most in poetry does the modern autocrat, Common Sense, deign to tolerate ideality. But then he does so on condition that he may include poetry itself in his practical scorn. There was a time when men looked upon the seer or bard as a potent, practical leader and director of man's actions, but your modern practical man scouts any such notion. He will only permit poetry as a thing to amuse, please, and entertain. Its ideality must remain utopian.

Now, it is a startling evidence of the depth of our modern materialistic degradation that such a philosophy as this should hold possession of even professedly religious minds, of people who believe in God, Spirit, Heaven, and Immortality. But the ideal, far from being nowhere, is really everywhere. It is everything. It is at once the goal of our actions and the source of our momentum. It is programme, creed, inspiration, motive, and life. Take even the mechanical sphere, which so obscures and dominates our nineteenth century life; even there the ideal is supreme. What is the model in the inventor's mind but an ideal? The struggling workman who slaves and saves for years in the midst of grime and soot, what is the power that keeps up his strength? The ideal of a home and comfort for his family. The preacher preaches ideals; the patriot formulates

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them. The mother in her home, the teacher in the school, the writer at his desk, the legislator in his hall, all are moved by ideals. There has never been a noble action that was not based upon and proceeded from faith in an ideal. The most precious and sacred acquisitions of mankind were notably appeals to the ideal. Liberty? The finest passage in Schiller's works is contained in those words which he puts into the mouth of Stauffacher in that thrillingly dramatic night-scene on the Rütli in his *Wilhelm Tell*.

> "Nay, then, the might of tyrants hath its bounds,
> When the oppressed nowhere can find redress,
> When all unbearable hath grown the load,
> He reaches boldly up into the heavens,
> And gets him down his old eternal rights,
> Which hang up there inalienable ever,
> Unbreakable as are the stars themselves."

Morality, fraternity, all heroic striving, religion, civilization are only other names for it. All reformations, revolutions, enlightenments, wars of liberation proceed from the serenely burning light of the ideal. And yet there have been and still are so-called philosophers, utilitarian, positive, common-sense, or whatever their school-titles may be, who conceive the highest wisdom to consist in the ignoring of idealism.

It is not my purpose here to lapse into a metaphysical discussion, I will confine myself to the practical, political side of the matter. Men are so prone to worship that only which they can see with their bodily eyes that they often forget the fact that their real world is physically an invisible one. Because the ideal is not sensuously visible, is that a reason why it should be called utopian,— nowhere? I think I have shown the contrary. Where, then, does it exist? In the primeval, essential, and eternal nature and constitution of things; in the very spring and fountain of all thought and consciousness itself; in our souls; in our intuition and reason; in the mere fact of being, as the reason for being is inseparable from the conception of good, of wisdom, fitness, harmony. Surely, no sane person

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believes that the normal state of creation is chaos rather than kosmos. The very idea is intellectual suicide. We have in our souls this ideal world, and mankind has always recognized it. It has constituted our hope and faith and inspiration. In so far as we have striven up toward its realization has our general condition been lifted up, and this is the history of civilization. Whenever men have ceased to strive toward it, basely contenting themselves with that which had already been attained, they have relapsed into anarchy, barbarism, inhumanity, and social dissolution.

And yet people talk as if the ideal were a thing to be laughed at, and as if striving to realize it were at best optional, but generally the greatest imbecility and nonsense They take it for granted that there is an irreconcilable division between the ideal and the actual, between theory and practice, and that this is right. How often one hears the expression: "Oh, yes, that is all true in theory or as an ideal, but in practice it is quite different." And the inference intended to be drawn from this, alas! very true statement is not that practice should be made conformable to theory but that theory should yield before practice. Now, what would be said of a school-boy who insisted on discarding the copy from his writing book? The result of his penmanship would be a hand-writing as legible and beautiful as that of Horace Greeley or Rufus Choate.

From all this I think I have proved the indictment that those who reject the nationalist movement on account of its ideal purpose are the real utopians with respect to their very reason and motive of life. Their life-philoscphy is utopian. They have none at all. Their goal and object of life is nowhere. Their belief even in what they call the real, by which they mean the imperfect actual, for the *ideal* is the true real, is utopian, since they believe in it with an unreasoning, conventional faith only.

But some of these wiseacres will say: "We admit the point about the real existence and paramount influence of the ideal as a general proposition; our particular objection to this scheme

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is that it presents a picture of social and industrial life so perfect that it cannot be realized on this sinful earth. It is celestial." Several times I have been told by apparently earnest religious people: "We are not good enough for such a state of society. It can never be established in this world. We shall have it in Heaven." Now, in my mind, this is a more glaringly utopian position than the former. As I have tried to avoid a metaphysical discussion in the first part of this article, so I will try to avoid a theological one in this, yet I cannot meet this objection without entering to some extent on the ground of these good people. I have felt from the start that this whole movement is a religious one in the widest and, at the same time, in the deepest sense of the term.

It is very well to demonstrate the mundane utility and political expediency of a scheme, but a great reform will never be effected through such considerations alone, for the natural selfishness of the privileged classes, intrenched in the fortress of tradition and convention, will be aroused to arms against it and will at least succeed in dragging the problem down into the low plane of party wrangling, controversy, and compromise. A plan as sublime, vast, and profound as this must be fought on high moral ground. It requires the inspiration and impetus of duty and self-denying love, and these constitute the very essence of religion. The most hopeful initiative sign to me in this movement is the presence in it of the representatives of these privileged classes of men and women, whose private interests would naturally take them into the hostile camp, and whose motive therefore can be only disinterested and philanthropical. Religious people might be expected to be the foremost champions of any movement for the amelioration of the state of mankind. The church certainly is active enough in charitable work, but strange to say, wherever an agitation is inaugurated involving anything like a fundamental change in the existing social configuration of the world, the church is observed to array itself quickly on the side of privilege, conservatism, and establishment. It has been so in Germany. It

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is so in England. It was so in France before the revolution. It is notably so in Russia, and it is growing to be the case in America. This is the chief cause of the growing estrangement of the "masses," about whose wholesale unchurching we hear the periodical jeremiads at ministers' meetings and in the religious press.

The true reason for the church's attitude is her own worldliness, her dependence on the money of the rich, her increasing plutocracy, aristocracy, and the mechanical interpretation of her own belief. But her ostensible, stereotyped, and sanctimonious objection is the above-mentioned one,— namely, that Heaven is the only place for ideals, perfection, and millenniums. According to this notion it makes no difference what suffering, what squalor and poverty, what degradation and evil men may endure: this life is short, man is a spiritual being, it will all be right in the next world. The worse his lot in this the better it may even be in the next, if he will only turn it to good account, *i. e.*, learn to despise and eschew this world's goods as vanity, etc. We may indeed trim and tinker superficially about the most glaring wretchedness of men, save them from starvation and such like, and yet not touch the root and source of his suffering,— the system of wrong. That would compromise the spiritual character of religion. Now, if those who make these representations were themselves poor, or, like the primitive Christians, had voluntarily chosen poverty, their words might indeed prove consoling and encouraging. But when they proceed from people who themselves do not eschew this world's goods, but on the contrary prize them, so far as we can see, above all others, apparently even above their anticipated celestial delights, and repeat this pious buncombe so glibly and anxiously for the very purpose of not being interrupted in their unjust acquisition of, and selfish indulgence in, these same despised vanities, how can we wonder that the church is mentioned with hatred and with the state is doomed to execution?

Those critics of "Looking Backward," who are harping on the apparent importance there accorded to the provision of "a

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great common hog-trough where we can all grunt contentedly," very much mistake the meaning and motive of the entire social unrest of our age. What men are clamoring for is justice, sympathy, love. If we were all poor, nobody would complain; but the sordid selfishness, the heartless oppression, the cold-blooded luxuriousness, especially under the auspices of a religion which teaches the reverse, and under a form of government which calls itself republican, this is intolerable. As Carlyle puts it: "It is not what a man outwardly has or wants that constitutes the happiness or misery of him. Nakedness, hunger, distress of all kinds, death itself, have been cheerfully borne when the heart was right. It is the feeling of injustice that is insupportable to all men. The brutalist black African cannot bear that he should be used unjustly. No man can bear it or ought to bear it."

The material environment is neither here nor there in the great, eternal problems of mankind. These are ethical. If you can grant these struggling "masses" self-denying love and absolute justice in any way other than that of material amelioration they will be satisfied. But you cannot, because that is the only channel and medium present. The kingdom of Heaven, *i. e.*, the reign of harmony, justice, and love, is to be established among *men*, and since men live on earth, the kingdom of Heaven is to be established here. The Bible clearly teaches this in scores of places. Those who shirk this transcendent mission and duty, veiling their selfish indolence or indulgence beneath pious clap-trap which their own lives belie, virtually declare that they do not believe in a heaven at all. Their heaven is uptoian. I do not expect that even the fulfillment of the most sanguine hopes of the nationalists would insure the establishment of Paradise; but when good, religious people object that it would be too near an approximation to it for this earth, I cannot but feel that, coming from such a source, the objection is wondrous strange.

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THE OPPORTUNITY.

By Clark Orvis.

Is there common ground on which the Farmers' Alliance, Knights of Labor, American Federation of Labor, Nationalists, Christian, Voluntary, and State Socialists, Single Taxers, honest Democrats and Republicans, and all friends of social and economic justice, can unite in political action to secure justice for all, together with a stable and progressive government?

All these different classes and organizations assume that some kind of conventional government is essential to secure social order and its attendant human progress and happiness.

The most radical difference that separates these different organizations and classes of thinkers is expressed by the terms individualism and socialism. Both individualists and socialists agree that there are not in the universe two individuals that are, ought to be, or can be, alike; and that every individual has rights and duties that no social compact or agreement can justly suppress, usurp, or alienate. Both agree that organized conventional government is essential to secure and protect this individual liberty. Consequently, we agree that social government, as well as the individual, has rights and duties. But we differ as to the legitimate *limits* of individual liberty, and consequently differ as to the legitimate *extent* of governmental authority.

When we carefully analyze the substance of the two theories, we shall find that there is not so wide a difference as is generally supposed, that there is far more common than disputed ground for us to stand on, and that the points on which we agree are far more radical and important than those on which we differ. The ground we occupy in common is essential for continued individual and social existence. The disputed ground is not yet indispensable, but may be desirable in order to gain perfection.

The anarchist occupies ground wholly outside of conventional

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law, and the only rational way for him to test his theory is in a society wholly composed of anarchists. But there is no good reason why individualists and democrats, who believe that "that government is best that governs least," should not unite with the nationalists in securing governmental ownership and control of railroads, telegraphs, and all property and social functions that are of necessity monopolies.

This would require less government than is now needed to control and regulate the present antagonistic, tyrannical, and irresponsible corporate bodies. A divided and irresponsible government is the most expensive, oppressive, and dangerous of all governments. All who seek justice — equal rights for all and special privileges to none — can unite thus far in securing less and, at the same time, better government; and leave the question of further control of productive industry by the state to be settled in the future, when the people are better educated in economic and social science.

The Farmers' Alliance, the Nationalists, the Knights of Labor, and other labor organizations,— altogether numbering over four millions,— and millions more outside of these organizations, are agreed that we have too much plutocratic government; that it is too secret, tyrannical, expensive, and oppressive; and that we can safely reform in making it more simple, equal, humane, Christian, just, economic, and efficient.

Our government is nominally republican. It has become predominately plutocratic, — wealth governing through conspiracy and the lobby. Congress and the state legislatures, as a rule, are only the visible machines necessary to legalize the secret legislation of the plutocracy. In consequence of innocent ignorance we have blindly drifted into this slavish, corrupt, and dependent state, for which clearly none are morally responsible; for none could foresee the present result aud provide the means of averting it.

If our fathers, who founded this government, had foreseen what we now see, they would have expressly provided in the Constitution that none of those public social functions that

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properly belong to the state should be given to any individual or corporation. They did not foresee, and we as a people are only learning by dear experience that the individual and corporate control of the national highways, the currency, mines, and vast tracts of land, necessarily involves the control of the government and the people,—that the life, liberty, property, and happiness of the whole people are in the keeping and at the mercy of these individuals and corporate monopolies. And we find that this power is used to thwart justice, destroy liberty, and defeat all the ends for which our fathers declared they instituted the government. It is mockery to keep repeating "that government is best that governs least," and yet propose no remedy for this excessive, oppressive, and irresponsible government.

Can we simplify our government; abolish irresponsible government, class rule, and class legislation; establish justice, and become a republic in fact as well as in name? The immense peaceable uprising of the people, demanding "equal rights for all and special privileges to none," is strong evidence that it is not yet too late. This is the most broad and unselfish political movement ever inaugurated, and the greatest social work ever undertaken by man, and if we succeed it will be in the name of, and by the guidance of, Infinite Wisdom. No people have ever yet been able to establish justice, as just liberty, in human government; and when it is done it will be the very kingdom of God on earth. The laws of social order cannot be understood in any nation till the people have attained a certain degree of intellectual and moral culture, self-control, and strength of will. All the past trials, disappointments, and experiences of pain and pleasure, have been indispensable to gain this necessary culture and strength, and in the final struggle victory is sure.

But to be a direct and positive help in this social work, every man who has a voice and a vote must see and feel that he is as responsible for their use as a king or a president is for the use of his power. The cause of our present servile degradation and oppression is that we have shirked personal responsibility

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and carelessly followed blind and selfish leaders, who make gold supreme, and "neither fear God nor regard man."

We must have leaders, but we should follow them intelligently. The true teacher and leader helps us to see, but cannot see for us. Therefore, *individual* and *social* progress must of necessity be in *simultaneous* order; and both are dependent on the moral and rational education of the people. By leaders we do not mean legislators. On these an unjust share of blame and condemnation is heaped. All of consequence that our legislators have done has been by either the positive demand or the tacit consent of the people. When a majority of the people know what they want and demand it, they will get it, and any attempt to shift the responsibility on past or present legislators only turns the mind and conscience in the wrong direction, and hinders the moral and political education of the people. It is a hopeful sign that education in the right direction is making good progress and the people are waking to a sense of personal responsibility. We have good reason to hope and to work for important early results.

First, let us consider the definite work in hand and the orderly means of doing it. Civil government is only a means to an end, and that end should be the welfare and happiness of all the people by means of impartial justice. This is the normal use of government. Government for any other end is abuse, usurpation, and tyranny, whether by king, oligarchy, or majority. The first step necessary to secure justice and the welfare of the people is for every citizen to be guaranteed access to all the natural resources of the earth necessary to supply his own essential needs, that he may thus have the opportunity to be a self-sustaining, moral, and useful member of society. This much he is justly entitled to without asking special permission of any other member or members of society. So much is admitted by all who have rationality and a moral conscience.

Whether a just government will *compel* its competent citizens to be self-sustaining, moral, and useful is a disputed point.

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But all independent thinkers ought to be able to see that the *opportunity* is first in order; and that *compulsion* is not to be thought of until this opportunity is secured.

It is manifestly an injustice to compel any adult citizen of sound mind to work under any arbitrary authority, individual or social, at least before he is given free access to the natural resources and opportunities necessary to become a self-sustaining and useful member of society and to prove his ability and efficiency. These natural opportunities have never been secured to *all* the people of any nation that was large and strong enough to protect itself from foreign interference. We separated from the mother-country and established this nation to secure this liberty, as our Declaration of Independence and the preamble to our Constitution clearly proves. We secured national independence and have become strong enough to maintain it. But the nation has not yet given to its loyal law-abiding citizens "equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of (normal) happiness." A right to life, liberty, and happiness absolutely implies the right to the essential natural means of maintaining life, liberty, and happiness, and also implies the *duty* of government to secure and maintain this right.

This end—just liberty—is yet to be attained. By the divine command we have entered the final struggle to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free. When the nation obeys this command it will govern by *divine right*, and will rest on a firm foundation; until then it can have no stable existence. As a nation we are on trial. Our standard is justice and liberty. We have come to judgment, and will be judged by our own standard. If we are true to it, our reward is liberty and social order; if we prove false to it, our doom is anarchy and slavery.

All who are loyal to our national charter demand equal liberty for all law-abiding citizens, as the next first condition of further human progress. She is our national goddess and the counterpart of duty, and they must go hand in hand. We are bound by inheritance, education, and conscience to serve and defend liberty, cost what it may.

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No true god or man wants any slavish service. Liberty is a true God-given ideal. But man has never yet actually possessed her, because he has never served her constantly or unselfishly. With all the rest of God's gifts we have tried to monopolize liberty. When we claim equal liberty for all we will make her our own, and not before. Man can never render God or humanity any pure unselfish service till he is free. Both the tyrant and the slave, the oppressor and the oppressed, have always been in such bondage and fear, the one of the other, that we have all been either conscious or unconscious hypocrites, and till we have equal liberty we cannot know what we need or what we want. Till we have equal civil freedom we cannot know how much restraint and compulsion is necessary to protect liberty and secure the best and most happy individual and social life. Neither can we be forced into any social order, however perfect as a final ideal, that is better than our knowledge and desire.

If state socialism is the true ideal, man will voluntarily choose it when he is in freedom, and he cannot be forced to accept it before.

Nationalists do not propose to force state socialism on any of the people. At present they only propose that government assume control of those industries and functions which are manifestly of public — state or national — uses, and of necessity must be under some kind of public government; and which, if not conducted by the responsible government for the equal benefit of all the people, are sure to be monopolized and used by irresponsible petty governments for robbing and oppressing the mass of the people to gorge the few and demoralize all. Then, if government gradually assume the administration of any other kinds of industry, it will be experimental, and in free competition with private industrial enterprises. The producers will be free to work for either themselves, an individual, a company, or the government; all who seek it will have steady employment; no one will work for another unless he can do as well as, or better than, for himself; and the consumers will all

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be free to buy of those who can serve them best. This would give free scope to test all the different ideals and choose the best. And this may all be done before the end of this century.

While the nationalists occupy this rational and just ground, it is evident that all other anti-monopoly organizations and people are essentially nationalists, irrespective of the name they assume; and there is no good reason why we should not act as one to gain the desired end,— the abolition of involuntary idleness, poverty, and ignorance.

THE TRUE DEMOCRACY.

By Harry White.

In carefully examining the main objections made against nationalism it will be found that the chief one, beside which all the rest are dwarfed, is the argument that if government assume control and operate all industries you have simply exchanged an employer with limited powers for evil for a greater one whose power is absolute, and which, if misdirected, would be far more destructive.

That government institutions are vastly more economical than private enterprise few will dispute, but it is argued that it is at the cost of freedom, independence, and individuality. The government, then, is the great bugbear.

The common notion of government is that it is some Satanic power, beyond and above the people; a necessary evil caused by the wickedness of man; the officials being the imps who serve his majesty; taxes, the imposts to provide the monster's food; war, the divine means for ridding the earth of its surplus population; the policeman, the jailer, and the soldier, symbols of its calling; the pot-house politician and the ward heeler its guardians.

The ordinary mind is apt to argue abstractly that abuse

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should do away with the use. Fire, wind, and water become ruthless destroyers when out of place or wrongly used, but under the intellectual guidance of man they serve him.

Government becomes tyrannical and intolerable when its powers are perverted, but under a scientific and just administration, viz., under a true democracy, it is simply the people organized to secure and protect their own welfare.

The state is the very essence of civilization, the most substantial heritage of the progress of the past. Irresistibly social necessities compel us to be members of it, and the only way to escape our duties, obligations, and submission to its laws is to leave civilization. Voluntary association, the cry of the individualist, is as incompatible with civilization as voluntary association of the organs of our body would be to our well-being. The coercion of government, that seems to horrify so many, is no more coercive than is that of the laws that control and regulate our bodily organs. Breathing, sleeping, eating, or working is not painful when our delicate and complex organs are harmoniously adjusted, although regulated by the most stringent laws.

"Society," as Spencer says, "is an organism, and an organism gains power by an increase of the number of its functions, and by all working harmoniously together through a central regulative system."

The central regulative system is the state. One organ in a healthy body does not dominate over another, but the power is distributed over the whole system, finding its expression through a central organ.

Likewise under a democracy. The people become the law-making power; all important laws must be approved of first by them, and the public officials are simply functionaries to be recalled by the people when they wish. Thus you strip government of its terrors. Abuse of power could only be very limited, and if the people themselves decide all laws and do not delegate their powers to others, they will be very careful how they act, for they will suffer the consequences of their own acts and will soon rectify any wrong step.

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Democracy will have the effect of stimulating interest in public affairs and guarding against corruption and official mismanagement. Majority rule is not tyrannical where the mind is free to express itself. A minority can easily become the majority if it is right. Majority rule is the crucible of public opinion, the conservator of thought, a test of the merit of all ideas. A good civil service is the means for obtaining an efficient public service by putting the right person in the right place, and particularly when all are enabled to enjoy a thorough physical and mental education. An autocratic form of government is simply a crude, undeveloped form, handicapped by many abuses that almost nullify the very object of government.

Under this system the officials—the servants of the people—become their masters, and are enabled to so intrench themselves in power that almost superhuman efforts are required to dislodge them. Superstition and ignorance uphold the master and king, but the spirit of democracy keeps pace with civilization. Nationalists cannot too frequently emphasize the importance of democracy.

Nationalists may claim that I would discourage nationalizing industries under our present governmental system. Far from it; for experience has shown that, notwithstanding all its defects, any government can carry on industries more economically and satisfactorily than can wasteful competitive private enterprise.

From private enterprise there is nothing to expect; from nationalized industries a great deal; but if, perchance, through some fault in administration it falls below our great expectations, we are apt to condemn the system and lose sight of the fault. Brooklyn bridge is a substantial plea for nationalism. Would the generous heart of a corporation in a fit of benevolence reduce the car fares from five to three cents? Destroy private enterprise at all hazards. If one industry is nationalized, an appetite for more is thereby created. At the same time, we must always strive for a true political system, which, if once obtained, will greatly accelerate the other, and hasten the day

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when society will stand upon a humane, rational, and solid foundation.

For salvation look to the state. If its true mission were once understood what a mass of economic ignorance would be forever swept away. The true premises being realized, all the intricacies of political economy are easily untangled. The state is the highest form of human organization. It cannot be destroyed, and it is pre-eminently fitted to control and operate all industries co-operatively and democratically.

As Thomas Kirkup says in his great work, *Inquiries into Socialism*: "A free and independent people controlling its own interests, political and economic, on the democratic co-operative principle is the most desirable form of society."

A GLANCE AT THE PAST AND A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

By Rene Ardrey.

As we scan the pages of history, and the endless, ever changing panorama of life in by-gone ages passes in review before our mind's eye, we see civilizations rise and spread under the competitive system until they have conquered the world; and we naturally enquire why they ended as they did. But when we consider the fact that a nation and a civilization are but the growth of an idea, the whole or partial realization of a dream, we are then enabled to view the subject in a new light. We find that the only idea the ancients had of power was physical strength; and that their very ideal of power was but the empty shell,— pomp, pageantry, and vain glory. Thus we see that, when they had attained the height of their ambition, when their dream of power was ended, lacking the intelligence to form a higher type of society, they continued their competitive system, turning upon and devouring each other, just as they

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had devoured the world, until their whole social scheme dissolved and vanished like the mists of morn before the rising sun.

In this boasted civilization of the nineteenth century of the Christian era we have risen a notch in the scale of intelligence, and have a higher ideal of life. We now understand and realize the value of mental power. Hence, this is called the age of theories, of inventions. We have better theories of government, and consequently better governments; and it is the dreamy hope of something still better that is buoying us up, and ever leading us on. But when a new theory is advanced or an invention proposed, there is a great cry on every hand that it is utterly impracticable and can never be carried out. In the ardor of their own convictions, these narrow-minded egoists entirely forget that every fact of today has been in the past but an idle dream. After Sir Isaac Newton had spent years testing his theory, and had proved that he was right, many of the most eminent scientists of the day refused to accept it. Thus we see the wheels of progress clogged and retarded at every turn by those who fondly imagine they are *practical.* The wildest dreamer that ever lived never, in his most ecstatic and dreamiest of moods, imagined anything half so ridiculous as those who think they can lay down a line beyond which the human intellect cannot go. The impossibilities of yesterday are the possibilities of today. When we hear these people talk, we are forcibly reminded of the time when Galileo was placed in prison and loaded with chains because he told them that their idol of immaculate purity was covered with spots. But when the telescope had proved that sun-spots were not myths, and when the heavens had been mapped and each star assigned its particular place, these people again dropped back into the old rut and said that science had reached the end of its tether and had nothing more to discover. But the spectroscope appeared on the scene, letting daylight through their pet hobby again. With it the most distant stars can be analyzed just as certainly as geologists can analyze the different strata of the earth. It is true that many substances have been

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discovered that are unknown here, but only a few years ago two metals were discovered in the sun that are known to exist here. Photographic plates have been made so sensitive that systems of stars have been photographed in parts of the heavens where the eye aided with the most powerful telescopes can see nothing but patches of light. With all these facts, and thousands of others that might be accumulated, how can anyone imagine he knows what can and what cannot be done?

A great many theories have been utterly groundless and contained very few kernels of truth; but, instead of laughing at and discouraging the dreamers, why not encourage them? Let them hold up their theories before the eyes of the world. If they have any weak spots, these will be merely the windows through which the light of truth will surely shine. Cast their theories into the mill of public opinion, extract and save the kernels of truth, but throw the chaff to the winds. Out of all this chaos of conflicting ideas and beliefs will come peace and order. The darkest hour is just before the dawn.

An old saying has been handed down to us from our ancestors, that there always have been hewers of wood and drawers of water, and that there always will be. That there always have been is a fact, but I shall have to take exception to the latter. There was a time when man tilled the soil with the rudest kind of a wooden plough and the worst apology for a team to draw it. Now ploughing is done with the most improved steel ploughs propelled by steam, and when the grain ripens another machine cuts, threshes, and puts it into bags ready to be drawn away. If the rudest kind of labor can be brought down to such perfection as this, what cannot be done in the mechanical world? We can go into almost any factory and see boys and girls, with the aid of machinery, doing work that formerly required the most skilled mechanics. With all our modern improvements, can anyone for a single instant imagine that the onward march of progress will stop here? New inventions are being made every day, and we ought by this time to have conclusive evidence that all labor is purely

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mechanical, and not only can but ultimately will be done by purely mechanical means. And for anyone to say that our competitive system will exist as long as the human race is far more ridiculous than it would be to say that we are going to give up all our improvements and go back to the primitive methods and customs of our ancestors. For in that not very distant day in the future, when all labor will be performed by machinery, how will it be possible for one class of society to earn its livelihood by laboring for any other class?

"Westward the star of empire wends its way." But in the Americas it has completed the circle and can go no farther. There are no more vast continents to discover and people; and our present civilization is spreading and growing until she will soon have reached the zenith of her power. And since we know that life is a process of evolution, that when a thing has grown to maturity and accomplished its object it dies, we can readily see that when our country is thickly settled with inhabitants, as it soon will be, and the competitive system shall have fulfilled its purpose, something higher must be evolved or ruin will result.

Our "ship of state" is fast nearing the shoals upon which past civilizations have stranded, and, unless we put hard down the helm and steer clear of danger, history will again repeat itself, and the dark, thick, gloomy pall of ignorance and superstition will once more enshroud our globe. "Shall we, like the wretch who has seen the folly of a thousand errors, still continue to blunder?" No. We have reached a higher state of intelligence than any past civilization ever attained, and we are now prepared for that higher life which has hitherto been denied us. Equality, nationalism, and the brotherhood of man — in a word, that which some call the millennium — is absolutely inevitable.

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SONGS OF BROTHERHOOD.

By Allan Eastman Cross.

3. MEN AND SPIDERS.

Now, walk into my parlor, rare!
  Here 's welcome to a bonny home,
Two reeking rooms, a filthy stair,
And twelve white slaves, a-stitching there,
  You 'll starve, my lass, unless you come.

And so the sweater laughs to spin
  His specious web; for daily bread
Must lure an honest lassie in.
To die of toil were ne'er a sin!
  "One saves her honor so," she said.

And so she yields the sweater power
  To take and break her loyal life;
Her life is all he can devour.
Her soul she saves,— poor, luckless flower,
  That might have been so sweet a wife!

So sweet a wife, or glad a maid,
  If only hunger could not lure
Poor, famished toil to be betrayed,
Or human spiders had not laid
  A web so cruel for the poor.

4. IN BABYLON.

How sadly mute the singer's tongue,
  Within the city wall!
His harp is on the willows hung;
For psalms of beauty go unsung
  Where steps of sorrow fall.

Will no one rise, will no one cry,
  Through cruel Babylon?
Must brothers see their brothers die
To fill the lap of luxury,
  And suffer, suffer on?

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Must brothers do a brother wrong,
  Nor bind his bleeding heart?
Must joy be hoarded by the strong,
While brothers, weaker, suffer long
  For one to take their part?

O race of prophets, rise again
  With old Hebraic fire!
Denounce these tyrannies of pain,
Redeem us from the scourge of gain
  Through cunning wage and hire!

Redeem us from all slaveries
  That mar the social good!
Heal once again these blinded eyes,
That men may see and recognize
  Their common brotherhood.

5. BROTHERHOOD.

Whatever binds our hearts in one
  I herald as divine,—
The common light, the genial sun,
And stars that watch when days are done,
  With social impulse shine.

A common life doth in us move;
  And common forms of prayer,
Unto a common Lord above
Who stirs our hearts with social love,
  Have met me everywhere.

What all may love and all may share
  Hath touch of brotherhood;
Our humblest joys of daily fare,
As well as grace of earth and air,
  Proclaim a common good.

This old, old earth, that holds the dead,
  Is half akin to me,—
It seems to warm beneath my tread,
As if its kindly silence said:
  "Thy world is one with thee."

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"Thy world is one, from star to soul;
Where little children call,
Or where the mighty planets roll,
One spirit animates the whole,
And men are brothers all."

6. TOURIST AND BEGGAR.

Who were those bawling, idle folk
By whom Killiarney's rocks awoke,
Like Titan forges, stroke on stroke?

They shouted loud,— the echoes rang;
They ate and laughed and quaffed and sang
Till nature loathed their noisy clang.

Who are these beggars, penny-bold,
With starving envy of the gold
The rich and idle tourists hold?

They run beside the jaunting car;
They cry for money, following far;
Their rags the hill-side beauty mar.

The twain are brothers, heart to heart
And soul to soul,— yet one must smart
To play through life the pauper's part;

And when the play is o'er to cry:
"Dear God, and must we even die,
Robbed of life's opportunity;

Of joy's fair flowers by leisure brought,
Of life's best powers by worship wrought,
And all that blooms from love and thought;

Of all that happier life endears,
Of all that gladdens pain and tears,
Robbed by our rich and idle peers?"

In our last number it was stated that a National Hymn "may be sung to the tune of America." This was a palpable slip. The tune for this song is an old college tune called "Amici."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Communications for this department must be as short and concise as possible, and upon some subject of general interest to nationalists.
Unless received before the 10th day of the month, it is impossible to promise the insertion of any letter in the next following number of the magazine.
Correspondents are requested not to write on both sides of the paper.

COMMON GROUND.

With all the ferment now going on amongst men in regard to the evils of our present socialism (or unsocialism), and the certainty that a socialism of a different order will be evolved, and the necessity of its being a better one, it is natural that ideas should differ as to what ends should be kept in view, and as to what methods should be pursued. Henry George advocates taxing lands only, and at such rate as will force the holders of vacant lands to use them or to let them go. He advocates taxing lands even up to their full rental value. This is nationalization of land. But here he stops and leaves all else to individualism. We, the nationalists, advocate the nationalization of land *and business* as necessary to the best welfare and development of mankind. Other branches of socialists will advocate other ends by other methods. But there is one common ground upon which we can all meet, one aim in which all agree. That is the return of the land to its rightful owners, the people. The nationalization of land.

Why not then unite on that ground, plan out a campaign with that one end, put up candidates for election on that platform alone? When we have won that battle we can discuss the next movement.

A SINGLE-TAX NATIONALIST.

ANOTHER SUGGESTION.

As the question of a nationalist badge is now on the carpet, I should like to present to my fellow-workers a design consisting of three stalks of wheat, tied with a slender ribbon of the width and color of a blade of grass. The wheat symbolizes the bread which nationalism is to bring to humanity,—not alone material, but intellectual and spiritual bread as well. The blade-of-grass ribbon, of the same color as the young spring vegetation, symbolizes the new life into which humanity is to be re-born by the aid of nationalism, at the close of the long, cruel winter of poverty and social oppression.

Such a badge would suggest, at a glance, the principles for which nationalism stands. It is also susceptible of idealization by the imaginative minds of the poet and the orator. Last, but not least, it readily adapts itself to individual tastes in decoration. This design would show clearly either on broad ribbon badges, where conspicuousness is desirable, or on tiny metal pins like the Grand Army buttons. It could be stamped on one's writing-paper and envelopes, and so be a mute witness for the

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cause with every letter sent out by a nationalist. At state or national conventions, what more beautiful decoration for the hall of meeting than archways and festoons of mingled wheat and grasses, vines, or other verdure? What more effective pleader for our cause with indifferent outsiders? Moreover, it would be inexpensive and easily obtained. Even a laboring man, passing through a field, might pluck three ears of wheat and tie them with a blade of grass, or pin a tiny green leaf around them, and have his badge.

The August number contains Mr. Benson's suggestion of a hive of bees. At first sight this design seemed better than mine, because, as he suggests, it would be decidedly a "type of co-operative industry"; and I was prepared to accept gladly this better design. But it soon occurred to me that a bee-hive is not sufficiently comprehensive. What nationalism will bring about is not more work, but less. Those who are now overworked will, under nationalism, have leisure for mental and spiritual improvement, because part of their work will be given to those who are idle, as well as to those whose present business — like that of bankers and middlemen generally — will be done away with; and also because work everywhere will be systematized. The individual will then develop intellectually and emotionally as he cannot possibly develop under the present terrible rush of business. It seems to me that our badge should emphasize the leisure side as well as the industrial side of nationalism, and for this reason I would ask my fellow-nationalists to consider the badge which I suggest,— three stalks of wheat, tied with a blade-of-grass ribbon.

IDA C. CRADDOCK.

AMBITION THE RULING INCENTIVE.

My article "Ambition the Ruling Incentive" in the June number of the NATIONALIST, has been criticised as containing many fallacies. The trouble with my critic is that he is looking at an ideal society, and I at a real. I recognize that men and women, particularly the young, need stimulation as well as guidance, and that ambition as an element cannot be ignored. I believe the best good will be attained when society is organized with these ends in view. The good things of life should be earned and not granted except to childhood, old age, and sickness. I would have an order of things that will give all equality of opportunity, and then let them work out their own positions. Men are of every grade of development. Some are in the animal or purely emotional state, some have graduated to the intellectual, and some few have arrived to the highest or spiritual,— three conditions through which I hold that all mankind must pass in order to attain to anything like perfect manhood. For the same reason that I would reward merit, I would grade labor, so that good work, sobriety, and attention to duty would be requisite to gain the higher positions. I believe thoroughly in some kind of civil service that will open the door for the early graduation of merit.

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It has been my aim to get at a practicable basis for nationalism. It is comparatively easy to imagine a utopia where everything is beautiful, where all are governed by exalted sentiments and are desirous for the good of all, but in real life we do not find the mass of people of that order. It has been the experience of the writer that even among the people who have the highest reform movements at heart there are differences of opinion, bickerings, and sometimes quarrels, just as among the less developed. This shows that man is in a rudimental state, and makes it apparent that it will be a long time before the mass of the people will arrive at so reasonable a condition as to see and realize that *what is for the good of the whole is for individual good*, and that what is harmful to the community is in reality hurtful to the individual, even though seemingly beneficial to him.

I fail to see the point with regard to the power of money to oppress. I had supposed our scheme contemplated all property, except personal, being the commonwealth of the people, and all trade the business of government, not of individuals. Such being the case, how can money oppress? It is simply relegated to its proper sphere as a medium of exchange, and has no oppressive power whatever. Reverting to the title of my article, I feel that our system needs to be such as will stimulate the rising generation to put forth its most earnest efforts, and grow a cultivated, harmonious people. Believing that sometime in the endless future man is destined to angelhood, I would have a scheme that will put him on the road in that direction. Probably the different forms of government in the past have been necessary and suitable to the time and condition of the race, but I think we may now have an improvement which will accelerate development, and, through co-operative labor, secure economy of individual effort and greater happiness for mankind.

WM. H. RANDALL.

HELP YOURSELVES.

I like Brother Riley's remarks under this head in the August number. This is exactly in the line of the wants and work of our Farmers' Alliance. Form your colonies and come to old Virginia, where land is cheap and the water and air of the purest and best. Right here in Amherst we want at once co-operative boot and shoe, clothing, and other industries. Come with your brains and brawn, we will promise you a hearty welcome, firm support, healthy homes, and a sure market for all your labor-products at "live and let live" prices, without any expense of travelling salesmen, advertising, or useless middlemen. By such small co-operative industries, managed and adapted to the present condition of things, scattered all through the rural districts in the sunny South, more will be done for nationalism, and that much sooner than by any other means. We can very soon save the working women from the clutches of the money "sweaters" if some of them will leave the cities, and others will combine where they are with the cutters and manufacture

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clothing on orders from our alliance. If I can get away from my alliance work and duties here, I shall soon visit the North to lecture especially upon our plan for co-operative industries and business exchanges, and also to present the claims and advantages of our state for colonists.

W. M. EVANS.

A CO-OPERATIVE ESTATE.

If you please, I will suggest through the NATIONALIST that every nationalist in the United States who is in favor of a consolidated nationalists' estate send his name to the office of the magazine. The estate should be founded by the entire membership of the nationalist clubs of the United States, and conducted on about the same plan and for the same objects and purposes as the Kaweah Co-operative Colony of California.

From the number of clubs reported in the NATIONALIST, and from others known to exist but not yet so reported, allowing that there are now from 25,000 to 30,000 members in the United States, only $5 from each member would form a paid-up capital stock of $125,000 to $150,000; and if shares were only $100, the total capital stock would be in the neighborhood of $3,000,000. Shares could be payable $5 quarterly, or $20 a year, making five years' time and only a little over $1.50 per month.

As general improvements should commence as soon as the estate is secured, those of the least means could be set to work at once and pay up their shares from their earnings. Land abounding in natural resources and with a delightful climate can be had in tracts of 1000 to 10,000 acres not over 350 miles from this city (Columbus, O.), at from $2 to $5 per acre. Location, price of lands, plan of operations, etc., can all be determined upon, however, as soon as necessary. The nationalist Capital can then be started with its shops, mills, factories, etc.

Outlying villas and extensive gardens, farms, and pastures can be prepared as fast as possible; while a line of railway running to the nearest best shipping point could also be profitably added.

As names are sent in, they can be given in the NATIONALIST, so that all may know how the enterprise is progressing. Votes of all clubs to decide all business. Real co-operation or nothing.

S. W. MERCHANT.

[We have inserted the two foregoing communications, as we wish to give all our correspondents reasonable opportunity for expressing their views as to the remedies for the injustice of our present social system. We must, however, refer our two friends and their readers to a letter from Mr. John E. Collins, and to an article headed "A Mistaken View of Nationalism," in our last number, and we would remind them that, as we have there said, "it is a misconception of our grand objects to think that nationalistic principles can be proved or disproved by any voluntary groupings of individuals in social and industrial settlements, where all shall share equally in labor and in reward."—Ed.]

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Questions for this department must be brief, and of some general interest to nationalists. Replies are solicited and will be noticed when received; they should, in all cases, be introduced by the number of the question answered.

Communications should be received by the 10th day of the month, or insertion in the next following number of the magazine cannot be guaranteed.

11.— Upon what should the exchange value of anything depend, and for what reason? S. W. M.

12.—(1) Can anyone give me the names of the English periodicals which are devoted to a consideration of economic and social questions, particularly those of a socialistic tendency? (2) Is the word *nationalist* in England applied exclusively to those who are seeking to obtain home-rule for Ireland? W. W. S.

13.— Does not Brother Riley confound nationalism with communism in his letter "Help Yourselves," in the number for August? Will some of your readers give us a clear idea of the distinction between the two?

A CONSTANT READER.

[This question was evidently written before receiving the last number. If our correspondent will refer to page 101 of that number, he will find, we think, a satisfactory answer to his questions.—Ed.]

14.— Do nationalists as a body approve of strikes as a measure for obtaining a redress of the grievances of working men and women? If not, what means do they advocate as a substitute for them?

A SUFFERER.

15.— Can any fellow-reader of the NATIONALIST inform me as to the number of members in the various trades-unions of the United States, England, France, and Germany respectively? W. J. S.

16.— Who are the leading writers upon finance in America and England, and what foreign works upon this subject have been translated into English? T. S. F.

ANSWERS.

3.— I think *now* is the time to organize the "industrial army." Each nationalist club should "squad" the members according to their employment. The senior of each squad to be charged with the enrollment of all kin-employés in his school or voting district. C. A. B.

3.— According to my understanding of the situation, the regiments, brigades, and grand divisions of the "National Industrial Army" are already organized under the flags of the different labor organizations throughout the country, and I believe nearly every soldier is a nationalist,

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although it is very probable not one in ten ever heard of nationalism, or the "nationalist programme."

When the "National Federation of Labor" is formed, as it must and will be if industrial slavery is to be abolished, the nucleus of the future industrial army will have been *completely* organized, and instead of actual warfare we shall see our capitalistic kings tumbling over one another in their rush to unload their bonds, stocks, and water on Uncle Sam.

What a grand opportunity is now presented for our labor leaders to perfect this organization! Should not nationalists bend their energies in this direction? SPARKS.

7.— Yes. Some outward visible mark for recognition,— nothing else; but *candor* in all our intercourse. No secresies. A suggestion for badge, — the letter "N" in plain block type, white on blue ground encircled with red. C. A. B.

7.— I should say that for nationalists, as an organization, a badge would have no value whatever, and I think as A. Z. suggests, we can all spend our time much better in doing necessary and valuable work than in devising badges. L. STUART.

9.— One of the officers of the eastern group (New York City and vicinity) has taken occasion, while on a business trip to San Francisco, to visit the Kaweah Colony, and his first impressions are favorable, and he finds that the reports of the condition of the colony, as published in the *Kaweah Commonwealth*, are correct, so far as his information now extends. Upon his return he will make an exhaustive report to the group. The group does not wish to be annoyed with questions prompted by mere curiosity, but will endeavor to answer persons interested in practical co-operation. Ralph W. Pope, 12 West 31st Street, New York city, is corresponding secretary of the eastern group. Laurence Gronlund has been elected general secretary of Kaweah Colony, and was to leave New York City for the colony on August 9th. His election was urged by the retiring secretary, J. J. Martin. G. W. H.

10.— Originally "Brook Farm" was started as an educational and industrial school under the name of "The Brook Farm Institution for Agriculture and Education." The names of the incorporators I have. Of those who signed the first agreement, Maria J. Pratt, of Concord, Mass., is the only one living. Of those who first subscribed to the stock Charles A. Dana, of New York City, is living also. Of those who became members afterward there are living in Boston and vicinity Mr. John S. Dwight, Mr. John Orvis and wife, Mr. J. Butterfield and wife, Mr. John Sawyer and wife, Mr. H. B. Trask. and others. There is no complete list of members in existence. JOHN T. CODMAN.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Industrial Democracy.

In the *Forum* for August the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott had a valuable contribution on "Industrial Democracy." Dr. Abbott is one of the prominent men in religious circles, who is alive to the need of industrial reform and works earnestly in that direction. The value of his journal, the *Christian Union*, as a medium for the discussion of the industrial and economic questions which constitute the most vital issues of the day, is inestimable. But Dr. Abbott's quality of mind is such that, with all his earnestness, his views cannot have the weight of authority belonging to a real leader of thought. He lacks positiveness; is too hesitating, too temporizing, in his attitude. He is too willing to put up with the old panacea of "regulation" of industry by the state, without actual administration,—a cumbersome and wasteful method, for it necessitates the employment, by private enterprise, of one set of men to do the work, and, by the state, of another set to see that it is done rightly. Dr. Abbott gives a good definition of *Industrial Democracy:* "A system of industry founded upon, and effectually applying, the principle that wealth is of the people, should be for the people, and must eventually be administered and controlled by the people." This means nothing less than complete nationalization of industry. A man who can state the end so clearly as in this sentence ought to be able to see that his suggested "regulative" measures admirably illustrate how not to get there; for the same energy of effort that they would require would, if expended upon finding the way directly to the end sought, completely solve the problem. There are, of course, many and serious obstacles to be overcome, but a wise path-maker throws such obstacles on one side and does not pile them up ahead of him to impede his advance. When a ship has a fair wind, when it can go direct, what is the use of beating the way?

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THE DANGER OF A PLUTOCRACY.

"There are fifty men in this country who have it in their power to control the currency of the United States, control her commerce, and at a day's notice stop every wheel in the whole territory of the United States," was the self-complacent utterance of a powerful capitalist at a dinner some time ago. A better illustration of the dangerous trend of things in this country could not be found. It gives ample justification for the note of warning sounded by those who see the danger of a plutocracy, and is a sufficient answer to those blind optimists who fail to discover any danger in this concentration of wealth. The framers of our Constitution were keenly alive to the evils of an aristocratic government, in which the welfare and happiness of the people depend upon the will of a single ruler, and they wisely sought to guard against the possibility of so dangerous a concentration of power. The checks and balances contained in that instrument were so well adapted to accomplish the object sought that there was reason for believing that by it equal rights for all were guaranteed for all time. But causes were silently operating which almost imperceptibly brought about an evil which could not be foreseen, and we are now face to face with the greatest problem that we, as a nation, have had to solve. It is the economic question, the relation that labor and capital should sustain to each other in the protection and distribution of the manifold articles that are necessary in our complex modern civilization. That great inequality exists no one can deny, and that capital is possessed of a dangerous power is shown by the quotation from the remarks of one of those favored individualists. So grave is the situation that people of every class should seriously consider the best means of averting the danger that confronts us. Can there be a peaceable solution of this difficulty? Unquestionably, if met in the right spirit; if selfishness can be replaced by a desire to deal justly and equitably with our fellow-beings; and if we concede to others that which we claim for ourselves, which is the very essence of justice.

MUNICIPAL LIGHTING.

The gas and electric light monopolies of Massachusetts that secured the killing of the Municipal Lighting bill in the Senate, after its endorsement by the Supreme Court and its passage through the House by an overwhelming majority, will probably find their purchased victory a barren one. The town of Peabody has taken action that bids fair to outwit them. Peabody has recently decided to establish an electric plant

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for public lighting, *and the surplus electricity is to be sold to private consumers.* There is no law to prevent a town's selling its surplus product of any kind. The action of Peabody will, of course, be bitterly contested by the opposing monopolies. It is not likely that the line of a municipality's right to dispose of its surplus will be drawn at electricity when the court passes upon the question. There is an important decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court which recognizes the principle that it makes no difference how large the surplus produced by a town may be, or to what use it is put, so long as the main purpose of the service is public use. That is "the Lowell market-house decision" of Chief Justice Shaw, who held not only that the town had the right to build the market-house but that, so long as the main purpose of the building was that of a market, the question of how large it should be, and of the use to which the part not needed for market purposes should be put, was a matter resting entirely with the discretion of the town authorities. This principle, established in the case of the market-house surplus, so to speak, applies equally well to every surplus. Peabody therefore sets an example which any municipality is apparently free to follow, and gas or electricity may, under the common rights of a community to serve itself, be sold to private consumers. It is evident that the more gas or electricity there is sold to private consumers the cheaper will the municipality get its public lighting. It is, therefore, for the public advantage to have that surplus product made as large as possible; and with the growth of the demand, the capacity to produce that surplus may be correspondingly increased. The capacity of a municipality to supply its inhabitants is thus practically unlimited. That is sound sense, and "sound sense" is said to be the definition of sound law.

The True Use of Land.

The true use of land is admirably defined by Captain Richard J. Hinton in an article on "Co-operation and Land Culture," in the last number of the *Woman's Cycle.* "Farm life," he says, "is largely an isolated existence, and must remain so until a revolution prevails in agricultural ideas and intellect. Life on the land can be made co-operatively attractive when holdings are smaller, when residences are aggregated at centres of cultivation, when intensive farming takes the place of extensive possession, and the use of land as a tool for economic advancement becomes a dominating conception, in place of the earth-hunger and desire of control which now exists." He points to the

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tendency towards co-operative land culture promoted by the reclamation of arid lands by irrigation, which is now making wonderfully fertile large areas in the far West, and which promises to convert vast desert tracts into a marvellously rich and densely populated domain,— an empire in itself. The conditions of irrigation necessitate co-operation to a large extent, and California and the territories of the great basin are the seat of the most successful experiments in co-operative cultivation on this continent. The Mormons, for instance, not only in Utah, but in Arizona, New Mexico, and elsewhere, have literally made the desert blossom as the rose. They have established the co-operative principle as the essential condition of agriculture in that region, and their marvellous prosperity — the rapidity with which their communities have risen from poverty to wealth — is one of the strongest possible demonstrations of the practical value of that principle. Their example shows that human nature does not "have to be changed." For the Mormons are recruited from the most ordinary levels of humanity. They are ignorant and superstitious. But the necessities of their environment forced them to adopt the co-operative principle, and that is the key to their success. They are prosperous and happy, and co-operation cannot fail to lift them eventually out of the thralldom of their religion and make them intelligent and free. Agriculture, under the intensive form which irrigation requires, is wholly different from isolated farming, with its lonely, anti-social conditions. The tillers of the land can live in compact communities, with all the advantages of intimate social intercourse, and the working of the soil under such surroundings ceases to be toil and becomes pleasure.

Some Early Fruits.

"Looking Backward" has already had an influence on popular thought so widespread that it has become a custom in Europe as well as in America to couple Mr. Bellamy's name with almost every advance towards the realization of a better standard in general material comfort and convenience as well as social organization. Although some of these advances are hardly due to the influence of Mr. Bellamy's book, it is nevertheless true that, in showing the great economy and the increased well-being to be gained from co-operative endeavor, that work has undoubtedly inspired the friends of co-operation with fresh courage and zeal, and given a strong impetus to new efforts in its direction. The readiness to credit Mr. Bellamy with the origination of these things is a

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recognition of the great influence and power of his work in presenting the subject to thousands and thousands of minds which had never before given it attention. For instance, the establishment of a glass-covered sidewalk in a new street in London is hailed by the press of the British metropolis as a realization of Mr. Bellamy's "public umbrella." Its announcement in this form calls the attention of the entire world to an improvement which otherwise would have received hardly more than local attention. From Berlin also comes a cable despatch to the American newspapers that "Opera performances *à la* Bellamy are the newest wrinkle. They are given, or rather heard, at the Urania club-house, and the postmaster-general, who is also head of the telegraph department, is the leader of the innovation, for it was the imperial telegraph office which organized telephone connections between the Royal Opera House and the clubrooms, by means of four strong bronze wires fastened at a distance from all other wires strung in the same direction. Twelve telephones allow us to hear the opera in a round room specially set apart for the purpose. The orchestra sounds somewhat weak, as it is situated underneath the stage in the opera house. The female voices are heard to the best advantage; in fact, the higher notes are heard best all around. The bass is least understood, the words seeming perfectly unintelligible. The chorus comes clear over the wires, and the orchestra was also translated fairly well. The distance between the Urania and the opera house is three kilometres, about one and a half miles. The opera telephone will be opened to the public from next week."

The significance of this step by the German post-office is its demonstration of the readiness with which a nationally organized service responds to any idea by which it can serve popular convenience, or promote the general comfort and pleasure. The postmaster-general of Germany, Herr Stefan, is ever on the alert to increase the efficiency of his department and find new means to make it of greater service to the public. The telephone service of the country, under postal management, is so thoroughly organized that the new pleasure of music by telephone will not only be available to the Berlin public, but it will largely increase the revenues of the department.

THE ICARIANS.

One of the notable social movements that, in the earlier days of the present century, heralded the advent of the well formulated principles that find their completest exposition in the doctrines of nationalism was

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that of the Icarians. Following the lead of the brilliant and great-souled French author, Cabet, the Icarians attempted to realize the ideals set forth in his book, "A Journey in Icaria." Icaria was the first of the utopias which men actually set themselves the task of bringing into existence. But even in socialistic endeavor the deep-rooted individualism of the age found expression, and the followers of Cabet deemed that a colony, after the manner of the various detached communistic organizations established in different parts of this country, could be made instrumental in giving effect to the principles enunciated in a book which was the most noteworthy forerunner of "Looking Backward." Nationalists, however, see clearly that nothing short of the broad field of a nation is sufficient for the successful carrying out of such ideas. The experiment of the Icarians, who came from France, was first carried into execution in this country in Illinois, at Nauvoo, the abandoned city of the Mormons, and then in Iowa. Mr. Albert Shaw, writing of Icaria, and alluding to a German community in Iowa, the largest and most prosperous of existing communities, says: "Its history is as superior to that of Amana for the student of social science as the history of Greece is to that of China for the study of political science." In the *Open Court* there has recently been a very interesting and sympathetically written sketch of Icaria, by Madame E. Fleury-Robinson, a lady whose parents came from France and joined the colony when she was a child. It appears that a leading mistake of the Icarians was the common one of too great a disposition toward sumptuary regulation; interfering with purely personal matters like dress, etc., and not leaving sufficient play for the individuality, as demanded by differences in taste and temperament,—differences that nationalism takes wisely into account. It is instructive to learn that the contentions that arose and divided the colony were never based upon matters of principle, but merely upon those of procedure. This appears to be the case in most organizations; it is over non-essentials that serious differences are most likely to arise. The perception of this should teach us that in the work of organization care must be taken to constitute the structure so as to leave the freest play for discussion upon procedure in a manner that shall not affect the integrity of the fabric itself. Madame Fleury-Robinson says that "the experiment of Icaria certainly developed the intellect of all its members, and proved that a society can exist without pauperism, intemperance, or crime. Many of the adherents to this cause developed a character, and a high purpose in life, such as few men

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under other circumstances attain to. It proved that selfishness and competition are not a necessary foundation of society as many affirm." And she concludes: "As men advance to higher stages of culture this way of living will be more possible, and I believe will more and more be tried, and more and more succeed." The main remnant of the Icarians is now in California, where a community is established under the name of Icaria-Speranza. Its prospects are said to be excellent. California has a climate and soil peculiarly favorable to experiments of this kind, and the future of Icaria-Speranza will be watched with interest. A colony founded upon so noble a beginning, and progressively ready to correct its early mistakes, ought to become a valuable centre for the diffusion of the broader principles of nationalism in a state where they have already found exceptional favor.

THE LIVERPOOL TRADE-UNION CONGRESS.

The rapidity with which labor questions have developed during the past few years is strikingly illustrated by the congress recently held in Liverpool, England. At this convention there were 457 delegates, representing 311 societies, and, as nearly as can be estimated, 1,470,191 members, all of whom are workingmen. This is a great advance upon anything of the kind in the history of labor movements. But this was not all. The general public felt so great an interest in the proceedings that every inch of space not occupied by the delegates was taken up by listeners and spectators, who received with favor and applause the most radical utterances. As the president remarked in his opening speech: "Obviously, the future is for labor, everyone admits this,— the politician who coquets for the working-class vote, the capitalist who fears it, and the philanthropist who patronizes it."

One portion of this inaugural address is sufficiently important to warrant our quoting it in full, showing as it does how nationalism is in the air, and its principles are spreading even over the whole earth. After referring in spirited terms to the special grievances of the British workman, arising chiefly from the fact that his interests were necessarily misunderstood in a parliament composed of millionaires and land owners, he proceeded to say: —

So long as the land question remained as it was, so long would employers have an inexhaustible fund from which to draw recruits wherewith to oppose organized labor. Then they were all familiar with the stupendous damage done to the state by the fact that the greater portion of our food supply must be obtained from abroad, whereas the production of it at home would

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not only retain for this country a fabulous amount of money, but would give opportunity to tens of thousands of their unemployed. This question of land reform should be kept well to the front at all elections, as its settlement was fraught with the most momentous consequences to their children. The only effective and lasting solution was land nationalization. As part and parcel of the land question was the future of our railways and mines, the magnitude of the commercial mismanagement of our railway system was a matter of public concern. Not only did they find that their servants were overworked and poorly paid, but the diverse and often extortionate goods rates had a baneful influence on the trade of the country. These railways could with advantage be worked by the state. Nor was there any valid reason why the nationalization of our mines should not be brought about. The annual landlord tax of something like five and a half millions in the shape of royalties, way leaves, etc., was a gross iniquity. Labor would touch with a healing hand the poor laws, would take from spasmodic charity the care of the sick, the blind, and the maimed, and let hospitals and similar institutions be maintained by the state; it would cure the sweating system by the creation by municipalities of workshops, factories, etc., which would be open to inspection; and it would not allow honors and dignities to be monopolized by the accident of birth. The principle of federation was one of the characteristics of the times.

This address was certainly one of the most progressive that has introduced the proceedings of any labor congress that we know of, and will give a great impetus in England, and indeed wherever it may be read, to the cause of the relief of suffering humanity. Among so large a body of men, of whom nearly everyone would be an earnest advocate of certain measures which he, by dint of hard thinking, had evolved and come to regard as the special means of gaining a desired result, it is natural that there should be a wide diversity of opinions expressed, and some warmth manifested in their advocacy. Everything, however, tended to show that "the leaven is working," and that, even in conservative England, where class privileges are perhaps more deeply rooted than in any other land upon our globe, the principles of nationalism are taking root. It is also made clear that these principles do not constitute a mere vagary of one or more individuals desiring to contrive a patent remedy for an imaginary disease, but that they are the natural outgrowth of past and present conditions, the inevitable results next in succession in the direct line of the evolution of human society.

Overcrowding of the Poor.

The death of a poor child in London, and the evidence given at the resultant coroner's inquest, has again called public attention to the hor-

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rible manner in which the poor are compelled to huddle together in their dwellings. In the case in question the parents of the child, who were Russian Poles, and had three other children living with them, occupied one room, and in this room they let lodgings. We have all heard of the grim old joke about five tenants occupying one room—one in each corner and the fifth in the middle — and getting on very well until the middle one took a lodger. We scarcely thought, however, that we should live to hear of a worse horror of its kind existing as a fact in our midst. We naturally think at once about how it could be done and why it should be necessary. The why is clear. The poor Pole earned three shillings per week and paid away exactly that amount for the rent of his room. But how could it be done? This required some management, and here is the way in which it was managed. During the day the husband was away at his work and the wife consented to go out also with her four children, so that she could let her room to two laborers whose occupation required their services at night. By this means she raised another seventy-five cents a week, which had to serve for the support of the entire family. No wonder that the entire family refused to be supported upon this pittance, that the infant died of starvation, and that the mother, as the coroner remarked, "looked incapable of suckling a child, and indeed appeared hardly able to keep body and soul together."

We call attention to this neither for the gratification of pruriency nor because we regard it as a piece of pleasant reading. This particular case occurred in London, but we much doubt if its parallel cannot be found in any large city, and it is well for us not to shut our eyes to facts, but to encounter them boldly and deal with them fearlessly and feelingly, first endeavoring to learn the true lesson that they teach. Many are the agitators who cry out against these things, but declamation is not enough. We must endeavor to find a remedy, and we must not cease our essay until the remedy is found. If our compassion is not strong enough to make us persevere in the task, then indeed must the remedy be wrung from our shame.

The Pole in question was a working baker; and, while he made bread for others to eat, could not get sufficient to satisfy his own hunger. It is evident that under a nationalized system of industries such a horror could not exist. We may be sure that the master for whom he worked did not see *his* family suffering for the want of bread. As this man was but one of several employed in the establishment, we may safely assume that, of every employé's earnings, the employer took to himself sufficient

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to supply himself with not only the necessaries but also some of the luxuries of life. With nationalism installed as the basis of all business transactions, every worker will have an equitable portion of what he earns, and this will certainly spare us the pain of listening to the recital of scenes so painful as this poor mother's want and her infant's death.

But sad as the incident is the exposure of it is not unattended with good. It is one of those things which appear necessary to open people's eyes to what is passing around and among them, and to lead them to think about the remedy. Upon the case in question, the churchwarden of a fashionable West-end parish is led to write thus strongly to a London daily paper: "The only real and lasting remedy is to be found in the destruction of our present ungodly, anarchical land-holding system. At present every penny given in charity and in out-door relief goes to form what is practically a rent-guarantee fund, while most of the money spent in many philanthropic works and public improvements goes to enrich ground-landlords. We are sending hundreds of children from this parish for a fortnight into the country at the charge of our ancient charity funds. Every recommendation I give is imparted in the hope that the child may return with the seed of that "divine discontent" sown in its little soul that shall one day help to destroy the system that makes the present degrading misery." Truly, out of evil comes good. However sad and cruel to the individual it may be, every incident that leads to the sowing of seed like this in such ground is of general good. It opens the eyes of the blind, and hastens the era of the brotherhood of humanity.

ATTITUDE OF THE PRESS.

The progress which nationalism is making, far beyond the first expectations of its most ardent supporters, has a character which gives the most substantial encouragement. For, while many bitterly oppose and deny its principles, and attempt to create prejudice by stigmatizing its supporters with epithets such as visionaries, enthusiasts, theorists, communists, socialists, or anarchists, and by asserting that all attempts to put it into practice must prove fatal, the almost axiomatic good sense of these principles, when applied concretely, disarms opposition. This very con-

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junction of hostility and approval vindicates the wisdom of the course which has guided the nationalists from the start. By all honorable means they strive to arouse in men the feeling of brotherhood, the feeling that each man is born into a larger relationship; believing that this feeling, when once thoroughly aroused, will lead men to revolt from and crush out that individualism which cries: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Still further, it is the purpose of nationalists to make it clear that, in industrial pursuits, more will be accomplished by each and for all, by co-operation with its orderly united efforts for common ends, than by competition based upon a disorganized and antagonistic struggle, each for himself. While using every endeavor to spread these principles, the course pursued by the nationalists has been to advocate their application only when and where their practical utility is so apparent that a growing public sentiment demands it. So that today, in advocating the public control of certain great industries, we have the support and approval of men who do not recognize the validity of our general principles. Thus the application of nationalistic principles to three great industries has become the subject of popular demand,— the ownership of the railroads by the nation, the higher and more extensive education of children by the state, and the manufacture of gas and electricity by the municipality.

In reading these monthly surveys of the Attitude of the Press, it is well to bear this in mind. For not infrequently the editor finds a paper in which one editorial will most bitterly denounce the "theories" of the nationalists and another will advocate the application of these theories to some particular industry. The diverse ways in which the spread of nationalism is affecting public opinion may be judged from the following extracts bearing upon our competitive system of industry: —

"In this year 1890 the United States will waste more than a billion of money in commissions, percentages, margins, and fluctuations in paper values. Some men will be plunged from affluence into poverty, while others will be raised from beggary to wealth. Orphans will be left penniless, and widows and old men and women destitute, by the devilish machinations of the money market. In the pursuit of gold men will rob, lie, cheat, steal, and murder. Twenty years hence, under a humane system, by the free interchange of useful commodities and service, through the medium of national good-will towards the individual, and individual good-will towards the nation, every person will get all that goes to make up a liberal living. It can be done. Think for a moment what this system of the nationalization of wealth means. It means that no man

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shall be a beggar, a pauper, or a slave; that no man shall be elevated any higher than the esteem of his fellows alone will place him. It means in particular the doing away of artifice and sham, of the waste and extravagance of modern business methods, whereby fifty competing firms try to out-lie, out-cheat, and out-general for the trade of a town which might be supplied at one-tenth the expense by government agencies, carrying better and cheaper goods in sample stock."— *Manchester Telegram*, N. H.

"The word over-production marks a defect in the existing order of things. There is no over-production so long as anyone needs any part of the product. But that need always exists. Then something is amiss when you talk of over-production so long as people need and want. The trouble is in private ownership of the producing forces, or of production. The private owners of these forces have constantly to fear the loss of what they have. So each is careful to keep production inside of the people's needs, and thus sell what he makes and save himself from loss. Now, it is clear that what is needed is to take from production this fear of individual loss which limits production. The way to do that may be to abolish private ownership of production, or producing forces. If not the individual but the people owned production there would be no danger of individual loss by over-production. The people could produce up to the limit of all need without fear or loss."— *Daily Gate City*, Iowa.

"It is inevitable that wealth and luxury on one side and poverty and misery on the other will sooner or later come into conflict, and that the former will go down under the assaults of the latter. Let the masses once grasp the fact that underneath our nineteenth-century civilization is a cankerous growth kept alive by statutes and customs founded on these statutes, and it will not be long before the remedy is applied."— *News*, Detroit, Mich.

It is encouraging to see how the wage-earners, continually beaten back by the capitalists in their efforts to better their condition, are turning toward the idea of social industrial organization for the whole people.

"When once it is realized that nothing but the complete overthrow of the competitive system and its manifold phases of oppression and exploitation can permanently and finally settle the labor problem, the movement will be lifted to a higher plane, and systematized efforts to abolish the fundamental causes and conditions of industry will take the place of spasmodic and half-hearted attempts to modify some of the acuter symptoms of social disorder. The individualism inculcated by Henry George in all matters other than that of land ownership, and by the

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philosophical anarchistic school, is contrary to the only system by which the cruel injustice and the hardships of competitive methods can be abolished. We have faith that the better it is understood the more surely will the sublime idea of social organization, embracing every form of industry and regulating every detail of production and distribution for the equal benefit of all, supersede every less comprehensive and less humanitarian conception of social progress."—*Journal of the Knights of Labor.*

At a recent banquet of the New York State Bar Association, Robert J. Ingersoll said: "I regard the world as a ship making this voyage through this mysterious ether, and upon that ship there are a few cabin passengers and there are a great many steerage, and I believe when the steerage is out of food by reason of stress and storm that the cabin ought to divide, and I believe if the cabin will not divide, the steerage will make it divide. I am not a believer in taking the property of the rich and giving it to others; but let us see. We are invited this very night to this banquet. There ought to have been a chair, and there was, and a plate for each. Suppose when we arrived here we found that to a certain nobleman or millionaire they had given fifty seats, and forty-nine gentlemen were compelled to stand. The forty-nine gentlemen would pass a resolution in favor of eminent domain. Nature is my mother. I was invited to the great feast of life, and I do not propose to stand while there is a seat in the world that another fellow is not occupying." Col. Ingersoll would very likely repudiate nationalism, but such convictions carried to their logical conclusion lead no other way.

Competition, as an active factor in industrial life, dates from the introduction of machinery into manufacturing and agricultural pursuits; with us a period of over one hundred years. The changes it has effected have been brought about so slowly and insidiously that, down to modern times, those taking place in a single generation have been slight. But could a people pass in a decade from some other system of industry into the competitive system, its baneful influence on character and its inequity in wealth distribution would be emphasized. Unfortunately for one people this has taken place in our own time. Japan is undergoing this change, and its intelligent people are alive to the injury it is doing them.

"According to the Japan mail, the changes that are steadily taking place in the distribution of wealth in that country are beginning to cause serious uneasiness to the more intelligent portion of the nation. A leading native paper, lately discussing the subject, remarks that in consequence of the disappearance of the feudal restriction on the freedom of

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commerce and industry, and of the introduction of improved means of locomotion and correspondence, there is an increasing tendency of the wealth of the country toward larger centres of business. Should things go on at this rate, Japan will sooner or later become, so to speak, the victim of brain congestion. The malady is not confined to the accumulation of wealth of Tokio and other important towns. It is equally noticeable that capital is constantly passing into the hands of a small number of individuals. To substantiate this assertion the Tokio *Journal* refers to the steady decrease in the number of persons having the right of election to local assemblies. It next gives a table pointing to an alarming increase of the poor. In 1882 persons receiving public relief, on account of age, sickness, and the like, aggregated 6047, but the number steadily increased until it reached 15,199 in 1887."— *The Times.*

State ownership and management of railroads is one of the practical applications of nationalism which is meeting the approval of many who reject the theory. It is finding its way into party platforms, and is discussed as a practical measure in influential journals. The recent exhaustive and well-written article in the Boston *Herald* on the Hungarian Zone system is an important contribution to the subject. The Chicago *Tribune*, speaking in the interest of monopoly, published not long since a savage attack upon the proposal of President Blackstone of the Chicago & Alton R. R. that the Federal government become the owner of our railroad system. (*Our* railroad system! How instinctively we express the fundamental fact that the real ownership of the railroads is in the people.) This attack is well answered by the elaborate symposium on the subject which appears in a recent number of the New York *Independent*. The writers who contribute their views are Hon. Cassius M. Clay, ex-minister to Russia; Rev. Edward Everett Hale; Prof. Richard T. Ely, a railway manager; W. D. Dabney, of the Inter-State Commission; and John P. Meany, editor of *Pool's Railway Manual*.

Hon. Cassius M. Clay writes: "Shall the people own the railroads or the railroads the people? If the government resume its right of eminent domain over the highways by paying a fair value for the railroads, and run them as Germany, Austria, and Russia do, there can be no more strikes, as there are none in other departments of the national government."

The editorial on this symposium is no less significant as the opinion of an influential paper. "It is to be observed that every step taken is toward government control; and if we may judge from the trend of things, that will be the result."

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NEWS OF THE MOVEMENT.

The doctrine of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you has been considered a very good one for over 1800 years. It has been regarded as a sort of *seventh day* or day of rest doctrine,— a nice doctrine to contemplate from an intellectual standpoint, but a very poor business precept.

Business is something that has been considered outside the pale of sentiment. It has had its own doctrine of ethics, surrounded on all sides by selfishness. Scholars and students in general have felt its debasing influence, but have succumbed to what has been considered inevitable. "What 's mine 's mine! and what 's yours will be mine if I can get it!" is about the sum of this philosophy.

People are beginning to realize the injustice of this principle. The idea that everybody can succeed and attain a competence under the present industrial system is beginning to look foolish. People are waking up to the fact that there is something radically wrong in the present system. They are beginning to think that the brotherhood principle, that is so nice on Sunday, might work if tried the other six days of the week. The people are beginning to see that this life of theirs is worth something to them, that if it could be lived under proper conditions the possibilities of it would be far greater, and that, if this element of selfishness were eliminated from their lives, their happiness would be incomparably greater. That is one reason why this principle of nationalism is taking so deep a hold on the people. That is also the reason why so many people are organizing themselves throughout the country into nationalist clubs. And it is pleasant to record that the interest in the movement does not abate one particle. It seems to plough its way through the country. It is manifesting itself by the people's taking a keener interest in local government, in the granting of public franchises, in the character of the men who are chosen to govern or represent them in a legislative capacity, and in the character of the persons who are selected to educate their children.

Here in Massachusetts the nationalists have nearly perfected their league, for the purpose of working in a more definite manner in regard to state and local matters. The committee appointed to draft a constitution has reported, and as reported it has been adopted by several of the clubs. The constitution stipulates that the membership of the league shall consist of clubs containing ten members or over; that each club shall be

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entitled to one delegate at large and one additional delegate for each twenty-five members; that the expenses of the league are to be met by a per capita tax of fifty cents a year to be collected quarterly; that the officers shall consist of an executive committee consisting of one member from each club, chosen by the several clubs within two months of each annual convention; a secretary and a treasurer elected by the executive committee for a term of six months, or until successors are elected. No member of the executive committee shall hold an elective office in any club. The executive committee shall elect a chairman at each meeting. The laws and policy of the league can be referred to the entire membership to vote upon on demand of either one-third of the delegates or one-third of the executive committee. Any club shall have the right to recall any representative by majority vote at any time. Any club can by majority vote give its representative an imperative mandate which must be obeyed. The constitution may be amended at any time in convention by a two-thirds vote, or in a referendum by a majority vote.

Judging from the replies received from many of the clubs all over the country in answer to a letter addressed by the secretary of Boston Nationalist Club No. 1 in regard to the propriety of calling a national convention, it would seem that the time was nearly ripe for the taking of some steps in that direction. It would undoubtedly be a great assistance to the movement, and it is to be hoped that the sentiment will favor its being called before long.

Out in California they are forcing nationalism to the front, with all that it means in purer politics, better government, wiser education, and reform in industrial occupations.

In Connecticut the nationalists are doing good work. Rev. F. E. Tower is pushing nationalism in the town of Bristol, where an enthusiastic meeting was addressed on the 10th of September by the secretary of the Boston Club, No. 1; after the meeting some twenty-five new members were elected; while in Rhode Island they are interesting themselves in the child-labor problem and ventilating its miseries. They are also advocating the municipal control of the gas and electric lights; in Kansas they are allying themselves with the farmers and the labor organizations in their attempt to secure better government for the state; in New York the nationalists are very busy. Their work is largely educational at present,—a kind of education that is sadly needed in the city of New York, as indeed in every large and, for that matter, every small city throughout the country. They are endeavoring to teach the

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people how to use their franchises. They are pointing out to them how they have been robbed by selfish combinations and societies organized as public benefactors. They are showing them some of the ways by which the rich grow richer and the poor poorer. They are affiliating with other organizations in this work, and it is to be hoped that they will not lose their identity by so doing.

The same may be said of other sections of the country, from the new state of Washington to Florida. The nationalists are making the people think, and pointing out to them the benefits that will accrue from government established on the principle of the brotherhood of humanity.

As matters relating to the employment of children in factories, mines, and other avenues of labor are of great importance, and of absorbing interest to nationalists, we shall endeavor to give, from month to month, such information as is accessible relating to the legislation bearing upon this subject in the various states, as well as statistics and other matters relating to women and children so employed. As a commencement, we lay before our readers this month a short report of the Seventh Annual National Convention of the Chiefs and Commissioners of Bureaus of Statistics of Labor, which was held at Hartford, Conn., in June, 1889, and at which the following resolution was adopted: —

Resolved, That a standing committee of three, composed of the president, vice-president, and secretary of the convention, is hereby created, whose duty it shall be to select such question or questions as they may deem in their judgment of general interest, to be taken up for investigation by the bureaus of statistics.

The committee named in the above resolution has considered the provisions thereof, and begs to suggest that the subject of child-labor be considered.

From the eleventh census of the United States the main facts as to the number of children employed in the mechanical industries of the United States, and their classification as to age and sex, and may be as to industries, can be ascertained. It would be well at the same time, or for the year 1890 and contemporaneously with the federal census, for each bureau of labor to ascertain and report the facts for its state as shown by the census and all other facts relating to child-labor, such as might result from separate investigations. These supplemental facts should include the laws relating to the employment and education of children; the inspection of factories and workshops, so far as children are concerned; the progress made in the regulation of child-labor; the kinds of labor performed by children; their earnings and rates of wages; whether there is an increase or decrease in the number employed; the prevailing public opinion as to their employment; the influence which their employment has upon the employment and earnings of adults, both male and female; the effect of employment upon the health, morals, and education of children; and such other facts as it may be possible to gather.

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It may be that, to some extent, some or all of the suggested features have been the subject of report by many of the bureaus, but the committee would respectfully suggest that the subject is of such importance that repetition, especially in connection with the facts to be drawn from the eleventh census, will only strengthen and intensify the value of the information.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT,
SAMUEL M. HOTCHKISS,
E. R. HUTCHINS,
} *Committee.*

It is hardly necessary to point out to nationalists the extreme value of such an investigation as is here proposed. But many of the bureaus are making no investigation because the committee's report is not binding. It would be directly in the line of our agitation if the clubs would *all* pass resolutions urging upon their respective state-bureaus the immediate need of this information.

The bureaus of Missouri and Connecticut have already begun the work, and the following circular has been issued by the chief factory inspector of the state of Ohio, showing the employments at which children under the age of sixteen years shall not be engaged:—

Manufacturers and others coming under the Act passed April 8, 1890, "to prevent the engagement of children at such employment whereby their lives and limbs may be endangered, or their health injured, or their morals likely to be impaired," will please adhere to the following:—

"No child under the age of sixteen years shall be employed at sewing belts, nor shall they be permitted to assist in sewing belts in any capacity whatever; nor shall any such child adjust any belt to any machinery; they shall not oil or assist in oiling, wiping, or cleaning machinery in any capacity; they shall not operate or assist in operating circular or band-saws, wood-shapers, wood-jointers, planers, sand-paper or wood-polishing machinery, wood-turning or boring machinery, stamping machines in sheet metal and tin-ware manufacturing, stamping machines in washer and nut factories, operating corrugating rolls, such as are used in roofing or washboard factories; they shall not, in any capacity, operate or assist in operating dough brakes or cracker machinery of any description; they shall not operate any wire or iron-straightening machinery, nor shall they operate or assist in operating rolling-mill machinery, punches or shears, washing, grinding or mixing mills, or calender rolls in rubber manufacturing; they shall not operate or assist in operating, in any capacity, laundrying machinery; *girls under the age of sixteen years shall not be employed in any capacity where such employment compels them to remain standing;* such children shall not be employed in any capacity in preparing composition for matches, or in dipping, dyeing, or packing matches; they shall not be employed in any capacity in the manufacture of paints, colors, or white lead; nor shall such children be employed in any capacity whatever in operating or assisting to operate any passenger or freight elevator; nor shall such children be employed in any

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capacity whatever in the manufacture of goods for immoral purposes; *or any other employment that may be considered dangerous to their lives and limbs.*"

The last legislature also made school attendance to the age of sixteen compulsory for all children not engaged in a regular occupation, and made the appointment of truant officers mandatory.

If these laws are enforced, child-labor will be diminished in Ohio, and school attendance increased. It is not clear why the glass and tobacco industries were omitted from the list of occupations prohibited, as they are certainly injurious to health.

Editor Nationalist.

There have appeared in your magazine within the last few months several notices about the Colorado Nationalist Club, No. 1. As these contain some errors and misstatements about the club and its doings and objects, the undersigned, as the secretary of the club, has been instructed to inform your paper of the most important facts, and to ask for an insertion of the same in an early issue.

The Colorado Nationalist Club, No. 1, was organized March 22, 1890, with six members, and has at this time increased to a membership of seventy-three. The officers of the club are: Jackson Orr, president; Carl H. Schwiete, secretary; J. J. Thommen, treasurer.

Some of the best known and respected citizens of the city of Denver are members of the club; for example: Judge Orr, B. A. Wheeler, M. D., J. F. Martin, M.D., C. W. Varnum, president of business college, W. F. Bradner, M.D., Colonel Montgomery, LL.D., Henry Collins, the celebrated professor of harmony, Editor A. Kaufman, F. E. Plummer, C.S.D., Dr. May Barrington, Dr. Mittie Bradner, Hon. Royal A. Southworth, etc., etc. The club meets every Saturday night, and at these meetings a half-hour speech upon some nationalistic subject is generally delivered and discussed. Besides this the club has now entered into a practical and energetic outside propaganda. Although not in favor of permanently uniting with any other organization, society, or party, we sent delegates to the convention of independent voters, which took place at Denver, Col., August 20, 1890, and have succeeded in passing, in that convention, the adoption of the imperative mandate with respect to the nominees of said convention, as well as a resolution favoring the ownership of land and water by the nation, and condemning the aggressions of the corporations of the state upon private rights.

Another good thing accomplished by this club is the starting of a co-operative library owned by the club and presented by different members. The club favors a strong union of all nationalist clubs of the country, and an aggressive policy, as soon as practicable, in union with the farmers and workers of the country.

CARL H. SCHWIETE, *Secy.*

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LITERARY NOTICES.

The Outcome of Individualism. By J. H. LEVY, late lecturer on Logic and Economics at the Birkbeck Institute and the City of London College. London: P. S. King & Son, 5 King Street, Westminster, S.W.

The mental attitude of apathy and drowsy content with the existing social and industrial condition, which has so long ruled public sentiment in England, has been greatly disturbed within the past year. The doctrines of socialism have penetrated an obdurate mind to such an extent that many of the brightest intellects in Great Britain have yielded to the influence. Quite a large proportion of the writers on political economy can be claimed as adherents to the cause of social reform. It is also a note-worthy fact that many of the political leaders who are trying to guide the British ship of state are trimming sail to catch the coming breeze.

The tendency of opinion on these vital questions is not all in the same direction. For the army of believers in the principles of state socialism the march to victory will not be easy; an opposing force of thought, scientific individualism, holds possession of the opinions of a large body of eminent men and women whom the world has regarded as trusted leaders in all branches of learning.

The individualists and the socialists start from entirely opposite premises in their arguments. The individualist considers man as the unit of intelligent organized life, while the socialist regards the larger living organism, society, as the true unit. The individualist advocates the greatest liberty for the single human atom; but the socialist believes that true happiness for the greatest number can be attained only by self-abnegation on the part of the individual, to the extent needed for the common good of the whole social body.

Several noted works, giving the individualist side of the social question have been issued from the English press during the past year. Chief among these have been the powerful presentations of M. T. Mackay in his book called "The London Poor," and Mr. Woodsworth Donisthorpe's "Individualism." To these may now be added this very strong pamphlet by Mr. Levy. "The Outcome of Individualism" is one of the most logical short treatises on the aims and desires of so-called scientific anarchism that we have seen. It is written in the fairest spirit, and, though its author condemns the socialistic doctrines as radically wrong, and follows Herbert Spencer in holding up the terrors of "the coming slavery," he has indulged but very slightly in the sneering tone which is so common in criticisms of socialism.

Mr. Levy has divided his argument into twelve sections, of which the last contains a general conclusion, in which, while acknowledging that the flowing tide is with socialism, our author deplores the fact with warning words. After reading all that he has said, we must confess that, fairly and well as it is written, one is almost as much in the dark as ever regarding what the first steps toward chaos are to be.

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Money Free to Farmers, a System of a Democratic Currency Without Interest. By DANIEL B. STRONG, Denver, Colorado.

The substance of this pamphlet is as follows: —

Farms in the United States are mortgaged for sums amounting to at least eight to ten thousand millions, on which an annual interest of from six to ten per cent is being paid. Taking, then, the average life of a farmer to be fifty years, it is evident that during a single generation thousands of millions of dollars are paid by farmers as interest alone, to say nothing of the enormous principal.

First mortgages on land are considered the world over the safest kind of security, as good as government bonds, better even than gold or silver. Gold or silver may be stolen or destroyed; mines may be discovered at any moment, pouring such quantities of precious metal into the market that its present value may greatly decrease. On the other hand, land can be neither destroyed nor stolen; the unoccupied lands of the West are becoming scarcer, so that land will rise in value, not fall.

First mortgages are superior to our national bank-notes, for our present silver dollar contains but 412½ grains, nine-tenths fine, and is worth consequently but about eighty cents; but a first mortgage is secured by values worth two or three times' the face value.

Now, government bonds are accepted in the United States treasury on deposit as sufficient security to warrant an issue of bank-notes, full legal tender, for the full amount of the deposit. What reasonable objection then could be made to the idea of having these first mortgages on land accepted also in the United States treasury, on the same footing as bonds or coin for an issue of bank-notes, full legal tender? By this means the present enormous sum of mortgages could be wiped out in a few years.

It is universally recognized that a reform of some kind must take place in our financial system, or else our democratic institutions are a failure so far as the property of the working classes is concerned. That which is advocated in this pamphlet is a true democratic reform, and can grow up side by side and along with our actual system of currency. By a deposit in the United States treasury of first mortgages on land, a bank-note issue of money could be made to farmers entirely *free of interest*, and this issue would be as honest money as the present bank-notes. To these first mortgages on unencumbered land are to be added such first mortgage indentures as represent sums already lent by private capital on farming lands, which mortgages could be paid off by the government issue. Each farmer should pay every year from three to six per cent on the sum borrowed, in gold or silver coin, or any lawful money other than land certificates, and this money should be deposited in the United States treasury to redeem the land certificates, thus transforming eventually these land certificates into gold and silver certificates exactly like, and equal in all respects to, our present bank-notes.

Never, perhaps, was the hideous cruelty of the aristocratic principle of finance which we denounce more plainly shown up in all its wickedness

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than by one of its own partisans in the following extract from a circular issued in England during our civil war. "Slavery," says the circular, "is likely to be abolished by the war power, and chattel slavery destroyed. This, I and my European friends are in favor of, for slavery is but the owning of labor, and carries with it the care for the laborer; while the European plan is that *capital controls labor* and holds the laborer enslaved by simply controlling wages, *i. e.*, the price paid for labor. Now, this end can be indirectly but surely reached by controlling the money, *i. e.*, the amount of currency in circulation. The great debt made to capitalists out of this war must be used as the means of controlling the volume of money, but in order to accomplish this the bonds must be used as a banking basis. That is why it will never do to allow the greenback, so called, to circulate for any length of time as money, full legal tender; for the greenback we cannot control, whereas we can control the bonds, and through them the bank issues, and in this way entirely control labor by firmly holding in hand the money, which is the medium of exchange by which wages, or the price of labor, is determined."

Human Life; or "The Course of Time" as Seen in the Open Light. By CALEB S. WEEKS. New York: Samuel C. W. Byington & Co. 1889.

The author of this book is evidently a deep student of Milton, and has imbibed his style in a manner so thorough as to have become even as great an adept in its use as was his celebrated master. But if the manner be Milton's, the matter, treated in this manner, belongs solely to the writer himself. One event follows another so rapidly in this era of steam and electricity, and man is so engrossed either in making additions to a colossal fortune or in earning bread for his daily subsistence that we cannot open a book and find a modern epic of 360 pages without a feeling of surprise. The task of writing such a poem Dr. Weeks has, however, accomplished, and in such a manner as to engage the reader's attention with the first line and to keep it engrossed until the final word.

The object of the book is, as the author states in his introduction, "to present the order of human history,—to show the formative laws in their relation to our race, and how they unfold humanity into true life and happiness." This endeavor is undertaken in seven books, which teach the lesson that, though the times may be evil, good is yet not extinct, and that it is through the evil or rudimentary stages of existence that evolution to the good must pursue its course. Unlike Flammarion, who makes his hero go from the Earth to Mars and there find a stage of higher development—for although a Martian comes to the Earth, that is but the temporary return of a spirit to the scenes of its former existence — Dr. Weeks brings an inhabitant of Venus to the Earth. The time of the visitation of this Venerian is after the endurance of present evils has come to an end and "the noon-time of manhood's day has nearly arrived." After having well noted the points of superiority here found, our visitor is inclined to regard the ways of providence as unjust, but, in answer to his complaints of the

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inferior condition of his native planet, he is told that the Earth has passed through similar experiences, that they are the necessary stages of development, and that *his* home will by degrees arrive at the happy condition in which he now sees the Earth. After this follows a narration of the rise and progress of the human race, until that for which all nationalists are striving — the brotherhood and the beatification of humanity — is reached.

Those who see and appreciate the political and social evils of their time, and are endeavoring to find a means for their improvement, will read this book with pleasure. They will certainly find that there is no ground for dejection because that for which they are striving appears to delay its coming. They will learn that discouragement is disloyalty to principle. Society cannot be constructed according to any preconceived pattern, but must *grow* according to immutable natural law. Everyone can, however, assist nature in her operations, and, so far as he is personally concerned, he does speed the good time through the very happiness conferred upon himself by that effort of assistance. We may all then joyfully pursue the work in which we are engaged, knowing well that our efforts, if rightly directed, will certainly shorten the time that it may take to convert this earth into the the heaven that it is destined to become.

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The Humboldt Library. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Company.

No. 121. *Utilitarianism.* By JOHN STUART MILL. Reprinted from the ninth London edition.

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No. 125. *Darwinism and Politics.* By DAVID G. RITCHIE, M.A.; and *Administrative Nihilism.* By THOMAS H. HUXLEY, F.R.S.

Nos. 128–9. *The Industrial Revolution of the Eighteenth Century in England.* By ARNOLD TOYNBEE. With a short memoir by B. JOWETT.

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THE NATIONALIST.

VOL. III. NOVEMBER, 1890. No. 4.

THE BIRTH OF FREEDOM.

BY H. B. SALISBURY.

CHAPTER I.

THE OWL CLUB.

Were you ever at a debating club? Not a fashionable, exclusive affair, but one where all meet upon a common level; one where all shades of religious belief or unbelief and all social opinions are discussed, and if not permanently settled it may be because each speaker convinces himself that he is right, and his opponent absurdly wrong.

As you are interested in what the "masses" think and say and do, we will go together to the Owl Club, where we shall probably hear something worth listening to upon a subject that merits our attention.

Having arrived at the entrance to the building, we find hanging on the door a small placard, upon which is inscribed "Free Lecture and Debate." We climb the stairs and enter one of those small halls or lodge-rooms that may be found in many parts of New York, and are capable of accommodating from seventy-five to a hundred persons. The presiding officer, a sturdy well-built man of perhaps thirty-five, is calling the meeting to order. Listen!

"The object of these meetings is, as often announced before, to provide for the full and fair discussion of any question of

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public interest, by allowing the opening speaker to present his views upon the subject chosen and insuring him a respectful hearing, no matter how much the views of the hearers may differ from those which he may advance; and by permitting, at the close of his address, a full and fair discussion of the matter in issue. The opening speaker will have thirty minutes in which to state his case, ten minutes will be allowed each critic, and the opening speaker will then have fifteen minutes in which to reply. The opening speaker for tonight is Mr. Cecil Lord, and his subject, as announced last week, 'Is Labor Wasted by Competition?' You will please give him your attention."

In the speaker we have more than a passing interest. His hearers and their ideas we have come to study. As he steps forward we observe an easy, graceful carriage, an air of confidence and conscious power. He is tall and supple as a trained athlete. Across the smooth, shaven face and around the firmly set mouth there plays for an instant a smile, as the lightning plays on the edge of a distant cloud, vanishing to leave the rugged outline more intensely fixed upon the memory. His opening sentences are slowly pronounced, yet thrown out as if to challenge any attempt at denial. His leading points are carefully noted. Some of his audience, who watch him intently, appear ready to answer as soon as the opportunity is given.

"The wasted labor of this country is sufficient to account for all its poverty. Every year enough work is performed, if properly organized and directed, to support every man, woman, and child in luxury such as is now known to but few, while none need toil to exhaustion. The mis-directed energy, the wasted labor, the fruitless toil, and the wasteful method of distributing the products create slaves, paupers, criminals, and vagabonds."

As the speaker in his earnestness steps forward at the side of the platform we observe him closely and strive to learn, if possible, the secret of the magnetic influence which marks him as a leader.

There is a flash of the eye, a firmness of the lip, and in his

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manner of delivery such an air of perfect conviction that an opponent might well hesitate before taking issue with him. His voice is so clear and penetrating that every word becomes a missile sent home to the mark, while it is so musical in tone that it is as if the keys of an instrument were struck by a master-hand.

He has at least the power of playing upon his hearers, for he soon has them in that subtle sympathy with himself, that magnetic harmony which gives added inspiration to a speaker. He passes from the slow and measured opening sentences to quick, incisive periods. His face is a mirror of his thought, and the applause grows more spontaneous and the attention more engrossed.

Cecil Lord had spoken but a few sentences when the marked effect of his words upon his audience became amusing. A tall, lank man in the corner dug his sharp elbow into a fat man by his side with an explosive "That 's so." The fat man responded with a grunt of discomfort, partly at the sharpness of the elbow, partly at the interruption.

The speaker proceeded: "Every successful effort in any direction is duplicated over and over again by watchful competitors until there remains no remunerative market for any of them. [Another nudge from the sharp elbow.] The fruits of their labor are lost to them. The product remains unsold. Wages are reduced and mills are closed. Over-production is the reason offered for hard times, while workmen have no wages with which to purchase what they need of the surplus product. Soon some genius discovers or invents a new avenue for profit, and hundreds rush pell-mell into it, only to repeat the former experience. The most fortunate get a little return for their labor and enterprise. The majority get nothing. This is the system of competition called the life of trade."

Then followed example after example, drawn from common experience of every-day life. Failure after failure was instanced. Factory upon factory was declared to be standing idle, waiting for competitors to fail or go out of business, that they might

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resume work at a profit. In order to avoid the waste of competition, others were shown to have combined in huge trusts, which exacted on their restricted product sufficient profit to pay dividends on their inflated capital, while protected from foreign competition by tariff legislation.

He claimed that by destroying competition trusts were solving the problem of how to produce the most wealth with the least labor, but that the benefit of the reduced cost of production was permitted to go to non-producing stock-holders, who served no useful purpose in the world; and he maintained that these trusts should be operated by the people's agents and the products exchanged at cost, with no interest on capital and no profit to individuals.

Cecil Lord seemed filled with his subject. He stood erect, his frock coat tightly buttoned, one hand upon his side, the other extended, and the long index finger seeming to point out his examples; or he leaned upon the stand, with head slightly bent forward, eyes looking into those of his hearers, in careless abandon of himself, living wholly in that intoxication which a speaker feels when he is at his best and the responsive thrill tells him that he has his listeners with him in every word and movement.

He turned from production to distribution, and curled his fine lip in scorn at the present system that dumps the refuse of the markets into dingy, smoky little stores where the poor working-man must pay a larger price for it than the rich idler pays for the best; thus in very truth eating the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. After a few well-chosen illustrations which were heartily applauded, the chairman's warning gavel indicated that the limit of time had expired. Cecil Lord yielded the floor saying: "There are hundreds of these examples all about us, but, as I have not time to go further in that direction now, I leave to my critics the question: *Is Labor Wasted by Competition?*"

The audience cheered vigorously,—some from conviction that the speaker was right, others as a tribute to oratory.

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That the applause was genuine was proved when the collector went round with a hat. That worthy was surprised at the number of nickels, and the entire absence of lozenges and punched pennies.

The chairman announced that the collection would pay the weekly rent of the hall, with a small balance to cover a past deficiency. Then, after the usual notices, the first critic came forward.

Tall, strongly built, evidently a workman, Mr. Mason, when announced by the chairman, commanded the attention of all.

"I am a carpenter," he said, placing one broad hand upon the stand, while the other remained in his pocket. "I own the truth of much that Mr. Lord has said, but of what use are theories of a future system to the workmen of today? There appears at present no other way in which to do business, except by competition or combination. In either case the workman does not get what he produces, or its value, but only the smallest amount upon which he will consent to live and work; and only by resorting to the more or less tyrannical rules of a union can he prevent the standard of living from falling still lower. These unions may become strong enough to raise that standard of living and prevent anyone else from working at less wages, or they may compel the adoption of shorter hours. These benefits we may have today."

Hearty applause greeted this declaration, while Mr. Mason shifting to the other side of the table resumed: "Now, in our business, contracts are let to the lowest bidder, and if competition compels a man to bid too cheap, he saves himself by skinning the job."

"Yes," growled a dark, surly fellow at the side of the room, "the tenement houses we live in are good examples of the jobs that are skinned." A hearty laugh followed this sally, and Mason closed his remarks by declaring: "What we workmen want is not fine theories, but relief from long hours and underpay, and *we want them* NOW." He emphasized his demand by bringing his fist down upon the table with such force that the

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glass of water upon it jumped from the table and fell to the floor with a crash.

A burst of applause and laughter greeted this, Mason's final sentence, and as he took his seat a quick, nervous voice announced another critic. He was recognized by the chairman as Mr. Sanford.

A slight description will aid us in remembering him, for we may follow him and some others into strange adventures.

His face is fair, with a light moustache which curls up at the ends in a decided fashion. His hair is an unmistakable red, and, while his form is slight and only of medium height, a restless flash of his blue eyes impresses us with the feeling that he would be a dangerous man to trifle with.

With a slight nod to the chairman and a comprehensive glance over the audience he begins: "I agree with Mr. Lord in all that he says about trade. I began in a store as a cash boy and have seen almost every department of trade. It is one long series of lies, white and black, all the way from manufacturer, agent, jobber, and retailer down to the salesman. The customer will lie as freely and for as little as the salesman. From Baxter Street to Sixth Avenue, from Avenue D to the Hudson, from the Battery to the Harlem, the 'usual business methods' prevail. ('Hear, hear.') Wall Street is its hotbed; the Custom House its home. Cheating, lying, and robbing one another and the public in a legal manner is the principal industry. Whether it be wasted labor or not, it is business."

Mr. Sanford was a favorite at the club, and as the rapid sentences were uttered they elicited audible expressions of approval. A resounding "That 's so" from the man of the sharp elbow was too much for two girls, whose long suppressed titter broke from their control and ran around the room, ending in a general laugh. Sanford looked upon them with a quizzical smile, awaiting order. The chairman rapped with his gavel, requesting that the speaker be not interrupted.

Sanford continued in the same strain. Suddenly a pompous person, who had been blazing wrathfully at him from one of the

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front seats, could stand it no longer. Grasping his umbrella firmly in one hand, throwing his overcoat spitefully over his arm, jamming his silk hat savagely upon his head, he arose muttering between his teeth: "All rot. I 'm in business myself." He stalked down the room and through the door. "Thank you, my friend. We take your word for it," was Sanford's parting shot. Laughter and prolonged applause followed the wrathful man down the stairs.

Sanford's ten minutes having expired, he waved his hand to the chairman and the merry audience and took his seat.

A lady now arose and was recognized by the chairman.

"Miss Worden," he said, "we shall be pleased to hear your views."

She stood for a moment facing the chair. Her profile was outlined against the dark background of a window. Her pale face flushed with a natural timidity, but her earnest expression and erect figure showed that she had the courage of her convictions. As she faced the smiling company before her, she received its friendly welcome.

"I did not intend to speak tonight," she said, "but I fear a wrong impression of many noble men may be carried from here if I leave my thought unspoken. I do not question the truth of the remarks about trade and business under present conditions. I know it is impossible to do business successfully without taking some selfish advantage of other people's ignorance or necessity. My father was a merchant, and I have seen something of the hardships that our merciless system compels even the kindest-hearted men to inflict. They *must* be selfish. They *must* care for their own even if others suffer. Competition *compels* them to resort to every device to keep from losing. Even then statistics show that more than ninety per cent of the merchants fail. I know that many of them would be glad to escape the prevailing evil. The wasted lives and labor of our ruined merchants, as well as the wage-worker's fruitless toil, call upon us to unite and help one another out of a system that beggars description and forbids defense."

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The pathos, the earnestness of the speaker, and perhaps the fact that a cultured woman was speaking, held the listeners in respectful attention.

She strove to show that, with the fear of poverty for his own household confronting him, a man could not be expected to yield to generous impulses. She compared us in our present condition to a panic-stricken crowd in which the weak and those who by accident fell were trampled under foot.

When Cecil Lord came forward to close the debate, several persons rose in their seats and desired to ask him some questions. After answering several, a young man of the dude variety, who had paid much more attention to the tittering girls than to the lecture, arose and gravely asked: "Does the speaker consider labor wasted by competition in the matrimonial market?"

"That is a matter for the young man to decide from his own experience," was the speaker's reply. The young man subsided amid general laughter, and the slim man dug his elbow deeper than before into his suffering neighbor's ribs.

Cecil Lord then rapidly reviewed the criticisms. He showed that before any general renunciation of the competitive system could occur a disgust with its present failure and waste must be created, and that the general indifference which it had been claimed would prevent its accomplishment was only the sum of individual indifference. He asserted that by means of trusts and unions, which were only forms of co-operation not yet perfected, both capital and labor were fast abolishing competition, and he predicted that the unions would yet operate the trust industries for the benefit of all; at which time rent, interest, and profit would be abolished, and dividends no longer declared.

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CHAPTER II.

THE NINTH AVENUE MARKET.

At the close of the debate at the Owl Club, Cecil Lord and Mr. Mason left the room together. "I will walk with you," said Lord. "I am seeking a remedy for the evils we discuss, and you can certainly help me to the solution from your own experience."

"But, Mr. Lord," answered Mason, "while you denounce the present system, you propose to change it at so distant a time that the change will be of no more benefit to us than the millennium the preachers promise."

Lord stopped to buy a paper from a pleading, belated newsboy. At this moment they were joined by Miss Worden and her brother Jack.

"Lecturing still, Mr. Lord?" she inquired.

"No, Miss Worden, only learning. This is a fine field for observing the beautiful system that is," he said, as they turned the corner of Thirty-fourth Street into Ninth Avenue.

Both curbs were lined with hucksters. It was market-day. The wagons were loaded with vegetables, fruits, poultry, and fish. Here and there were tin-ware merchants, suspender peddlers, and table oil-cloth venders.

Hundreds of men and women were selling the same kind of things. Everyone was trying to outshout the others. All were crying their wares at the tops of their voices. Babel or Bedlam but faintly conveys an idea of the confusion of tongues.

Lord observed how small a quantity of potatoes was emptied into the waiting baskets from the apparently heaped up pails, and how quickly and dexterously these pails were refilled for the next customer. Then the shouts were renewed.

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"Only a few more left. A fine large water-pail only ten cents."

Lord's companions stopped while he asked a huckster: "May I see the pail?" "Oh, of course," was the reply. The pail of potatoes was held aloft by the huckster, who wore a look of injured innocence and offended dignity, expecting that his customer would be impressed by the bountiful proportions of the pail.

"Now, let me see the inside," said Lord, gently.

"What! You want to know all about my business, do you? Youd want a bushel for ten cents, you would"; and he vented his wrath upon Lord with muttered imprecations and a look of scorn as he turned to measure a quart of onions for a woman who wore a faded cotton shawl over her head in place of a bonnet.

Miss Worden laughed at Lord's discomfiture, but he persisted in quizzing the hucksters until he found one good-natured fellow who yielded. He turned out two or three quarts of potatoes, all that the pail with its false bottom would hold.

Lord explained to the huckster that he did not wish to buy, but that he was amusing himself and his friends by observing the methods of cheating as practiced in the market.

"Now, Boss," said the huckster, "you cant sell stuff widout cheatin some"; and his face expressed astonishnrent that anyone questioned the methods of his trade. "But," he continued, good nature resuming its sway in his face, "my pail aint as bad as most on em. You see, if one cheats, we all has to or get left. Folks wont buy outen a small pail wen dey sees big ones. We only just makes a livin anyhow," he added, with an air which implied that the end justifies the means.

"How much do potatoes cost by the bushel?" asked Miss Worden.

"Oh, we never sell by de bushel here, but dey cost a dollar 'n a half a barl in de wholesale market. I kin buy culls, like some ov em sells, fer a dollar a barl. Sometimes dey is less, de speklaters makes de prices."

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"Then you dont raise your own vegetables? I thought this was a country market," said Miss Worden, in some surprise.

"No, Miss, we dont raise nuthin. We peddle stuff. De speklaters buys from de countrymen, an we buys from de speklaters."

At this moment a ragged boy elbowed his way through the crowd, pulling along by the hand his. mother, who carried a market basket. She had the usual faded shawl over her head. Her tattered calico dress had been mended with fragments of its predecessors until it resembled the traditional Joseph's coat. The boy did the talking.

"Mister, give us a pail ov taters, 'n yer got any onions?"

"Yes."

"Well, give us a quart, 'n two cents worth of reddishes. Heap em up, now. Dont yer put in no rotten ones. That 's small measure, put in nother tater." After paying for his purchases the boy departed, and Mr. Lord, who was loth to leave the good-natured huckster without gaining further information, asked: "Would you mind telling me how many pailfuls you can get out of a barrel?"

"We kalkerlate on bout thirty," he replied.

"And at ten cents a pail you think it pays you a living profit?"

"Well, Boss, it may look rader high.—Yes marm, will yer take two pails?"

Having served the customer, he resumed: "It may look rader high, but ders so many in de bizness dat we kin only sell six ter eight barls a day. Sellin em out by de pail we makes ten or twelve dollars. Den we pays four dollars fer de rig, 'n a dollar fer a boy ter help.—Here, Jim, give dis lady a pail ov dem best pertaties.—We has ter have two feeds fer de hoss, an tree fer us. Den we 're hollerin all day, from seven in de mornin till twelve in de night, 'n we has ter have extra beers ter keep our troats wet. So we hasnt much ter carry home after all, 'n only wunst a week is market day, de rest ov de time we dont make nuthin much."

"Thank you for gratifying my curiosity," said Lord. "And

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here is pay for a few pails of potatoes. Put an extra quart of them into the baskets of those who need them most, and say nothing on my account."

The huckster smiled incredulously, took the money, and as the four observers passed on his voice rose above the din with renewed energy, crying: "Fine Long Island pertaties, biggest pail on de avenue."

"Why did you give that huckster money, Mr. Lord?" inquired Miss Worden. "Do you expect a man who lives by cheating will do your charity bidding when you are out of sight?"

"I had two reasons," he replied. "First, I had taken up his valuable time in learning some interesting facts."

"Well, then, why not have given him the money outright?" she persisted.

"I did not wish to offer him an insult."

"Do you think he would have resented such an insult?" She asked laughingly.

"He might not have done so, but none the less would it have been an insult offered."

"You need not give further reasons. I have now sufficient to weigh me down in humility. A text for tomorrow's sermon."

Miss Worden's roguish banter caused the flash of a smile to play around Cecil Lord's usually grave face. They had first met at the club, and the acquaintance had grown into a friendship which Cecil Lord prized more than he dared to own, even to himself. Her quizzical manner often disturbed his usual gravity, while it frequently puzzled him to tell whether this girl was talking in earnest or merely laughing at him.

"I am so glad we came," said she. "Jack wanted me to see this market; but I had no idea of finding it such a mine of weapons for social reformers. Do you gather all your wonderful facts in this way?" she asked.

"No, Miss Worden, I imagine the facts and then take such excursions for amusement."

"I am really in earnest now," she said, with a little pout at

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being opposed with her own weapon. "Do people generally know how much trickery and fraud there is practiced upon the poor?"

"I suspect they do," he replied. "Unless they are born blind they cannot help seeing it. But they are all either profiting by it or trying to remedy it by an impossibility."

"What impossibility?"

"The reconciling of a state of society, founded upon the selfish system of competition, where success is for the strongest and most cunning, with the unselfish teaching of the Nazarene carpenter's son."

They had reached the corner of Forty-second Street, and were beyond the roar of the market. At this moment the clang, clang of a fire gong, and the clatter of a hook-and-ladder truck caused them to pause under the elevated railroad station and watch the coming engines. First comes the long truck, with three magnificent bay horses abreast, with flashing eyes and distended nostrils, galloping at their utmost speed, and bounding in unison until the three seem as one; every bound showing their eagerness to reach the scene of danger. They require no urging. Noble! Grand! What warrior's charger can excel them? The red-shirted firemen at the steering wheel guide the truck round a car upon the track, past the pillars of the station, and away they go like the wind.

Their coming and going is like the "Turkish Patrol," as played by a great orchestra. The tinkle, tinkle in the distance grows louder and louder, until it thunders past, a very whirlwind of mighty sound; then it dies away until lost in a distant, mellowed tinkle as before.

The feeling of admiration and awe had not given way to speech when up and down the avenue appeared the glistening engines, black smoke rolling from their tops, a train of sparks behind them, the galloping horses striking fire from the pavement with their iron-shod hoofs.

Almost unconsciously the four friends joined the fast-moving

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crowd, and were borne along with it for several blocks until the scene of the fire was reached.

They took a position where they could watch it in safety, just as the last of the engines came whirling around the corner and attached a hose to the nearest hydrant. But a moment it seemed before the hose-cart was unreeling its lengths of hose, and, in obedience to the hoarse shouts of the fire-chiefs, ladders were extended far up the front of the burning tenement house. Red-shirted firemen, axe in hand, burst in windows of the fourth story, from which volumes of densely black smoke burst angrily out, as if resenting interference, and tongues of flame curled around the window-frames, or played like serpents' fangs upon the ladders.

In the weird, uncertain light the lines of hose look like huge wriggling serpents, which seem to struggle to free themselves from the grasp of the firemen as the hissing streams of water pour through them. The windows and fire-escapes of adjoining buildings are filled with frightened women and children in more or less scant and picturesque costumes, while brave firemen carry the unconscious and helpless ones from the burning building to places of safety. Gradually the tongues of flame go out in darkness, the black smoke gives way to lighter steam. Firemen appear at the blackened windows, and half-burned bedding is tossed to the pavement below.

The conflict is short, and the fury of the flames is soon quelled by the skill and bravery of man.

"Miss Worden," said Cecil Lord, "do you see any contrast between the spirit of competition in the market and the spirit of emulation among the firemen? Do you think it the better method to incite men to exertion by the hope of personal gain, or is there a higher motive that moves men to action?"

"You shall not point another moral for me tonight," she replied. "I presume you wish me to consider this an example of municipal control, *à la* nationalism, as compared with free competition in the market."

"I promise to let you draw your own moral, if you will have

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one," said he. "The fire is under control now, and this might be a good time to see the tenement district in all its — shall we say — glory."

"Can we? Is it safe? Jack, shall we go? I never went beyond the avenue," she said. "I shall be glad to go if we may. I am growing interested in your dangerous tenement districts."

"I live in one of those districts, Miss Worden," said Mason, who until now had been talking with Jack. "And I promise you we are not wild beasts, — even if we live like them," he added bitterly. "You will find our streets as safe, if not as clean, as Fifth Avenue."

She saw that she had offended his pride, and was pained at her own thoughtlessness. "I am only a woman, Mr. Mason; and you know women don't know anything until men teach them," she said, with perhaps a slight suspicion of sarcasm in her tone. "Jack says we may go; and, if you will be our guide, I shall fear nothing."

Mason's resentment melted, and he volunteered to take them through his own street. Turning down the avenue a short distance, they noted the disconsolate air of an idle grocer whom they were passing. The competition of the hucksters evidently took from him his regular customers. Cecil Lord questioned him: "Why don't you sell as cheap as the hucksters, and keep your customers?"

The old German looked relieved at having some one to listen to the story of his troubles. "Vy, you see," said he, "dem vellers puys de poor truck, vilted unt rodden already, unt dey zells em jeaper as I could puy goot vuns. Den tomorrow vas Zuntay, unt dose beples cant eat dot, und dey vos mad. Den dey comes to me unt say, Meester Treis, I vand some potato, unt some cabbage, unt some peets. Unt dey say, ve vill pay for dot py next Zaturtay night, Meester Treis. Unt I tinks I makes dem bay for dot, by shiminy, two times. Unt ven he come Zaturtay, za do shoust so some more times, unt dey bays me noddings."

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Seeing that his case was hopeless, and suppressing a laugh with some effort, the four inquirers passed on through a side street. They stopped by a pile of lumber which lay in front of a half-finished tenement.

"My home is opposite; there," said Mason pointing to a five-story brick building in a long row of tenement houses. "I am sorry I cannot invite you to call," he added with a touch of his former bitterness. "But when you remember that there are six of us in three small rooms, you may see that it would not be pleasant. We have but little chance for the refinements of life. Mine is the fourth floor, rear flat, on the west side of the hall. There are twenty-two families in each house, including the janitor's, who lives in one of the basements."

"Miss Worden does not understand the advantages of having a whole village under one roof," said Lord. Then, turning to Miss Worden, he said: "You and Jack should come house-hunting on this side of the avenue some day. Some of the janitors would explain to you the beauties of the apartments and the desirability of the location."

"Indeed, we will. I have enlisted for the war, as you reformers say, and I must gather my facts at first-hand."

"You will do well, then, to visit some of the older houses," interposed Mason, "that is, if you want to see the dark side of tenement life. Our new flats are quite comfortable in comparison, or would be for about half the number of people that they are compelled to hold. It is this crowding us together so that I object to."

"The owners say that it is your own fault," said Lord, as he surveyed the long row of tenements opposite. "They claim that they build houses to suit the demand. How do you answer that?"

"Simply thus: twelve or thirteen dollars a month is all that a workman can spare out of his wages for rent. Necessity compels him to live near his work. The capitalists take advantage of his necessity by charging the highest rent that he can afford to pay for the smallest quarters that they can induce

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him to occupy. The rent that the workman is obliged to pay for the privilege of a place to live in gives the property a selling value far beyond what it cost, which makes it a good investment for people who live without work. Was ever a more horrible system of robbery devised? Slave-holding was a virtue compared with this."

"How much room can you get for twelve dollars?" asked Miss Worden innocently.

"Three rooms in the rear, on the top floor," replied Mason grimly; "and they will put three other families on the same floor, with walls so thin you can hear a loud whisper through them; and if you complain of a noisy family the agent will tell you to get out and make room for some one who is not so particular. Then the front families have one more room, pay three dollars more rent, and usually take boarders. Don't you think it a pleasant way to live, Miss Worden? And there are a hundred thousand families living no better than that in New York."

At this moment the clear, sweet voice of a girl, singing "Home, Sweet Home," rang out upon the evening air and arrested the attention of all. The singer was in one of the upper flats. The melody floated down upon the listeners, and was wafted away by the wind until it seemed a faint breath. Children stopped their noisy cries to listen, women thrust their heads from the rows of windows, or stopped, market-basket in hand, as the breeze softened and the song came swelling out with a marvellous power and sweetness. Miss Worden turned her face to hide in the darkness the quivering lip and wipe from her eyes a suspicious moisture. Such a song from such a home! As it ceased all looked to Mason for explanation.

"It is one of the chorus girls," he said. "A girl of natural talent, who, if she were educated, might charm the world with her song. Now, almost untaught, her voice barely gains a living for herself and mother, as she sings in a concert-hall."

"I have heard that Patti was once a Bleecker Street tenement girl," said Miss Worden. "Yet such cruel poverty must crush out hundreds for everyone who is enabled to escape from it."

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"Mr. Mason, will you ask that girl to sing for us at the club next week? I want to meet her, and she may help us in our work." Mason gladly assented.

"Now, Jack," said Miss Worden, turning to her brother, "you and I must go." Mason, good-humoredly, offered to see them out of the dangerous neighborhood.

"Oh, if none of your neighbors are more dangerous than you are, Mr. Mason, I shall not be afraid," Miss Worden replied. "And Jack is my protector anywhere."

Cecil Lord watched them until the jaunty sailor-hat was no longer visible in the crowd and darkness. He realized that this was his ideal of a woman. Fitted by beauty and culture for any society, innocent of the world's hardships, and but just learning of its cruelties, she was willing to forego the pleasures of the thoughtless that she might learn the sorrows of her toiling sisters. With her mother and Jack, Miss Worden lived on a street crossing Fifth Avenue, and near the haunt of millionaires, from which the dwellings descend on each side toward the river, from the richest to the poorest.

When her father's business was wrecked in a financial panic three years before,—his death occurring soon after,—she, though only a girl of twenty, took control of their resources. Her mother owned the home, which was about all the wealth they had. By giving up a part of it to an old friend and boarding with her, she was relieved from domestic care.

She had written successfully for the magazines, and by her successful management of the family resources Jack had been enabled to prepare for entering Columbia College. In pursuit of interesting material for her articles she had first visited the Owl Club, with Jack as her constant attendant; and, becoming interested, she was now a frequent visitor. Her brother, who was only eighteen, seldom spoke, but he was receiving at the club an education that was inciting him to think, and was having the excellent effect of creating a distaste for the dissipations in which so many young men of his class delight.

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CHAPTER III.

AFTER MIDNIGHT.

After Miss Worden and her brother had left them, Mason and Lord sat down upon the pile of lumber. Mason, perhaps from some lingering strain of Yankee blood in his veins, picked up a splinter and began to whittle. Lord, from the subtle feeling of companionship and the contagion of example, found a bit of pine, upon which he began to carve an image.

Turning to Mason, he said abruptly: "What do you propose to do to better the workman's condition? You object to my not giving any present remedy, yet, so far as I can see, you yourself propose nothing effective."

Mason smiled. "It was not for the purpose of proposing an idea of my own that I objected. It was to bring out your remedy. We don't need to be told of our misery, but we want present relief. Of what use is it to a starving man to know that some day no one will go hungry; or to a freezing man that some day coal will be mined by the people's agents and delivered to every family at cost?"

As if to point his question, there emerged from the grocery a bare-headed girl carrying a wooden bucket half filled with coal, and under her arm a two-cent bundle of wood. It was October weather, comfortable enough for those who were comfortably clad, but a cold breeze, blowing through her tattered calico gown, made her shiver. With no shoes, nor stockings, nor under-garments; her hair hanging loosely about her shoulders, or floating in the wind; her thin, pinched features and sunken eyes making her look more like an old woman than a child, she presented an example of present want that no future millennium could alleviate.

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"How is your mother tonight, Emmy?" asked Mason.

"Oh, Marm's better, but daddy's worse; his rhumatiz is awful bad."

"You are going to have a fire, I see.

"Yes, sister Nell was home this afternoon, and she left some money and things, so tomorrow we'll have a real warm breakfast. Some tea an some turmits an some meat."

The pinched features broke into a smile, as the anticipated feast crowded out the thought of present cold and hunger. She picked up the bucket of coal and passed on through a long, dark passageway to a house built in the rear of the more pretentious brick fronts.

"You know that girl?" queried Lord.

"Yes, we were doing a bit of work on those houses in front this spring, and this girl was always hanging around, picking up the old laths and bits of wood. One day a board fell and struck her. I picked her up and carried her in where the other children told me was her home,—two rooms in an old wooden tenement, such as are left standing in the court-yards, back of all those older houses. I found her mother an invalid, who never leaves the house. She sews a little when she is well enough. The father has worked at the docks in all sorts of weather until now he has rheumatism so bad that he has lost that job. His work was in an open shed that the company was too mean to fix to keep out either rain or cold. Men are cheaper than shingles, so they have another man to take old Jerry's place. Well, I took her in and laid her on an old cot in one corner of the room. It was pitiful to hear that old couple cry over her. They told me she had kept them in firewood and groceries; she had carried the work for her mother and helped sew when she could. She is but eleven years old, and has sold papers night and morning for two years. One morning before she was well I called, and she was crying bitterly. 'What is the matter, Emmy?' I asked."

"It makes me feel bad to have my daddy work so hard when

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he has nuffin to eat," she said, "nuffin but a piece of bread dis mornin an no dinner to carry."

"Her sister Nell, who was out at service, came in while I was there. She had trouble. She had lost her place. She did not tell them anything, but she promised them food that very night, and the hard glitter that came into her eyes that day has never left them in her wildest revels. It was the bread of shame, and they never knew it; but it fed the hungry. Since that time sister Nell has paid the rent of their miserable quarters, and every week brings them something from the market. She is now a woman of the street, but the old folks think she is still at service. It would wring your heart to hear that old couple tell what a good, kind daughter she is, and the hopes they have of her better future. Poor girl! Her only hope is that they may die before they find her out, and then—her bed will be the river."

Mason's knife flew more nervously through the soft pine as he told the story. Finally, he threw the splinter from him, drove his knife into the timber beside him, and turning almost fiercely toward Cecil Lord he demanded: "What present remedy have you to offer for such a case as that?"

Lord was dumb before the awful problem that confronts a so-called Christian civilization.

"In the story of Egyptian bondage," he said, as he finally broke the silence, "a whole generation left their bones bleaching in the wilderness that their children might one day reach the land of plenty."

"That is a pleasant prospect for this generation to realize," said Mason doggedly.

"Yes, that's true," persisted Lord, "but most people who are poor have given up hope for themselves. They live in the hope that their children may have a better chance than they. Not one in a thousand will have their hope realized unless they themselves begin the march toward the promised better social system."

"I think the Red Sea business, the swallowing up of pluto-

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crats and man-starvers, will be about the first notice that the march has begun," said Mason significantly.

"There must be no violence," said Lord quickly. "It will only delay the final triumph. Besides, show the disinherited that there is a future for their children, and they will endure present discomfort."

"Perhaps they will," said Mason. "But I hear some of them talk differently. Carlyle has shown that the poor of Paris were never so well housed and fed as during the reign of terror."

Before Lord could reply a belated brewery wagon, carrying supplies for some Sunday saloon, came tearing round the corner. A knot of neglected children, in ragged and fantastic costumes, were playing around a gutter fire that they had built. Frightened by the furious driving, they scattered in all directions, but one little fellow, dazed with fear, stood right in the way of the horses. Before any help could reach him he was knocked down, and the cruel wheels went over him. The driver whipped up his horses and disappeared in the darkness. Lord tenderly lifted the moaning child. Both legs were crushed, and from a wound on the head flowed a trickling stream of blood. A crowd gathered instantly. The frantic mother came from the market, where she had been haggling over the price of a few stale vegetables. She was wringing her hands and crying as though her heart would break.

Mason summoned an ambulance, and in a very short time it arrived, the gong clanging, and a curious crowd following from the corner.

Lord resigned his charge, which he had held carefully from the crazed mother, who was unable to tell what to do, or even where she lived.

As the ambulance left, the crowd scattered, and, parting from Mason, Lord took his way down Ninth Avenue.

It was now past midnight. A few straggling hucksters had not sold out their loads. Their hoarse cries could now be distinguished one from another, and were audible in the night air for several streets.

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"Eer you are, fine Long Island pertaties." "Ten cents a pail ere."—"Five cents a quart. Red onions five cents a quart."—"Pie apples! Pie apples! Ten cents a whole lot."—"Cheap bananas ere."—"Mushmellies fer a cent." "Sellin em off cheap."—"Spring chickens. Two fer a quarter."

The odor from the spring chickens indicated that, no matter how young they were before killing, they had certainly aged considerably since. But the health-board seldom meddles with the Ninth Avenue market. It answers as a dumping ground for what will not sell elsewhere.

An honest old German, who had tried to sell his wares in a small pail without any false bottom had been unsuccessful. He beckoned to Lord with his crooked fore-finger, while he cried out: "Look at dem vine large zugar pears."

A sleepy boy thrust a pail of some wilted vegetables under Lord's nose,—"Fer five cents, Boss." A black boy dropped a big watermelon he was carrying, and the gamins made away with the fragments, to the darky's utter dismay and horror. A drunken man staggered past with a bag of apples under his arm. With every lurch from side to side the apples would scatter, to the great amusement of the ragamuffins who profited by the accident.

Do these street waifs ever sleep? They are here the last at night to pick up castaway fruits and scattered vegetables. They are on hand by daylight to search for pennies that have been dropped by the haggling crowds.

"Mister, cant you give a few cents to a poor feller who haint got no farder nor mudder?" pleads a ragged boy of nine or ten years. Receiving a nickel, he shouts to a companion: "Come on, Bill." Reappearing a moment later with a tomato can filled with beer, he and Bill proceed to console themselves for their orphaned condition.

At the next corner a huckster's horse is down. Motionless it lies, as though dead. The strings and straps are cut or loosened, still he does not rise. Can it be that he would rather lie on the pavement and rest forever than again take up the burden

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of life? They get him up at last. So thin is he that he can hardly stand alone. The look of forlorn despair and discouragement with which he resumes his place is almost human. It is a hired horse. Like a hired man, he must be worked as long as there is any profit in him, then be turned off to die. His pitiful looks sets Lord to musing on his probable past. In his youth, as a rich man's roadster, he had proudly worn gold-mounted harness and been better housed and fed than the human servants of the same master. He had earned the praise of his master's friends and the admiration of beautiful women who rode in the carriage that he helped to draw. Finally, he became too old. The fire was gone from his eye, the quickness from his step. He was sold to a public livery, and abused by drunken drivers. Then he served as a cabby's horse. At last, useless for anything else, he is a huckster's hard-worked and ill-fed slave.

Cecil Lord was reminded by this incident of an occurrence of the day before. An old man had entered his office at noon, and begged for a little help. "God bless you, sir, may *you* never need it," he said. "I am seventy years old, and never asked charity before; but I am so tired and weak, sir."

Lord had just finished his luncheon, which he had eaten at his office table,—a cup of tea made over the gas, some rolls and sardines. "Sit down," he said, "and have a cup of tea and a roll or two."

"Oh, God bless you, sir; I will. It 's many a cup of tea I have given in my day; but now I have not tasted it in many a day."

"You are an old man to be friendless," said Lord.

"For forty years in this country I have served," he replied. "I have been a servant all my life."

"Could n't you have saved something? Did you have good wages?" asked Lord.

"I saved a little. It would have kept us comfortable in our old days, but my wife and child died, sir, while I was still at service. Then I went to Col. Baker's. He was my last master, and I let him keep all my money for me."

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"What became of it then?"

"He lost it all in Wall Street, sir. All, every penny,—my money and his,—and now I am a wanderer at seventy years."

"And what will you do now?"

"I do n't know, sir. I have n't long to stay. I went to the Old Man's Home, but they were all full. No room there for me."

"Then they turned you away?"

"Yes, for a little. They said: 'Come again next week; mebbe there 'll be room.' I must wait my turn, if I can only live till then."

"Can't you go to some friends until there is a place for you?"

"I have no friends left, sir,—no place to go to. But that tea,—God bless you, sir,—has given me new strength, it revives me. I was so tired." And the old man hobbled away.

Cecil Lord was connected with a newspaper. There appeared some mystery about him, for no one knew anything of him except what he chose to reveal at the club or at the office. His earnestness and unselfishness gave him a growing influence in those two little circles. In Mason he had found a workman of intelligence, and the club friendship grew.

The incidents of this evening had detained Lord so late that, on leaving the market, he was surprised to find all the other streets quite deserted. Theatres and cafés were closed and darkened. All-night saloons alone gave signs of life. A solitary horse car wended its way sleepily along. He quickened his pace across Madison and Union Squares and down the Bowery. To one who sees these thoroughfares by daylight, or watches the swarming crowds at evening, the silence of the early morning hours is oppressive.

A single cab passed at a furious rate. From within, the sounds of maudlin songs, broken by the jolting of the cab over the pavement, revealed that some scions of a would-be nobility were being transferred from a scene of bachanal revel, perhaps to another, perhaps to their hotel, where they might sleep off the effects of the night's debauch in time to make afternoon calls in polite society. The rent-rolls of inherited tenement

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property furnished the means of paying for these "innocent amusements." Possibly the rent of little Emmy's wretched home, paid by the price of her sister's shame, might add but an occasional bottle of champagne to their dainty fare; but "Sister Nell" must remain an outcast that these may revel without restraint.

As Lord passed the door of a ten-cent lodging house, a man of shreds and patches, a genuine tramp, begged the price of a night's lodging. "Only five cents, mister, I 've got the other five," he said.

"Do n't you think it extravagance to pay for a night's lodging at this time in the morning?" queried Lord as he fumbled for a nickel.

"I guess you are right, boss," he said as he received the coin, "but I ken use it tomorrer night." And with a hideous grin he stole round the corner to find a dark stairway in which he might curl up and sleep unmolested. His hat had evidently been rescued from an ash barrel; his coats, for he had on four, were the remnants of gifts from kind farmers, or had perhaps been borrowed while the farmer slept. The whole portions of the outside one covered the rents in those beneath, while, as the outer was the shortest, the hanging fringes of the others formed a double row. From constant wear his trousers were growing short at the bottom, but, as he had on three pairs of partially footless socks, and a pair of overshoes from the same source as his hat, he might be called comfortably clad.

Lord let himself into his own humble lodging, threw himself upon the bed, and in his troubled slumbers dreamed of the little boy maimed for life by the careless driver. He seemed to see him as an old man, sitting upon the curbstone, two wooden pegs extended in place of the limbs he had lost, patiently grinding a hand organ, receiving a few pennies in his hat from the more charitable among the passing crowd, and working out the destiny provided for the unfortunate ones of the earth.

(*To be continued.*)

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HEALTH AND NATIONALISM.

By Charles E. Waterman.

"Weaker and wiser the people are growing" is the favorite saying of the majority of mankind, and there is a longing after the supposed health and strength of our ancestors. Were they healthier than ourselves is a pertinent question, to answer which one has to consult the evidence which is yet extant. That they had strength, no one, in the face of the miles of stone wall and acres of soil reclaimed from nature, will doubt. Their maxim was: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." As to wealth, they were very moderate in their desires and demands, while in regard to wisdom the saying at the beginning of this article would indicate that their descendants do not mean to yield the palm to them in this direction. The state of their general health is not easily determined. For testimony on this point we have to turn largely to the book of nature, beginning with the part on early civilization. The broad fields around speak unmistakably of the fatigue necessarily engendered in freeing their surfaces from forests and rocks, of privations and exposure imposed. These no constitution however strong could wholly ignore. Rheumatism and lung troubles usually follow in the wake of these; and, if we can believe the testimony of the elder citizens, these diseases were the foes of our ancestors, proving too much for the weak, and leaving their mark of decrepitude upon the aged. It is foolish for us to long for the health of our fathers, or to think that a similar lot would bring a robust physique to us, when our present physical condition may in part, at least, be due to a legacy from them. Overwork and improper care of one's self must always bring disease.

What are the causes of ill health among working men and women in the present day?

We hear much about the hated tenement house, badly heated and ventilated, where whole families are huddled into one or two small rooms; some directly under the rafters, others in the

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cellar where the light of day never penetrates. This is an awful state, but it is not all. Men and women work all day in poorly-lighted factories, some reeking with the fumes of deadly chemicals. In the morning they arise early, with insufficient sleep and rest; hurry about to get breakfast, a portion of the year before daylight, in order to get to the mill or factory in time; hurry home to dinner, which they bolt for want of sufficient time; eat in haste a late supper when tired, and then to bed. This, in addition to their work, often in cramped positions and unhealthy surroundings, is their daily life. Is it any wonder that they are unhealthy? And yet the instructors of hygiene in our public schools are instructing the youth under their charge that health is one of the freest of God's gifts, and not to be purchased with riches. Compare the life and health of the nabob with that of the working man and see if it is a free gift or is to be purchased with money? What is the toil of the rich man who daily inspects a few condensed statements of his assistants and signs his name thereto to that of his servants? His meals can be ready for him at seasonable hours and garnished with the best of sauces,—conversation. He has the means of purchasing both palatable and nutritious food which many times his employees have not. He has sufficient and suitable clothing. He has a dwelling built with thought in regard to convenience, pleasure, beauty, and sanitary conditions. He has time for rest and healthy recreation. Compare the men at three score and ten and, if the rich man has obeyed the laws of temperance and health, note the difference. One is broken down and despondent, and the other, who has riches, is the picture of happy old age. Is there a greater testimony in favor of shorter hours of labor?

Many instructors of hygiene seem to insist that everything necessary to ensure health is plenty of pure air, yet this is contradicted by the fact that the health of farm laborers does not hold out so well as that of their brethren who work in mills, where pure air is not always to be had. The exposure and fatigue of farm work counteracts any effect that plenty of pure

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air could give. To ensure health suitable clothing, suitable hours, and suitable shelter are necessary in addition to pure air, and this the want of money many times forbids.

It might be objected that I have taken extreme cases, that I have omitted the happy mean, but to those who aim at respectability the burden seems to be only increased. The buying of a house means denial not only of many luxuries but of much that might be deemed necessary. It means in many cases a lengthened struggle under the burden of a mortgage, and, when this is paid, many hours of extra labor to care for buildings and garden, which most laborers feel too poor to hire.

There is another side to this question. So far I have presented only the side of physical health. The mental man suffers from poverty as well, and the two are inseparable. An under-fed body cannot support an active mind. A mind constantly revolving the problem of "how we shall be fed and wherewithal shall we be clothed" cannot but irritate the body and bring on a disease verging on insanity. Over-exertion of both mind and body is wearing out the working man and woman at the age of sixty and sixty-five, when they ought to be in their prime,— an age when they feel they cannot enter upon a happy and contented second childhood, but must drag out their existence with the feeling that they are an encumbrance.

When the hand of disease and mental depression is laid heavily upon them, it simply brings more vividly before them their poverty, the necessity for the wages produced by their work, and they feel that they can neither rest nor procure the needed medical assistance. When the physician is called, he does what he can; but this class of patients has aggravated and complicated forms of disease, springing from many roots, that only persistent nursing, rest, and change of life can cure, all of which seem impossible to secure. The physician lives like the rest of us on the ability and willingness of his patrons to pay, and he stands charged with want of humanity if he either neglects to respond to all calls or insists for himself on the

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rest which is needed by the patient. Malpractice there may be, and doubtless is in some cases, but it is also a wonder that any good at all is done with the patient's mind in a state of feverish excitement in planning how to devise means and ways to pay the doctor and meet the household expenses. If there be one class of workers more than another who should become public servants it is the physician. He should have sole charge of districts assigned him, and his ability should be proved, other things being equal, not by the number but by the fewness of his patients. He should be responsible, so far as human means will allow, for the sanitary condition of his district.

This does not end with the life of the person, but is bequeathed to innocent babes. Children are born into the world tired and possessed by inheritance of a nervousness and irritability caused by our system of competition, where all honor and gain is to the foremost, while, to use the common expression, "the devil take the hindmost."

What is the grand panacea for all this disease? Nothing but a complete change of our mode of life, and what plan is more complete, more just, and more humane than the nationalization of all industry? God speed the day of its coming.

THE PENALTY PAID FOR SPECULATION IN GRAIN.

By Charles E. Buell.

The price of wheat affects the condition of society to a greater extent than the price of any other one article; because through its cost all grain prices are regulated, and through their disturbance the prices of meat and general food products are varied.

With an increase in the price of wheat in England from 75 to 127 shillings per quarter the number of burials increased

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from 186,586 to 204,424; the number of suicides increased from 1800 to 2500; while the number of births decreased from 294,000 to 181,000.

With every increase in the price of wheat the number of crimes against property increased, and the crimes against persons decreased. The increase of crimes against property is shown to be one case of larceny to every 100,000 inhabitants for every three farthings rise in the price of wheat, an equal decrease in such crime following a decrease in the price.

With every rise in the price of food a portion of society is driven to a lower and a meaner diet. The result of this is that an increase of insanity is produced.

At a recent annual convention of charity associations in this country there were seven papers read "On the Causes of Insanity," and the conclusions reached by all were that the most potent cause of incurable insanity is a low diet, with prolonged mental distress.

It can be shown that an increase in the price of food products is followed by a wave of crime, insanity, and death. But this is not all, for there is a falling off in the number of marriages, accompanied by a growth of evils incident thereto. In every way society suffers by the price of wheat being advanced, as with such advance *all* food products become dearer.

While it is of practical consequence that the cost of telegraphic messages, illumination, water supply, and the like should be put at a minimum by being under the direct control of the government,—national or municipal,—it is of the greatest importance that the distribution of the grain product should, in the interest of the many, be controlled, or at least supervised, by the government. This would of necessity involve the transportation of the product, and to this end a government railway system would be in order.

It might be possible to transfer grain over long distances by a cheaper mode than railway transportation. Pneumatic tubes are in use for moving grain in elevators, and engineers are of the opinion that grain can be transferred over long distances

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by pipe lines operated by air engines or pumps, the grain being blown through the pipes without abrasion. The cost of constructing and operating such a mode of transfer is theoretically less than by railways. Leaving the method of transportation out of the question, however, there is no good reason why the supply and distribution of food products and fuel should not at once be made a government matter.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

By Thomas C. Brophy.

The law-making body of a nation or state should be a portraiture of the popular body,— the people; or, as Mirabeau once said in a speech before the Constituent Assembly, it should be to the nation what a chart is for the physical configuration of its soil, presenting a reduced picture of the people,—their opinions, aspirations, and wishes,— and bearing the relative proportions to the original, precisely as a map brings before us mountains and dales." The problem before us is to displace old and worn-out machinery with that which is new and better, and to discover how to constitute popular representative assemblies in a form and on a basis that will make them an aid to civilization instead of a clog to human advancement.

For this object a number of schemes have been proposed and, to a limited extent, put into practice in this country and in Europe. The point is to provide a method of suffrage by which, to all classes of opinions and to all material interests, shall be secured, in some fair proportion, a voice in legislative councils. The plans proposed undertake to do away with the absurdity of permitting 10,001 votes to over-ride 9,999 and monopolize the political power of 20,000.

As is obvious, where representatives for legislative bodies are chosen in any constituency, a majority of one can elect the representatives and leave the minority utterly without representa-

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tion. This is a manifest injustice and a positive political evil, and all the more unjustifiable as it is seen to be unnecessary.

To obtain a fair view of the situation it is essential to form a correct estimate of the powers of voters. It has been thoughtlessly assumed that anyone qualified to cast a ballot has but one vote. This is an error. The voter is entitled to give as many votes as there are candidates to be elected. If there are four candidates, and one voluntarily votes for only three, the full power of suffrage is not exercised. We must therefore acknowledge that a voter has five votes, or ten, or fifteen; as many as there are offices to be filled. It is on this indisputable fact that all plans thus far suggested for reforming the process of elections have been based. It is seen to be possible and feasible so to regulate matters that the citizen can mass or distribute as he pleases the entire number of votes to which he is entitled. Give each voter this right, and a minority of voters, if it amounts to a fourth part of the whole number, can have it always in its power to secure a representative. It is not intimated of course that by any just system a minority of the popular vote could become a majority of a deliberative body; but it would not be condemned to everlasting silence. Its voice would be heard in the halls of legislation, where it is assumed in theory, and sometimes happens in practice, that "good reasons must perforce give place to better."

It is to be remembered that political conditions are continually changing. Old issues die out and new questions come to the front. The hope of progress in any generation is found in the newer and later thought. And this thought is always found with the minority. A majority is never seen in the van of human advancement. And the higher interests of humanity demand nothing more urgently than that the regenerating idea be early proclaimed in the halls where the representatives of the people meet to deliberate for the good of the whole, both for educational and legislative purposes. This is the fittest arena for the conflict of opinion and for "the victory by the better reason." So that in the idea of minority or proportional repre-

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sentation are involved the best aspirations and hopes of the race. The following are some of the plans proposed: —

1. *The Preferential Vote.* By this it is proposed that each voter signify his first, second, and third choice, and so on, of the candidates for whom he votes.

2. *The Limited Vote.* By this method the citizen votes for a less number of candidates than there are representatives to be elected; so that the minority can always be sure of electing at least one. The objection to this plan seems to be that it deprives the voter of a part of the votes to which he is entitled.

3. *The Free or Cumulative Vote.* This secures to the voter his full number of votes, but permits him to cast them as he sees fit,—either to distribute them among the whole number of candidates to be chosen, to divide them among a part, or to concentrate them on one. Under this system, in any district where three representatives are to be chosen, a minority of one-fourth of the whole can always elect a candidate. Before this system was tried in this country it was objected (1) that it would make no difference in the general result, because throughout a state the party that gained a minority member in one district would lose one in another district where it happened to be in the majority; and, therefore, the gains and losses would equal each other; and (2) that a party might lose by not knowing its strength.

All objections are best answered by results. In Illinois the members of the House of Representatives are chosen under the operation of the cumulative vote, in fifty-one districts of which every one elects three members. The details of the first trial of the system in 1872 were carefully collected and analyzed, and all the conclusions were entirely in favor of the new method. Of the 51 districts 34 had a republican majority, and 17 a democratic majority. Under the old system the republicans would have naturally elected 102 representatives and the democrats 51; but, as a matter of fact, the former elected 85 and the democrats 66. There was a small number throughout the state who did not vote with either of these parties and

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who, under the old system, would have been left entirely unrepresented, but by the operation of the cumulative vote they were able to elect two representatives. Massing the votes of the three sections respectively throughout the state it was found that the republicans elected three more than their proportion, and the democrats one more, and the independents four fewer. The true results were not secured with mathematical exactness; but what election under the old system has not shown results immensely more inequitable than these? Taking the vote of the state as a whole, it appears that under the old system 247,573 voters would have been represented and the vast number of 184,732 would have been left utterly without representation; but, as it turned out in this election, 407,844 voters were represented and only the comparatively small number of 19,257 were left unrepresented.

A system which comes so near securing a just representation cannot fail to command the attention and approbation of intelligent and fair-minded citizens. The objection most commonly urged is that the idea of "minority representation" is opposed to the fundamental doctrines of a republic,—that "the majority must rule." If there ever was any pertinency in this objection, it has no force whatever today. We long ago abandoned the majority doctrine when we ordained by law the plurality custom which prevails at present nearly everywhere in the country. The minority idea is now established by law, but it must be affirmed in its most offensive form. The issue is not between a majority and a minority system, for the minority system already obtains. It is whether it is not more decent and just that three groups of people, each with preferences distinct from any other, should each be represented than that a minority of one-third plus one should override the convictions of almost two-thirds of the district.

The subject of just representation was more generally agitated fifteen years ago than it has been in later years. In every age men of generous instincts have sought to reform abuses in the civic or social systems, and of late the evils have appealed

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so strongly to the friends of progress for redress that the iniquities in the matter of popular representation have temporarily dropped out of sight. But the revolving wheel brings them again into view. Ballot reform now challenges the attention of the country, and it begins to be perceived that this will be ineffective if not accompanied by its twin,— representative reform. It will be of little avail to secure to the citizen a secret ballot and an independent vote if a vicious system of representation compels him to vote iniquitously at best. We must not only give him the right of the ballot freed from the acts of the politician and the touch of the briber, but we must also secure to him the opportunity of giving the utmost effect to his individual choice. Ballot reform is unavailing without a system of just representation.

WEALTH THE PRODUCT OF SOCIETY.

BY WALTER VROOMAN.

The American people are beginning to comprehend that the colossal fortunes of our generation are the result of labor; not the labor of their possessors, but of thousands who have no share in spending them. In the development of modern civilization immense values have come into existence, not attributable directly to individual exertion. Land that was free a few years ago is now in great demand on account of the increase of population in the locality. In the immediate vicinity of many of our western cities individuals bought for five dollars an acre farms that now, in less than twenty years, bring five hundred or a thousand dollars an acre. The people who settled in the vicinity created the land values; yet how often must they pay thousands of dollars a year per acre rent to a man who gives and has given no equivalent. Other forms of wealth are also the result of the concentration of population in large centres. It is no longer necessary for each family to dig a well and carry

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the water to their rooms. There is a saving in having one large water supply and force and pipes to deliver it to the places where used. Oil and lamps and lamp cleaning are no longer necessary, as gas or electric light can be made at one place, and the whole city supplied with light at less expense. It is no longer necessary to use a horse and carriage in going about the city, much time and energy being saved by a street-car system.

These things are not the result of either the brain or the capital of corporations, but are necessary social or communal results, when a sufficient number of people settle in one locality. Shall, then, the greater part of this saving be appropriated by a small number of individuals; or shall each member of the community share alike in its benefits? Shall we grant a monopoly of supplying these necessaries to corporations and present them with large fortunes in the form of profit; or shall we keep the profit and employ the same men to do the labor?

In our large cities we find the small retail establishments closing out, and the large establishments, that employ between five hundred and two thousand assistants, absorbing all the business. These concerns are not the result of the talent of their proprietors. They are social products; and the managing talent, as well as the most simple labor employed, could be employed by the municipality as easily as by the corporation.

When we buy a dollar's worth of goods, ten cents of that dollar, for instance, we give in the shape of profit to the proprietors. It is the right of the individual buyer to keep that ten cents. *To whom belongs the patronage of the people?* Is not our patronage our own? We have the right to deal with ourselves, to employ the necessary labor in the production and distribution of the things we want, and to get them at cost. When each citizen recognizes his right, not only to what he directly produces, but to that which he indirectly produces as a member of society, the immense wealth of our nation will find its rightful owners.

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RUSKIN AS A NATIONALIST.

By H. Talbot.

In the year 1860 Mr. Ruskin published in the *Cornhill Magazine* four essays on political economy, in which his idea of the duty of governments is wonderfully similar to those now advocated by nationalists. In these essays the author maintains that labor should have a standard rate of wages not easily varied, bad and good workmen being paid alike. This would lead to the good workman being always chosen first. He holds that certain occupations should be paid more than others, according to cost or labor of training; also captains or managers more than the ordinary workers; but that each class or rank should be uniformily paid. He uses two expressions thoroughly nationalistic. He says: "My principles of political economy were all involved in a single phrase spoken three years ago at Manchester: 'Soldiers of the ploughshare as well as soldiers of the sword'; and they were all summed up in a single sentence in the last volume of 'Modern Painters': 'Government and co-operation are in all things the laws of life; anarchy and competition the laws of death.'" This, written in England more than thirty years ago, shows his clear perception of the value and functions of government, and the hurtful, immoral tendencies of competition. He continues: "And whereas it has long been known and declared that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I wish it also to be known and declared that the rich have no right to the property of the poor."

As important duties of government (Pref. P. S.) he states: 1st. That there should be training schools for youth established at government cost, and under government discipline, over the whole country; and that in these schools the child should, with the best skill of teaching that the country can produce, be imperatively taught the following three things: the laws of health and the exercises enjoined by them, habits of gentleness and justice, and the calling by which he is to live.

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2nd. That, in connection with these training schools, there should be established, also entirely under government regulation, manufactories and workshops for the production and sale of every necessary of life and for the exercise of every useful art; interfering no whit with private enterprise, nor setting any restraints or tax on private trade, but leaving both to do their best and beat the government if they can. At these government manufactories and shops good and exemplary work should be authoritatively done, pure and true substance sold; so that, if a man chose to pay the government price, he could be sure that he would get for his money bread that was bread, ale that was ale, and work that was work.

3rd. That any man or woman, boy or girl, out of employment, should be at once received at the nearest government school and set to such work as it appeared he or she was fit for. That everyone found incapable of work through ignorance should be taught, or being found incapable of work through sickness should be tended; but that all found objecting to work should be set, under compulsion of the strictest nature, to the more painful and degrading forms of necessary toil.

Last. That for the old and the destitute comfort and home should be provided; which provision would be honorable, instead of disgraceful, to the receiver. For "a laborer serves his country with his spade just as a man in the middle ranks of life serves it with a sword, a pen, or a lancet. And it ought to be quite as natural and straightforward a matter for a laborer to take his pension from his parish, because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man in higher rank to take his pension from his country, because he has deserved well of his country."

In these four essays Mr. Ruskin discusses wealth, justice, honor, and value, and examines the arguments of Mill and Ricardo, taking the firm stand that the value of a state or nation consists in its members or citizens and not in its material possessions. All nationalists ought to study his arguments most carefully.

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INDIVIDUALISM VERSUS SOCIALISM.

By Captain E. S. Huntington.

The acknowledged leaders in the world of thought, in all branches of culture and scientific attainment, are divided in opinion at the present time on the most important question of all the ages,—is there intelligent design in nature; and, if this question be answered in the affirmative, what is nature's plan in man's evolutionary progress, and how can she be assisted the most wisely in her task by man himself.

Although a believer myself in eternal powers, beyond man's ken, which rule his destiny, and though I am an optimist in the faith that the progress of humanity is ever upward to far loftier heights than can be conceived by mortal mind, it is beyond the province of this paper to touch upon the doctrine of final causes except in so far as this doctrine relates to the efforts of man toward continued improvement in his social and industrial relations. It will be useful for us nationalists, in our present educational movement, to recognize fully the warfare of differing ideas on social problems which is now raging throughout the civilized world.

Two opposing schools of thought are now engaged in the discussion of the best methods for the guidance of man's evolutionary advance. For the sake of convenience we may rank, rather loosely, the exponents of the opposing views on economic and social questions into two parties,—scientific socialists and scientific individualists. I use this term "loosely" to express the fact that no arbitrary line can be drawn between the members of one party and the other, for on many subordinate measures for the relief of existing evils in our present civilization unity of sentiment rules both parties. This warfare of thought is conducted on each side by the ablest writers of our century, and the influences exerted by the skillful presentations of the theories of each school upon the minds of people in all classes is immense.

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Starting from the same basis of belief regarding the truths of evolution, the individualist and the socialist arrive at different conclusions regarding the wisdom of man's direction of the social development in the past, and each offers his own theories regarding the wisest course for this development in the future.

In this age of enlightenment in all branches of material science it seems as if the lay public must yield acceptance, in the main, to the apparently sound theories of evolution as presented to the world by Darwin, Wallace, Spencer, and other leading teachers in biology and sociology. The advanced principles of man's progressive development from the lowest forms of life to his present high stage of intellectual culture and material comfort by a process of natural selection and survival of the fittest must be accepted by all thinkers of whatever degree of faith, or lack of faith, in so-called supernaturalism. We now have a basis of fact and reason to argue from, instead of the early attempts at philosophic speculations,— blind gropings in darkness, guided only by the *ignis fatuus* or the revelations claimed to have been given to the Hebrew race.

With this little preface we can turn to the consideration of more specific articles of faith held by the adherents of the two schools, individualism and socialism. Both parties acknowledge the great advantage in the past of the spur given to individual effort by the constant struggle of the competitive system of life; but the individualists claim, and here I refer to the doctrines of the extreme school, that the highest civilization has been hindered in its full promise by the constant interference of organized society; in fact, that the socialistic tendencies in human nature have delayed the development of qualities necessary for the attainment of the highest form of earthly existence. The advanced disciples in the "let alone" doctrines of individualism carry the theory of "natural selection" to a cruel length in attempting to apply the idea of "the survival of the fittest" to man's advance in civilization. This doctrine of "the survival of the fittest" should only have force in the earlier stages of development, from mollusk to ape, from ape to man; but

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when we reach the human stage a nobler principle must be adopted if we wish to explain the highest destiny for organized humanity. Some of the leading exponents of the extreme, hard school of individualism, though no doubt personally warm-hearted and charitable toward those who need help in all life's relations, and though many of them may be foremost in practical methods for the improvement of the terribly unjust conditions of our social life, condemn, nevertheless, in theory, altruistic sentiment in mortal mind as interfering with nature's plan of development. In the opinion of the individualist one vitally important physical sense should be cultivated above all others by the human being in order to improve the race and advance general prosperity for the selected classes that are best fitted for survival. This physical quality of mortal mind, for which so much is claimed, is called the "value sense,"—which means the ability on the part of its possessor not only to recognize the necessity of accumulating property but also to repress all impulses except in the direction of ownership of "values." These teachings carried to their logical conclusions would declare that those children of earth who did not possess this value sense, no matter how high and noble their spiritual qualities might be, were unfitted for the struggle for existence, and that the ruling sentiment of all communities should allow such improvident classes to perish under the brute law, instead of extending to them the fostering care of organized government. I do not think I have overstated the position of extreme scientific individualism. I could give many quotations from representative writers in this line of thought to show how deadly materialistic and how harsh these individualistic doctrines really are; and it is to be noticed that, in all the theories of this extreme school, no account is taken of a wise direction of mundane affairs by an eternal mind.

Before turning to the brighter views of life held by the wisest teachers and followers of socialism in its highest form, it is well to repeat that in defining the position of the opposite party the views of the extremists only of that sect were given. We all

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understand, of course, that there is a large body of thinkers and people from all classes who occupy a middle position in opinion botween the two extremes on these questions. The numerical majority of persons, composing what we may call the classes of moderate opinion, is inclined to the ethical side of socialism, but at the same time these well-intentioned people are so lacking in the faith of the possibilities of human nature under different conditions from those of competition that they swell the ranks of the *laissez faire* party. Perhaps, when the time comes that a plain and practical method of life under a complete social system — such an one as nationalism offers — can be shown, these skeptics will weigh the scales on the side of equality and justice, the side of democratic state socialism, or, as we term it, Nationalism.

We will now take a broader view of humanity than can be obtained from the standpoint of individualism. Scientific socialists believe that altruism (the love of others, the sinking of self) has produced all the highest and noblest traits of character possessed by the human race at this period of the earth's history. They believe that altruism was never dead as a ruling force in nature; "that it is at the root of all duty, honor, faithfulness, and loyalty"; but at the same time they acknowledge that man was first stimulated and urged forward beyond the "clogging stagnation of savagery" to barbarism, and thence to what is now called civilization, by self-love. We cannot claim, however, for socialism, in the past, any extended belief among its chief writers and advocates in a super-mundane intelligence; but they are optimists, as compared to their opponents, in the faith of human possibilities in the future. The socialist believes that whatever gains man has won in his advance through the ages are the result of social combination and cooperation; that without such social formations in the past — first in the family, secondly in the tribe, and again in the uniting of tribes to form nations — man would have remained the prowling savage of the forests and plains, with none but animal instincts, with no aspirations above those of the brute. The intelligent

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socialist accepts the theory of evolution so entirely that he feels certain of the facts deduced from that theory. By following the course of human development the social body of organized individuals is seen growing from a condition of anarchy to one of unity; and we notice, the more complete the unity attained by any nation, the higher does that nation rank as a civilized and happy country. May we not compare the human body, with its millions of life cells, each bearing its little burden, performing its little task for the good of the organized whole, with the larger living organism called society? In the human body, so long as the physical molecules composing the vital organs and tissues work together in harmony, so long does that body exist in health and life; but if derangement and discord take place between these molecules (life cells all) disease sets in, and perhaps death ensues for the body as a whole, though molecules and atoms prepare for reuniting in other forms of life.

In the social body, wherever organized society has existed, there has always been more or less of what would be called disease in the human body, inharmonious action on the part of individuals or groups of individuals,—the social molecules. This antagonism has existed with differing degrees of strength at different periods of social development, and the student in sociology may rightly believe that man by resisting the higher impulses of nature toward unity of interests in society formation has constantly delayed the full growth and perfection of the highest forms of aggregate life. There has always been a thought in the world's mind of a high ideal of human society, and the socialist cherishes a faith that man can by organized effort on the lines of wise natural development attain that ideal.

The individualist, on the contrary, while recognizing the fact that much can be accomplished by voluntary groupings of individuals for co-operative efforts, deplores any state control of such associations. He advocates entire freedom of contact between men with the least possible interference by any form of government. In fact, he accepts the competitive system of life as the true one; but he wishes all restraints of law and force removed,

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excepting only the right to use force in repelling force. This ideal of individualism is a high one, but it is much more utopian, and it calls for a much higher type of human nature for practical accomplishment, than any plan advocated by socialism. The individualist looks too much at the rights of the minority, while the socialist, taking even the ground of gross materialism, is firmly convinced that the greater happiness for the greater number should be the sole object of man's endeavor, and this can only be attained by co-operation and combination of the social units on an entirely equal basis of reward, all sharing alike the fruits of united exertion. For the wise management of such an association some form of central control chosen by the free vote of the joint workers is necessary. To return to my former simile. As the human brain acts as the central guidance of the individual atoms of the physical body, so should the executive officers of the co-operative commonwealth act for the wise guidance of the social atoms. This is not paternalism, for the head executive officers under a free ballot are only part of the body politic, and they can be removed or changed at will by that body.

Of course, in the past history of the world the believers and advocates of competitive warfare between men have ruled the earth. In our own day these principles of life govern the opinions of a great majority of the people; but the general spread of education and intelligence among the wage-earners of the world is very rapidly creating such a power of righteous sentiment that the necessary social and industrial readjustments may be speedily accomplished without much general anger or disturbance.

Nationalists must be patient and hopeful, waiting for the full education of the spirit of our nation. Let us, each one, do his or her part in this grand work of awakening the people to the threatened dangers to their liberty in the growth of the money power in the hands of the few. Above all, let us sink all personal likes and dislikes in the one noble object we have in view.

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SONGS OF BROTHERHOOD.

By Allan Eastman Cross.

7. GLASGOW, FROM ITS NECROPOLIS.

Entombed in smoke the city lies,
  Which not the light of sweetest day,
Nor breath of heaven, nor warmth of sun,
  Hath yet the power to break away;

As dead unto the blessed sky,
  The fair blue heaven above it spread,
As cold to life, beneath my feet,
  This ancient city of the dead!

And many a city of the plain,
  Like Glasgow 'neath its shrouding laid,
Lies dead unto its higher life,
  Deep buried in the smoke of trade.

Not that this trade itself is bad,
  Nor that man's equal work is wrong!
But wrong it is that poor and weak
  Should bear the burdens of the strong;

And, blinded by this smoke of trade,
  And, buried in their ignorance,
Should find the world God gave to them
  A sorry sepulchre of chance.

And so I mused, and so I wrote,—
  But at the word, like God's own hand,
A fierce wind sprang from out the North
  And rolled the stone from off the land,

And let the gracious sunlight in,
  And showed a city fair to see,
With spires, and masts, and monuments,
  Enrobed in white serenity.

And so, e'en so, God speed the day!
  This smoke of trade upon the world,
By his strong spirit in men's hearts,
  Shall from their darkened lives be hurled;

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And eyes shall look undimmed and free
  Up to the heavens, and find the light,
No longer blurred by blinding trade,
  But sweet and gracious to the sight;

And all men then shall gaze above,
  And bless the life God gave to them,
And bless the giver, serving him
  With lives he thus shall save to them.

8. THE WIZARD COMPETITION.

I met a mad magician in the way,
  A daft old dervish, idly murmuring
  Of what did seem a most fantastic thing,
And yet I pondered much what he did say.

The fellow fancied him a very prince,
  Ruling a world by his poor sorcery,—
  Methinks, the world must be as daft as he,
If what he said should aught of truth evince.

He claimed to hold the honor of our earth
  In full subjection to his magic spell;
  And wheresoe'er his whimsey fiat fell
There bowed to dust the world's diviner worth.

And whosoe'er was best at tricks and foils,
  To him he gave the bounty of the land,
  Till Cunning got men's produce well in hand,
And Labor lost the profit of its toils.

And stranger yet! he took an ill delight,
  This loathy fiend, in massing side by side,
  In wanton, cruel jest, men's pain and pride,
Their rags and jewels, helplessness and might.

"And all in glad obeisance kiss my hand,
  And all are in a common bondage bound;
  On hearts of rich as well as poor is found
The serf's base collar or the slave's hot brand.

"They even cast their lives beneath my feet,
  And hail me author of their liberty,
  And do it proudly, too — the fools!" quoth he,—
This gibbering dervish with his mad conceit.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Communications for this department must be as short and concise as possible, and upon some subject of general interest to nationalists.
Unless received before the 10th day of the month, it is impossible to promise the insertion of any letter in the next following number of the magazine.
Correspondents are requested not to write on both sides of the paper.

CONDITION AND AIMS OF KAWEAH COLONY.

The editorial headed "A Mistaken View of Nationalism" in the September number of your magazine is apt to mislead the uninformed in regard to Kaweah Colony. It is not an enterprise where communism of effort and property or equality in work and reward is aimed at. One of our basic principles is to inaugurate a system guaranteeing equal opportunities to every one of its members. Not equality in material products, whether work is done or not; or if done, whether it be efficient or poor; but it is proposed instead of using compulsion in case a person should refuse to work, to leave him free to refuse if he chooses to forego remuneration, by giving each worker the full value of his labor, or, in other words, reward according to his deeds.

The colonists propose, furthermore, not to be satisfied with a mountainous valley and a giant forest as a shelter of activity, but intend to extend their territory, add new members, and use the immense wealth their labor will create, within a few years, in the extension of practical scientific socialism.

HERMAN V. GRUENIGEN.

I wish to kindly refer to the views expressed in the editorial of the September NATIONALIST, under the heading "A Mistaken View of Nationalism."

I doubt the existence of a dearer hope or desire in the heart of any sincere nationalist than the one to secure an immediate enjoyment of that higher life and association, possible only through the practical application of the principles of nationalism upon *some* practical plan, regardless of its "proving or disproving" anything to an indifferent portion of society. Some practical plan for this purpose seems to me as important a study as does the course to be pursued towards insuring or hastening the far off or "final change," and I am glad to see the "Suggestion" of Mr. Charles Evans Holt appear on this subject in the same number of the NATIONALIST. I am confident that hundreds of nationalists will be glad to see the discussion of this subject continued through our magazine, and encouraged by its editor. Minor remedies, if remedies at all, are far better than none. The weak may be the only ones in urgent need of them, but it is to try to "relieve them of the dreadful injustice of the present system," and "the slavery it would perpetuate that we pledge our best efforts." I beg for the discussion to go on, and if good comes of it many happy souls will praise the day when it began.

MEMBER, Club No. 1, of Ohio.

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INVENTION UNDER NATIONALISM.

In the August number of the NATIONALIST appeared a letter from "Piston Rod," under the heading "Invention under Nationalism," a question worthy of the closest attention. We are still, most certainly, all "of the world, worldly," and under our present conditions it is quite natural that we should be so constituted. Mr. William H. Randall recognizes the requirements of our nature when he says "official rank should be recognized by increased emoluments." So, too, in the case of the inventor, he should be rewarded for his superior usefulness. This principle we see in the working of the natural laws. All men do not enjoy the same good health from youth to old age, but each is, to a great extent, himself responsible, and suffers bad or enjoys good health as he disobeys or obeys the laws governing the action of the different parts of his body. Plainly, then, in a system of co-operation of labor, the reward should be in proportion to the skill required and the usefulness of the work performed.

Invention, under nationalism and a proper system of meritorious reward, would have a far more suitable field for development than the present. In fact, when we consider the effect of the inventions of labor-saving machinery under the present system of individualism, it is almost a wonder that anyone has the heart to exert his inventive powers, only to increase the riches of the rich and the poverty of the poor.

J. M. WILLIAMS.

In answer to "Piston Rod," I would say that man's inherent desire to excel — the only cause of his rising from a state of animalism — would not be neutralized by the ease and comfort which nationalism would bestow. It would bring everyone into contact with the necessity for invention. It would give opportunity without sitting up o' nights, and also supply the ways and means, together with the assistance of science, machinery, and skilled labor in the art of construction. Now, in our competitive state, it is "root, hog, or die"; and how many do die with valuable inventions buried within them! Opportunity and assistance, coupled with the desire to excel, surely would not be liable to cause man, after his promotion to a higher state, to lose the desire for promotion as an individual.

The ambition to excel, coupled with all the advantages which the new condition would bestow, would give an impetus to invention far in excess of the present rate.

L. V. M.

COMPULSORY VS. VOLUNTARY NATIONALISM.

To wait until, by political action, the nationalization of industry shall be adopted is one thing; to adopt this principle of combined action for business purposes on a small scale is another.

The adherents of the first system claim that the ordinary competitive system interferes with voluntary combination, and that the latter

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can be successfully adopted only by making it compulsory upon all alike. The upholders of the second claim that the impediments to voluntary combination are wholly internal, that the failures in small efforts are caused by the imperfections of their plans, or the disagreements of the members, and that these would cause a failure on a large as well as on a small scale.

This antagonism should not exist. That the first class of persons is mistaken is, I think, shown by the thousands of co-operative societies and communities which have been for many years in successful operation, both in this and other countries. The second class is equally at fault in limiting their efforts to voluntary combination only. It is true that if the people would generally adopt the gradual method, by joining together in small local organizations, and then consolidating these into one general organization, there would be no need of political action. But while we have the power to act politically, it would be negligent of our own interests not to utilize it. Then, let us not disparage either of these methods, but aid and encourage both of them at the same time. Little by little we have been nationalizing many of the industries of our country ever since it began. Let us continue in this line until we capture from private enterprise every industry, so that it shall hereafter be carried on by all for the equal benefit of all, instead of as now by the few, and for the benefit of the few. At the same time let all who believe in securing immediate benefits go on establishing models on a small scale. These are helpful as showing how much better it would be on a large scale.

In the voluntary co-operative societies and communities which have agreed among themselves, no outside impediments to success have been experienced. By superiority of system, they have always successfully competed with private enterprise, and have thus clearly shown that there is no need either of waiting for political action or of isolation.

This success on a small scale ought to give assurance that the nationalization of such combination would enable our government to compete successfully with all other governments in which private enterprise is permitted, so that not only would the general welfare of all our citizens thus be greatly enchanced, but all other governments would thus be forced to adopt the same method in order to maintain an equality of power.

A. LONGLEY.

CHEAP VS. HONEST MONEY.

Having read the article in your September issue, "The Farmers' Demand for Cheap Money," I take exception to some of the writer's statements. It is not cheap but honest money that the farmers want. They want a dollar that is good for the farmer, the merchant, the mechanic, the sailor, everybody.

It is the stamp, with the credit of the nation behind it, that gives value to money. This kind of money covers gold and silver, but gives them no patent rights over other metals. Such a money will perpetuate the

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nation, for it will be the people's, and as fixed as the north star; redeemable when desired to exchange it for something that is wanted, and of no use until that time arrives.

By a mortgage on his land the farmer offers the best security that can be given, as it is constantly increasing in value. Naturally, he thinks it only fair that he should borrow of the government, on what is his to pledge and for which he pays taxes, and just as naturally he thinks it unfair that the government should use his credit and that of all other toilers,— that is, "the nation's credit,"— to loan to the banks, which get interest on what they own as well as on what they owe.

The greenback should not be compared with continental money, which was a promise to pay in Spanish milled dollars. The greenbacks of the first issue were legal tender and at par with gold. The next issue was the same when it passed the House, but when it got to the Senate certain men, while the nation was struggling for its life, threatened what they would do if the repudiating clause was not put upon it. This remains today an evidence of the most villanous conspiracy by our own so-called honorable men. Hence the depreciation of the greenback, which forced the soldier to take from 38 to 50 cents for his dollar, and put more than fifty million people in bondage to this day.

It is not on account of the *great volume* of money issued, as Mr. Peterson says, but because of this repudiating clause that the greenback depreciated in value. His idea of a currency of two dollars in paper to be redeemed by one dollar in coin would be a fifty-cent dollar.

Our whole system of finance is founded on a falsehood. The government should control and issue the money, and not place itself in the condition it was in when the war broke out, when the people had to use broken bank money, postage stamps, and anything that came handiest. Horace Greeley said "a well executed counterfeit was better than some of the regular bank bills for use."

There should be banks of issue which shall be banks of deposit as well, in which the government would take charge of the money, and from which it could, when needed, be obtained by giving proper security. The farmer would not keep the money he hired at two per cent if he had no use for it, and while the interest was paid the government would not want the principal. The mortgagee, when paid, could deposit his money with the government and have it cared for without charge, where it could be had when wanted, just as the farmer and the mechanic do with their tools, which represent in the aggregate a large amount of capital.

The government in providing a currency should have nothing to do with interest, but have that currency good for all alike. Mr. Peterson says "the experiment has been tried and invariably failed." I do not think any nation ever had honest money. It was always based on a false promise impossible to fulfill. Based on a falsehood, it could not be a success.

JOSHUA WHITTEMORE.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Questions for this department must be brief, and of some general interest to nationalists. Replies are solicited and will be noticed when received; they should, in all cases, be introduced by the number of the question answered.

Communications should be received by the 10th day of the month, or insertion in the next following number of the magazine cannot be guaranteed.

17.—(1) While waiting for a chance to do something "practical," would it not be well for our lawyer friends to exert themselves in the matter of amendments to our state constitutions?

(2) Should not efforts be made to secure provisions requiring that, in all charters for public carrier service, hereafter to be granted, the state shall be entitled at the end of, say, twenty years and at regular recurring periods thereafter to assume control by paying the *then actual value* of all property necessary to conduct the business on state account?

(3) Should not amendments be made to force all private corporations now organized for public service to turn over to the state, say, one per cent of their capital stock *in kind* each year, and also provide for government directors proportioned to the state holdings of such stock?

(4) While dealing with constitutions, state and national,—that may be *radically* amended if the large majority say so,—why not end the possibility of having large private estates entailed? Nay, why not go further and prohibit any individual from disposing by will of more than one million dollars,—a sum equal to a thousand years' pay for a good mechanic? All above that, however obtained, should be devoted to public uses as if raised by taxation.

(5) If state action is advised and it be deemed unwise for one state to so act in advance of its neighbors, could it not be left discretionary with the legislatures when to have such provisions take effect,—to secure concurrent action by several states? C. A. N.

18.—John T. Codman's answer to question No. 10 is very interesting. I wish now to ask if he will furnish, through you, the names of the incorporators of "The Brook Farm Institution for Agriculture and Education." A copy of this document would, I think, be of interest to numbers of your readers. SILAS YORCK.

19.—Will some one of our friends who want us to have a badge tell us what good it will do. At present I cannot help thinking, with L. Stuart, that we have no use for any such thing. A WORKING MAN.

20.—How many industrial communities are now in existence in the United States? What are their names? Where are they situated? How long have they been in operation, and who are their secretaries? M. N.

21.—From what books can I get the clearest definitions of nationalism and Christian socialism? I should like to know how far they are the same and where they differ. PERPLEXED.

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ANSWERS.

2.— John C. Perkins, of Swanville, Erie County, Penn., says: "The gross amount of the capital stock of the railroads is about $9,000,000,000, of which about $5,000,000,000 is water. At four per cent, the average annual railroad dividend, $360,000,000, is the amount annually paid out in railroad dividends in the United States, of which $200,000,000 are paid on watered stock." According to T. W. Gilruth, of Kansas City, Mo., "the railroads of the United States are capitalized for $9,719,517,248. They cost only $2,000,000,000. The ocean of watered stock is the difference. The people, for transportation of persons and commodities, are required to pay 5½ per cent dividends upon this capitalization." If A. E. C. will consult Poor's Manual he will, I think, find that $10,000,000,000 capitalization and $7,000,000,000 watered stock is not far from the truth. H. R. L.

6.— In the "Irrepressible Conflict" Moses Hull says that between 1850 and 1870 Congress gave away to railroad companies 208,344,268 acres, and names the corporations, and the amount given to each. He also names nineteen noblemen of Great Britain who own 1,449,410 acres, says the list is yearly on the increase, and gives the names of the owners. H. R. L.

8.— So far as any definite information can be obtained from the correspondence on life at the headquarters of the First Nationalist Club of Boston, it appears that in only two states, Ohio and California, have nationalist leagues been formed. Massachusetts will soon be in line, as the preliminary conventions have been held, a constitution adopted, and delegates elected from the different clubs throughout the state. Before this appears in print the league will probably be ready to guide nationalistic affairs in the Old Bay State. California seems to be the only commonwealth in which the nationalists will enter politics, as a distinct body, this autumn. SECRETARY.

15.— It is difficult to obtain accurate information such as W. J. S. asks for. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* says: "Just how many persons belong to the American trade societies is not known. It cannot be less than a million and may be much more. In 1880, according to the census report, there were 2,440 such societies in the United States, representing 132 industries." The English numbers seem to be given pretty accurately in the article on "The Liverpool Trade-Union Congress," wherein you say, on page 200 of the last number, "At this convention there were 457 delegates, representing 311 societies and, as nearly as can be estimated, 1,470,191 members." I should think that the numbers here would far exceed those of England. S. J. W.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

CURRENT TOPICS.

STREET-RAILWAYS.

The *Cleveland Press* greets enthusiastically the recent action of the city council in passing a resolution looking to the city's laying of street-car tracks in Wilson Avenue. It says: "The long struggle to break the autocracy of the street-railroad magnates over the highways has led to a public opinion which has been heeded even in the hall of the city legislators. What a comfort it would have been had the preceding council taken this position, instead of giving away all the best streets of the city for twenty-five years without price and with hardly a reservation." The owning of the tracks in the streets by the municipality ought to lead to the performance of the entire service by the public authority. All that is needed in order to do this successfully is to adopt a business-like system. That it can be done is shown by experience elsewhere. Australian cities own and run their own street railways; and Glasgow, which has long owned the tracks, leasing them to a corporation, has recently decided to assume the operation of the system. Americans ought to be competent to do anything in a public capacity that the people of any other country can do.

PROFIT-SHARING.

The Unitarian club has been lately discussing this question and showing a very respectable aptitude for misappropriating and misusing terms. That the workman may be able to devote to his own use a fair share of the results of his work is one of the objects for which we are all striving. We are, however, so unaccustomed to find the orthodox political economist advocating fair and feasible measures for the equitable accommodation of the relations between capitalist, producer, and consumer that we could not but look for the key to the enigma. This we find in these words: "In profit-sharing the employer has a system entirely under his control. . . . The result will be undiminished profit to the

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employer, a dividend to the employee, and peace between the two." And this result is called profit-sharing. The employer will share his profits with the employee and yet retain undiminished profits for himself. A wise man has said that you cannot eat the loaf and have it; and in spite of the dictum of the Unitarian Solons we believe that there is an atom of truth in the proposition. It is clear that if the employers are going to retain an undiminished profit for themselves, they must combine to raise the price of their goods, and thus, from the necessities of the consumers, raise a fund out of which they can pay the producer higher wages. This is in no sense profit-sharing, and the word can only be used as a euphemism for the garnishing of a dishonest transaction. It may produce "peace between the two," but it will be necessary to establish peace between the three before we arrive at a peace that shall be enduring. When Peter is robbed that Paul may be paid, Peter is sure sooner or later to rebel.

WASTEFUL DISTRIBUTION.

The New York *World* had recently a significant article on the waste caused by the methods of distribution employed in that city. A number of prominent business men were asked: "Are more men employed in your line of business than are necessary to supply the public want?" Without exception the heads of large houses declared that half the middlemen in the city were useless; a few large establishments could supply the city with everything it needs. For instance, a leading clothier said: "Twenty-five establishments could supply the city with clothing more economically and with greater convenience than it is supplied at present with 650 establishments. Three-fourths of the men now engaged in the clothing business are useless in their present position, and the country would be richer if they turned their energies to productive enterprise. Two men in a large establishment do the work of eight in a small one. Fifteen per cent is saved when the wholesale merchant is abolished and goods are sent direct from the factory to the retail store." In every trade the responses were of a similar tenor, and the waste in distribution under the present system was shown to be enormous. Even in one of the learned professions a fearful waste of energy was exhibited. When asked: "Does the legal business of New York require the services of 5460 lawyers?" the Hon. Thaddeus B. Wakeman replied: "One thousand lawyers, if properly organized, could perform all the legal business of New York, and 4460 whose labors are now useless would be

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forced into productive employment." If the element of profit were only eliminated from the motive for distribution, and the service of the public were the main consideration, what a tremendous saving there would be, both in the doing of the work itself, and the diversion to useful activities of the superfluous members of the present distributive army!

THE CRIMES OF CAPITAL.

Ex-President Hayes, with his clear perception of the wrongs that cause the universal social unrest of today, presents a marked contrast to that other Ohio statesman, Senator Sherman, who is trying to find some way to suppress trusts and other great combinations, saying in substance to the manufacturers: "Now that we have protected you with the McKinley bill, go ahead and compete like the good little infant industries that you are. But if, instead of competing, you hereafter still insist on combining, I shall be ready to sweep away protection entirely." The promising infants, however, say that they know a game worth two of that, and will surely go on with their combinations faster than ever.

In his address as president of the National Prison Association, at its recent meeting in Cincinnati, Mr. Hayes quoted the late Horatio Seymour, who, as first president of the society, said that the community, the society in which great crimes are committed, in which crimes increase, are in some real sense, in some real degree, responsible for those crimes; that society itself cannot be separated. "The crimes of today are due to the business and social spirit of today," said Mr. Hayes. "Consider. There are two classes of crime in all civilized countries, and especially in our own country. The crimes of capital and the crimes of sudden wealth; the crimes of those avaricious for gain, avaricious for money, not always *merely* for money, but for the power that money gives; the power over place, over position, over office, over influence, over conventions, over legislative bodies (I hope not yet over courts), but the power of money gained rapidly, not always by the purest means. That spirit leads to the crimes of those who are at the top of the wall of fortune, not always punished, not always convicted, too frequently admired and envied. The opportunities here by speculation, by gambling, by every description of illegitimate effort to make great fortunes, leaving others without that opportunity, is a great cause of crime in this country; and then I say with Governor Seymour, for all this the community itself is more or less responsible in their laws, in their conduct of business, in their general lives."

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THE CAUSE OF EXPENSIVE ILLUMINATION.

A correspondent informs us that the capitalization and debt of the Chicago gas monopoly is so large that the interest alone on its bonds amounts to forty cents a thousand feet on the output of gas. The gas in the holder costs about twenty-seven cents a thousand; it is sold to the city at a dollar a thousand, and to the public at one dollar and twenty-five cents. "If the plant were capitalized at anything like cost," says our correspondent, "gas could be sold at two-thirds its present price."

The Chicago gas works in private hands offer an instructive contrast to the conduct of the electric lighting plant by the city, as recently described in this magazine. It is going to be an expensive proceeding to get these illuminating plants, over-capitalized as they are, out of private into public hands. But Glasgow, Birmingham, and other cities in Great Britain have found it expedient to obtain control of the gas works even at the exorbitant prices demanded. By means of a sinking fund, these cities have already either reduced the capital to a figure that enables them to produce very cheap gas, or have wiped it out entirely, thus bringing the cost of production down to the minimum. The Boston gas monopoly has just entered upon the production of fuel gas, distributed in special mains, charging sixty cents a thousand, and expects a great demand for it, owing to the convenience and cleanliness of such fuel. In London the cost of illuminating gas is only sixty cents a thousand. Fuel gas can be produced at a cost of eight to ten cents a thousand, and the expense of distribution, which is one of the chief elements in the cost of gas to the consumer, would probably not be, at the utmost, over three times the cost of the gas in the holder, so that, in Boston, fuel gas could be sold at thirty cents a thousand and bring a fair profit. Were the plant in the hands of the city, fuel gas could easily be supplied at that price. But the principle of a private corporation is to charge all that the business will bear. In the hands of the city, fuel gas could be made cheaper than the expense of coal to the consumer; the demand would be general, and the cost would be correspondingly reduced. In the hands of a private monopoly, with an enormously inflated capitalization, the public gains only the advantage of the increased convenience from the new kind of fuel; all the advantage of relative cheapnesss goes into the pockets of a class of individuals privileged by corporate rights to prey upon the needs of the community.

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SOME RAILWAY LESSONS.

The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew comes back from Europe with some disingenuous talk about railways. Mr. Depew is one of the men who, as director in the Chicago & Northwestern railway, was addressed by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd by name as personally sharing in the responsibility for the Spring Valley outrage upon honest miners by criminal millionaires, who, under false pretences, enticed coal miners from all over the country into their trap. Perhaps it was because Mr. Depew was so full of his hobnobbing with royalty in England that he did not pay such attention to the facts of European railway management and administration as might be looked for from the president of a great railway company. At all events, he gives a misleading idea of government ownership of railways when he seeks to compare government lines in Europe with private lines in America, where conditions are entirely different. A truthful comparison would necessitate a contrast between the European railways when in private hands and their present condition under public ownership. It would be found that the improvement under the latter conditions have been enormous. And, in trying to make out how much cheaper transportation is under private management, Mr. Depew conveniently ignores the example of Hungary, where the Zone system, under state management, has effected a reduction of fares to rates very much cheaper than the lowest figures known in this country.

Again, in citing the example of cheap peaches in Italy and dear peaches in London, in contrast with the transportation of California fruit across this continent, Mr. Depew is misleading. The main reason for the great cost of the Italian peach in London is to be found in the number of national frontiers, with their barriers to trade, existing on the route. But in Germany, with the superb package-post system of that country, a man in Berlin may order five kilograms, or eleven pounds, of peaches from Mannheim or Constance, and receive them at a cost of only twelve cents for transportation. Here, with the express companies successfully lobbying to prevent the introduction of an efficient package-post, the rates on that class of mail matter are kept at a cent an ounce, so that, to send that amount of merchandise by mail in this country would cost $1.76.

Meanwhile, Mr. Depew's own railway company, whose motto is the famous one of "The Public be Damned," had, in his absence, been illustrating the beneficence of leaving the means of public transportation to irresponsible private hands. Were the railways owned by the people

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and operated by the government, as they should be, no such difficulty as that on the New York Central could have occurred.

The enormous increase of terrible railway accidents in this country of late is ascribed to the employment of incompetent men, for the sake of cheapness. On the Baltimore & Ohio railroad nine men were killed through the mistake of a telegraph operator, who, we are told, was "a mere boy." The main aim of private railway management is the gaining of profit, the service of the public being a secondary consideration. With public ownership we should not be cursed with the poor economy and worse humanity of employing cheap men and overworking good ones,—evils that are largely responsible for the railway casualties of today.

A Basis of Physical Science.

Prof. A. E. Dolbeare, the eminent electrician and inventor, contributes to the *New Ideal* an article called "First Principles in Social Reform." His claim, that for the correct determination of social problems an understanding of the conditions of physical science is necessary, is a correct one. No theory can stand the test of criticism if it includes assumptions which any branch of physical science, the conditions of which are exactly known, proves to be falsely grounded. "In order to understand a sociological problem, a knowledge of psychology is essential. A working knowledge of psychology requires a knowledge of biology, or of the laws of life; and no adequate knowledge of this can be had by one without a preparation in physics and in chemistry," says Prof. Dolbeare. We fancy that the learned professor would hardly claim that for a person to think and write intelligently on sociology he must be well grounded in these various branches. The interrelation of the various branches of science is such that it would be simply impossible for a specialist in one department to have a close knowledge of the various other departments that have an essential bearing on his own. It is, of course, sufficient to accept the conclusions of the competent investigators in the various fields of physical science. It is difficult to determine precisely what Prof. Dolbeare can mean when, alluding to "Looking Backward," he says: "If the author knew half as much of physical science as he ought to have known, he never would have written it." We have heard of inventors of whom it was said that, had they been thoroughly educated in the departments in which they worked, they would never have made the important discoveries that they did, for

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then they would have known — that is, would have supposed they knew — that what they tried to do was impossible. Viewed in that light, we are thankful for Edward Bellamy's "ignorance." But, in fact, the great excellence of that author's work lies in its broad scientific basis. It proceeds from one of the highest of scientific faculties,—the power to generalize broadly, clearly, and comprehensively. Regarded aside from its fanciful details, the fundamental ideas of "Looking Backward" will be found to consist in a recognition of the plainly demonstrated truth that fully nineteen-twentieths of human energy is wasted in the friction of the prevalent unscientific system of unorganized production; in a perception of the value of the axiom: "In union there is strength;" and that its application in effecting properly organized production in the only way that it can be effected — under national direction — would utilize the greater portion of that energy, now wasted, and would inestimably promote the prosperity and increase the wealth of mankind. Some of Prof. Dolbeare's most notable and best-informed brother inventors have perceived these scientific qualities, and have cordially approved the work. We commend to Prof. Dolbeare a consideration of the utterances of one of the most eminent, clear-seeing, and broad-minded of living physicists, Prof. Huxley, who, writing upon sociological subjects, says: "I do not see how any limit whatever can be laid down as to the extent to which, under some circumstances, the action of government may be rightfully carried."

A Few Words About Work.

The evils from which the country is suffering as a consequence of the methods by which private business enterprises are conducted and the necessary legislative authority for such undertakings is obtained are generally known and admitted. When the men who have made the wealth of the country protest because, through legislative enactments which have legalized robbery, they are shut out from the enjoyment of that which is theirs; when bone and sinew seeking employment rebel because, through capitalistic greed, the avenues of occupation are closed and the means of sustaining life are denied to them; when industrial slaves make an attempt to show that they are men and rise in verbal insubordination against a system which places them body and soul at the disposition of fellow-men, whose only title to superiority is an excess of craft and cunning by which they have been enabled to accumulate the means of debauching legislative assemblies and of establishing themselves in

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the possession of that which never was, and never could be, theirs by right; when these things occur, and are brought to our knowledge, we hold up our hands in pious horror and exclaim: "What is the country coming to? Why are not these people content with the condition in which it has pleased the Almighty to place them?" When it is made plain that nearly every branch of the public service is honeycombed with corruption, and that the foundation of the whole system of commercial enterprise rests upon the festering relics of slain and mutilated honesty and uprightness, then we calmly fold our hands and invoke the judgment of heaven upon the heads of those who abuse their trusts.

That the condition of things is serious everyone readily acknowledges; but nobody likes to think that he or she has any share of the responsibility for that which obtains. Yet this is undoubtedly the case, and the person who most loudly raises his voice in complaint is not infrequently the one upon whom the greatest amount of responsibility rests; for, as a rule, he is the one who has done the least towards a rectification of the evils which he deplores. The man or the woman who sits at home and does nothing while political chicanery is being hatched is responsible for all the public dishonesty that exists. The feeling which keeps a citizen from taking an active interest in the political, industrial, and social condition of his country, because perchance the associations are unpleasant and the work distasteful, is evidence of an unhealthy mental condition. It is this apathy, this abnegation of duty, that has brought about the present state of things; necessary, we allow, and right as a stage in our evolutionary advance, but only as a stage to be overpassed as soon as we can place our feet firmly in advance.

The time for this advance is at hand, and workers are needed to clear the way. Every man and woman in the land should arise with determination and, by word and action, make it impossible that the onward march shall be impeded and that the destruction of political corruption and industrial slavery shall be delayed. Now is the time to uproot the system which gives to the few all that is worth having in life and condemns the multitude to a brute competitive struggle for the bare means of physical subsistence. The treacherous tendrils of this system are binding themselves around and about us so firmly that, unless we act with resolution and promptitude, we, like Laocoön when he attempted to save his sons from the embrace of the serpents, shall be helpless in the fatal coils.

If we are not willing that this should be the case, everyone must

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engage in the work. In the struggle there is no room for apathy; every person must take his stand on the one side or on the other. The representatives of the systems which it is our work to uproot have taken their places, and are working with all the energy of those who well know that upon the result depends their very existence. If the democracy of Athens, where exclusive privilege was apparently ineradicably fixed, could wipe away all class distinctions and establish equality of rights, surely the people of the United States of America can deal the death-blow to corruption, dishonesty, and the exploitation of man by man. They certainly can, if duty be done and aid extended by everyone who believes in honesty, integrity, and an equality of opportunity for all.

NEWS OF THE MOVEMENT.

In Massachusetts the different clubs are electing delegates to the state league. The First Club of Boston has issued to the voters of the state an address that has attracted a good deal of attention owing to the fact that it is the only address that has dared to arraign the last legislature of the state for its peculiar methods of legislating, and its evident indifference to the cry of the people for authority to carry on the lighting industries in the various cities and towns of the state. The Lynn Club has elected the following officers: Geo. H. Cary, president; E. Josephine Roache and Geo. W. Gilmore, vice-presidents; Mrs. L. J. Hitchcock, recording secretary; John T. Broderick, corresponding secretary; Wallace Osborne, treasurer. John A. O'Keefe was selected to represent the club on the executive committee of the state league. This club is doing some very effective work in an educational way. Mr. Wakefield has made a good impression on the community by the publication of several able articles setting forth the advisability of the city's furnishing its inhabitants with coal. The school question is also being ventilated pretty thoroughly by the nationalists of the city.

The nationalists of California have issued an address to the people of their state in the shape of a platform. It is an able document, and like the one from Massachusetts is chiefly notable for its outspokenness. In the uncompromising vigor of its statements it is not unlike some of the

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first platforms of the republican party. The Pacific Club holds meetings that are crowded every Sunday evening. It also meets on alternate Tuesday evenings. At San Jose, F. P. Cook, of Los Angeles, addressed the First Club on "Industrial Democracy," Sunday evening, Sept. 7th. The Central Nationalist Club, of Oakland, meets Monday evenings at the parlors of the Henry House. Club No. 1, of Alameda, meets every Friday evening at Captain J. J. Harran's residence.

The Jersey City Club held its first autumn meeting at 205 Eighth Street, on the 17th of September, when Mr. Stansbury Morse, of the Harlem Club, addressed them. The people of Plainfield and Passaic are much interested in nationalism, and we expect to hear from them very soon.

In Rhode Island the nationalists are getting to be a power. Their ideas are exciting a good deal of interest throughout the state. Club No. 1, of Providence, had to adjourn its meeting of Sept. 7th to a larger hall to accommodate the crowd; several new members were added to the roll, among others a young lawyer, Mr. Pierce, who was jilted by the republican party largely because of a ballot-reform bill that he introduced into the state assembly while a member of that body. Mrs. Bacon, of Hartford, gave an account of the spread of nationalism in Connecticut, and read one of Rev. Mr. Tower's sermons on that subject delivered at New Britain. The three Providence clubs expect to exercise some political influence during the coming winter. Pawtucket is to have a club very soon.

In Connecticut the Hartford Club was recently addressed by a young Armenian, a student of economics and theology, who read an interesting paper to an appreciative audience. Many members of the trades unions are joining this club. The Bristol Club has perfected its organization and elected the following officers: Geo. A. Gowdy, president; W. W. Russell, vice-president; E. W. Gaylord, secretary; and Roswell Atkins, treasurer. We understand that a club has been organized at Putnam, but so far have received no official information.

In Minnesota nationalism is making considerable headway, especially in the "twin cities." The St. Paul Club is considering the advisability of sending out lecturers to establish clubs throughout the state. This is a good plan, and there is no doubt that it would tend to increase the number of clubs, as well as interest the people at large.

In the District of Columbia the nationalists are beginning to settle down to work once more after the summer. On October 1st, Club No. 1,

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of Washington, passed a resolution of sympathy with the cigar makers of Binghampton, N. Y., as follows: —

Resolved, That this club is unable to find language sufficiently strong in which to express its condemnation of the shameful and outrageous manner in which the machinery of justice is being prostituted to the violation of the rights of American citizens by the tobacco manufacturers of Binghampton, N. Y., and the power which they possess by reason of their wealth, used for the coercion and oppression of labor in every possible way.

Prior to the passage of the resolution the meeting was addressed by a delegate from the strikers.

In Pennsylvania the Allegheny Club changed its name at the last meeting to the "Central Nationalist Club of Allegheny County." The president of this club delivered an address before the "Liberal League" recently on "Looking Backward." The press throughout the state is waking up to the importance of the movement, especially in Pittsburgh.

In conjunction with the "Farmers' Alliance" and some other reform societies the Kansas nationalists have issued to the voters of the state an address that is both terse and vigorous. The people of this state feel the evils of the present financial system more keenly than any other, largely owing to the cruel mortgage system that is prevalent throughout the state. It is foolish to suppose that the small farms of this state, or any other state for that matter, can earn twelve or more per cent on a mortgage and pay the incidental expenses of living and farming besides, for many years in succession,—especially where so much depends on climatic conditions. Both the investors and the farmers are being deceived, and it is only a question of time when the crash must come, and the crash will involve the investors of the East as well as the farmers of the West.

It is hoped that the secretaries of the different clubs will keep the magazine informed in regard to what is going on in the different clubs, such as changes of officers and other matters that might be of interest to the nationalists throughout the country. The knowledge of what is being done in one part of the country gives strength and direction to workers in other parts.

It is very important that legislative action be taken towards the raising of the ages of those subject to compulsory education, and it is believed that the agitation in favor of this object may be greatly aided if the secretaries of the various clubs will furnish answers to the following

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questions. These answers will be published in the order in which they are received. Trusting that the gravity of this subject will be accepted as a justifiable reason for imposing a slight amount of additional labor upon our fully worked and not overpaid secretaries, we submit for their consideration

A COMPULSORY EDUCATION CATECHISM FOR NATIONALIST CLUBS.

1.— Have you a compulsory education law upon your statute book?

2.— Does it compel school attendance throughout the school year?

3.— Or only 8, 10, 12, 16, 20, or 22 weeks?

4.— To what age does it compel attendance at school?

5.— Does it accept night school for day school, so adding two hours' brain work to the weary child's ten hours of manual toil?

6.— Does it compel *all* children to go to school, or does it exempt those who have "a legitimate occupation?"

7.— Does it really *compel*, or is it a dead letter?

8.— Does it provide state or local officers for the enforcement of attendance?

9.— Does it provide for the payment of the officers?

10.— Does it provide for the appointment of women truant officers?

11.— Does your annual state report upon public education contain a discussion of compulsory education every year?

12.— If not, why not?

13.— Have you a state school census *made annually* to show how many children of school age there are and *where* they are?

14.— Has your bureau of labor statistics made an investigation of child-labor?

15.— Is it making one during the present year?

16.— Have you requested it do so?

17.— Will you so request it?

18.— Did you introduce a compulsory education bill into the last legislature?

19.— Will you introduce one into the next legislature?

20.— Have you enough primary, secondary, and grammar schools to accommodate *all* the children of school age?

21.— Are adequate measures now being taken to afford such accommodations by building school houses or renting temporary quarters?

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LITERARY NOTICES.

The Quintessence of Socialism. By DR. A. SCHAEFFLE, former Minister of Finance in Austria. English edition, translated from the eighth German edition under the supervision of BERNARD BOSANQUET, M.A., formerly fellow of University College, Oxford. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Co.

Try to conceal it as we may, and taking as hopeful a view of the existing social and industrial relations as we can, there is no question that the last decade of the nineteenth century is threatened with many dangers to the existing political systems in every nation. No reliable forecast can be made regarding the outcome of the present socialistic agitations in Germany and England. In the latter country each great political party is bidding for the vote of labor. The socialists are so strong in Great Britain that they can be said to hold very nearly the balance of power between the Liberal and Tory parties.

While there may be reasonable grounds for hope that the vast changes in constitutional government, which must soon take place in England and Germany, will be accomplished, gradually, by the ballot, there are grave fears present in the minds of the leaders of thought, throughout the world, that a gigantic conflict between capital and labor may be precipitated at almost any time. The result must be chaos. Whenever it so determines, organized labor, under the form of an International Federation, with able leaders, can stop all commercial traffic, every business enterprise, the world over. To borrow an apt simile, the social and industrial system of the civilized earth rests on a sleeping volcano which may burst forth at any time and engulf in one vast ruin the results of centuries of progress.

What was termed a few short years ago a socialist taint in the aggregate mortal mind has changed its character, until now it is safe to say there is a widely spread belief among the majority of the wisest men and women in every enlightened country that the "let alone" policy of our present competitive system must be gradually, but at the same time as rapidly as possible, superseded by a form of society which shall give a more equitable division of the blessings of life. The shortest way to attain this end seems to lie in the direction of *democratic state socialism; i. e.*, a form of government which shall place in the hands of the people the absolute control and ownership of all land, capital, and instruments of labor.

In this little book, *The Quintessence of Socialism*, Dr. Schäffle has given the best short treatise on the aims of the socialists, and the very clearest criticism of the weak points in the communistic and federalistic efforts of the past — and the present too — that, so far as we know, has ever appeared in print. He is acknowledged to stand in the front rank of the great German economists, and was eminently fitted to perform the task.

The work is issued by The Humboldt Library in pamphlet form. It is clearly printed, its general make up is most excellent, and its low price places

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it within the reach of all. No nationalist should fail to obtain the information given in so pleasant a style and so condensed a form.

Lessons Learned from Other Lives. By B. O. FLOWER. Boston: Spectator Publishing Company. 1889.

A well written and instructive book compiled by one who appreciates the purpose which such a collection should serve and well knows the art of making interesting the instruction that he gives. The selection of material is good, beginning with the ancient philosophers Seneca and Epictetus and ending with "the many-sided genius," Victor Hugo. The great lesson which pervades the whole is that rectitude and industry are the elements of success, whatever may be the particular path of life that one is travelling. Perhaps it may be said that the latter lesson can scarcely be learned from the short, brilliant, erratic career of Edgar Allen Poe. For all that, we are glad that Mr. Flower has introduced Poe into his collection, if only for having put into a popular form an antidote to the calumnies that have been written concerning that poet. As he truly remarks: "It is very easy to misjudge a person, to impute evil where there is none, and to reiterate, as authentic facts, slanderous rumors instigated by jealousy and enmity." If Poe had been all that he has been misrepresented, criticism should surely rise above such a consideration, and, without regard to anything but their merits, pronounce justly upon the works which he has left us. Mr. Flower, we repeat, has done a public service, by bringing before us the life of our unfortunate Poe, and endeavoring to neutralize the opprobrium under which his memory has so long rested. His parallelism of this poet's life with that of Shakespeare's immortal creation, Hamlet, is very interesting, and it is to be hoped that his effort will result in opening the eyes of our fellow-countrymen to some of the brightest ornaments of our nation's literature. Short as our notice is compelled to be, we cannot bring it to a close without remarking upon the apt way in which our author applies "the lessons learned from other lives" to the conditions under which we are passing *our* lives today. "The judicious use of funds for legitimate (?) campaign expenses" by the father of Seneca, as a means for advancing the political prospects of his son, is remarkably apt, as is also the comparison of Epaphroditus with the men of today who, having only brains enough to enable them to accumulate vast sums of money, wish to become possessors of art treasures which they know not how to value, simply because "it is the thing to do." The satire upon the taste which causes our newspapers — conducted for the sole purpose of making money — to devote so large a portion of their columns to sports and public manifestations of brutal pastime, and to have scarcely an out of the way corner for "the great problems upon which rest the progress and triumph of the race," is one of the gems of the book, small as is the portion which it occupies. Many others might be mentioned, but the limitation of space is inexorable. Suffice it to say that this is a volume which any adult reader may peruse with advantage, and which will tend to elevate the character of every young person in whose hands it may be placed.

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Monopolies and the People. By CHARLES WHITING BAKER, C. E., Associate Editor of the Engineering News. Questions of the Day Series. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1889.

One of the most valuable books in the popular "Questions of the Day Series" is Mr. Charles Whiting Baker's "Monopolies and the People." As associate editor of the *Engineering News*, Mr. Baker occupies a field that naturally brings him into contact with the questions to which this treatise shows that he has devoted long and serious study. The result is a book that deserves to be carefully read by every student of social and economic problems. Mr. Baker states that it has been his endeavor to present, first, the results of a careful and impartial investigation into the present and prospective status of the monopolies in every industry; and, second, to discuss in all fairness the questions in regard to these monopolies — their cause, growth, future prospects, evils, and remedies — which every thinking man is today asking. He considers the subject as far as possible in the various and manifold phases which it presents, devoting chapters to "Trusts and Monopolies in Manufacturing Industries," "Monopolies of Mineral Wealth," "Transportation and Communication," "Municipal Monopolies," "Monopolies in Trade," "Monopolies Depending on the Government," and "Monopolies and Competition in other Industries." Mr. Baker shows how there is a universal tendency towards monopoly, and how useless it is to attempt to break it down by any of the proposed remedies so commonly brought forward.

As an instance of a great and complete monopoly he cites the anthracite coal industry of Pennsylvania, where seven great railway corporations own nearly 200,000 acres out of the 300,000 comprised in the total area of the Pennsylvania anthracite fields. He comes to the conclusion that competition in anthracite coal production is practically dead. Considering the condition of the coal-mining industry in other portions of the country, Mr. Baker finds that the business is everywhere at the mercy of the railroads. "It is to be noted, however, that this is simply the result of natural causes. Railway managers, in seeking to develop and place on a sound basis the mineral properties which could furnish a heavy and profitable traffic to their lines, have only done what they regarded as their duty to the owners of their roads. And that this policy has effected a rapid development of our resources is beyond question."

On the subject of railways Mr. Baker says: "It is a conservative estimate to say that five per cent of the railways of the country were only built to divide the profits of older roads, and that their owners would be delighted today to have their money back in their possession, and the railroad wiped out. The millions these roads have cost, the millions required every year to maintain and operate them, the millions spent on proposed roads that never reached completion, and the millions squandered in fighting proposed roads by every means short of actual bloodshed, these are some of the wastes which we have made in our efforts to create competition in railway

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transportation. With all our efforts, notwithstanding the fact that until within a short time the public sentiment and the railway managers have been united in the belief that free competition was the only mode of regulating railroad rates, we are farther removed from free competition now than ever before."

Mr. Baker proceeds: "And now consider in addition to all this the fact that every railway must first of all secure from the state the right to exercise the sovereign power of eminent domain, and that it may and does use, choose, and take every advantage of the favorable locations where its road can be built most cheaply; which natural highways, mountain passes, and the like, are gifts of nature, the right to whose use equitably belongs to the general public, and not to private parties exclusively."

The author formulates with admirable clearness the laws governing the tendency towards monopoly, and discusses the questions in their general bearing in a broad and humane spirit. He is evidently a nationalist at heart, though the remedies that he proposes seem impractical as well as inadequate to effect a permanent settlement of these problems. Like Dr. Lyman Abbott, he is felicitous in the statement of ends, but falls short in the consideration of means to those ends. In summing up Mr. Baker says: "There is no more important lesson to impress on the minds of the toiling millions who are growing restless under the burdens of monopoly than this: The only remedy for monopoly is control; the only power that can control is government; and to have a government fit to assume these momentous duties, all good men and true must join hands to put only men of wisdom and honor in places of public trust."

God in His World. An Interpretation. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1890.

Misery and degradation — in one word, slavery — have, up to the present time, been the lot of mankind. The few have held the many in bondage, and have become so confirmed in the stability of their power and so encrusted with a belief in the divine right of their assumptions that they are now somewhat appalled at the prospect which confronts them. They are forced to a realization of the fact that the enslaved are, at length, coming to a clear consciousness of their slavery and are seeking — and, indeed, nearly arriving at — the means of effecting their own emancipation. The number of publications devoted to a consideration of human conditions upon earth is a significant manifestation of the existing social unrest, and as an offset against them we are met with a flood of theologico-metaphysical works whose aim is the blinding of the sufferers' eyes to the facts of their condition, the debasement of their efforts to procure an amelioration of bodily surroundings, and the exaltation of the spiritual life through the negation of the physical by all but the favored ones who preach the doctrine.

Of these works that before us will take rank as one of the most impartial in method, so impartial, indeed, that we are somewhat at a loss to decipher the reason for which it was written, — whether to show Christians that there is reason in Infidelity, or to place before Infidels the truths of Christianity. This is perhaps not surprising in a work which opens with the statement

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that what is written "has been without previous design as to its undertaking or shaping." It is dangerous to begin anything in this way, and half the mistakes of life, as well as of this book, are caused by this want of forethought.

In spite of the avowed absence of design, however, there are to be found some good things upon these pages. The history of the evolutionary series which culminated in the advent of Christianity is one of the more valuable portions of the work, although the writer has fallen into the too common error of making evolution retrogressive as well as progressive in its action. It is doubtful whether any good can come of attributing to the influence of Christianity every virtue that is or ever has been in the world. Although the seeds of the higher development must be in the lower, evolutionary *influence* must always be forward in its line; the influence of a sequence can never be traced to any one or more of its many causes until it has itself been evolved, when reflex influence at once begins.

The writer sees clearly and expresses well the working of the material competitive system upon the tendencies of human thought. We are now in the midst of a "most firmly established worldly system" in which the gladiatorial habit of life, the preference of material good, enter into and affect religious expression; surrounded and encircled by a system in which the fear of the populace "is assiduously cultivated by the priestly order, which finds in it the readiest means for the exercise and maintenance of its own power." In spite of this, he appears somewhat weak and halting in his implied injunction that the affairs of this life should be our great consideration and the alleviation of its wrongs our aim. Indeed, as has been already remarked, he seems much more fully imbued with the idea that this life is altogether secondary to that which is to come, and he therefore teaches contentment with that which is. Working for an ideal upon the material plane is, however, worth doing, for it is only when the material has been elevated that the spiritual can be reached. It is true that an endeavor to realize this ideal, to seize with a powerful and determined grasp upon realities and to transform them into something truer and more beautiful calls forth a desperate resistance from the garrisons entrenched in the giant castles of sloth, custom, and injustice; but, although many champions of the ideal have fallen and will fall in the struggle, we do not feel disposed to relinquish the fight. We know that, whatever may be the result to us personally, truth and right shall prevail, and that we, by our efforts, may hasten the time of their triumph. If each individual will but exert himself to live up to the highest that is within his powers of conception, he and she will be living to God, and bringing heaven upon earth.

Darwinism and Politics. By DAVID G. RITCHIE, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford. *Administrative Nihilism.* By THOMAS H. HUXLEY, F.R.S. The Humboldt Library, No. 125. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Company.

These two important essays are appropriately included in one pamphlet, for the one is an admirable supplement to the other. In each, the nationalist will find his position justified and fortified by the highest scientific reason-

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ing. In the first Mr. Ritchie considers dispassionately the relation of the theory of evolution and natural selection to human society. While at first glance it seems to support the *laissez faire* school, which has thriven enormously on the capital thus plausibly derived, the author finds that, when followed further, it leads to quite different conclusions. Mr. Ritchie clearly exposes the sophistry and inconsistency of the individualistic struggle-for-existence philosophers, whose talk about "beneficence" as attached to the working of their doctrine is a remnant of theological cant, "the type of thinking in the days of Rousseau and Adam Smith." It is now universally accepted that the influence of ideas and principles plays an important part in the application of evolutionary theories to the development of society. "Thus, such ideas as patriotism," says the author, "respect of human life as such, self-control in regard to bodily appetites, have won their way so as to become factors in the struggle, and to conflict with the operation of natural selection as this prevails among the mere animals. Why, then, may not such ideas as equality and fraternity claim to have a fair chance in the struggle for existence? If they can win possession of more and more minds in the world, they will become actual influences on conduct and will, and from being mere ideals, tend to bring about their own realization." To our friends who deem it necessary that men should forever struggle with each other in order to develop the energy and strength of character essential to human progress, we commend these noble words with which Mr. Ritchie concludes: "If we are still reminded that only through struggle can mankind attain any good thing, let us remember that there is a struggle from which we can never altogether escape,— the struggle against nature, including the blind forces of human passion. There will always be enough to do in this ceaseless struggle to call forth all the energies of which human nature at its very best is capable. At present how much of these energies, intellectual and moral as well as physical, is wasted in mutual destruction! May we not hope that by degrees this mutual conflict will be turned into mutual help? And, if it is pointed out that even at present mutual help does come about, even through mutual conflict, indirectly and with much loss on the way, may we not hope to make that mutual help conscious, rational, systematic, and so to eliminate more and more the suffering going on around us?"

Prof. Huxley's masterly essay is famous, and in this form will be accessible to thousands who will be glad to obtain this great paper of one of the largest, sanest, most dispassionate and unprejudiced minds known in modern science. It is in this paper that occurs the celebrated passage where the author so neatly and completely demolishes Herbert Spencer's self-complacent plea for individualism by adriotly turning against him the guns of his own logic. And it is here that Prof. Huxley also says: "I do not see how any limit whatever can be laid down as to the extent to which, under some circumstances, the action of government may be rightfully carried." We wish that all nationalists would avail themselves of the opportunity here offered for gaining an acquaintance with these works of Professors Ritchie and Huxley.

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THE NATIONALIST.

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IN BOTTOM'S KITCHEN.

A CONVERSATION.

BY HENRY WHITE.

"Is all our company here?"— *Quince.*

Bottom.—It were well to say that my kitchen is a world, and that, though master of it, I observe its laws, and accommodate myself to the conditions they bring about. I have no quarrel with life, nor with that large world in which we all, for the time being, are dwellers. What is, both in my kitchen and out, is by the supreme grace of right; what is not is not, because it lacketh that right.

Starvling.— Thou art a servitor, Bottom, to what doth comfort thee; and, being prosperous, art blind and deaf but to your own kitchen world.

Bottom.— Truly, indeed, I am in the midst of comforts, and, truly again, make little noise of what does not comfort me. But I am neither deaf nor blind. On the contrary, I am quick with all senses to the opposites of the world; but worry not myself at all that discomforts cannot be abolished. Over yonder I see loitering three worthies. Call them hither, Starvling; they are fluent of words, and are proclaimers also of the need of a change in the order of things worldly. Past doubt, they shall argue contentment out of use, but they shall first prove that reason is a misleader, and that nature, as it is, has been for many thousands of years foully translated.

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Starvling.—I shall return in a trice, and with me have fellows who shall breach your kitchen logic, or I am not Starvling.

Starvling returns with his friends, and, after a few agreeable propositions, Bottom opens the discussion.

Bottom.—It is agreed, then, that my kitchen shall represent the world, that I shall play the expounder of it, and that you shall, in your best manner, adjust yourselves to what is and cannot be otherwise in it. I shall dub you three the foremost scholars in the world, and consequently shall expect much protesting and many grimaces, for which I shall punish you, at the management of things. In this way we can talkatively kill an hour, and it may be, as philosophers do, imagine that we have killed it to some lofty purpose.

Now, then, I shall assume to be wise, and shall tell you of life and the best way of plucking its fruits. And you, of course, may assent or dissent, but you shall do so in a polite and orderly manner, and shall use our common language to some earnestness and purpose. With this proposition stated, let us now proceed. Bottom's kitchen is the world, the great round imperfect world, the world that is so well worth mending, and of which so many wise men complain. But, as a world, it is wearing out its life in unalterable laws, and subordinated to naught but the inevitableness of its own career. And you, that are not made wise by its existence, are not old enough to reason or talk aloud of it, for I hold that he who has drawn naught from life but weariness and sleep can have but one symbol of his drift, and that a sigh. If the world have furnished thee with food and drink to sigh on, I cry go to and listen to those whose labors probe the brain to such petulance as shall find relief only in vigorous expression.

Now, sirs, I proclaim than our world, in both its social and material build, there is no better, and that what is amiss in it is but the result of man's waywardness and indifference; and I say that no man suffers but he who would outreach what he cannot comprehend. That I suffer is but the orderly sequence to some provocation on my part. That a people suffers is but an application of the same law. Further, this life of ours is temptingly

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full of good cheer, only we are not wise enough to sup from the dish that is nearest, and are unwise enough to fancy that we are not as we should be. I hold that things, the affairs of life, are just as they ought to be, that readjustments are as inevitable as tomorrows, and that we can neither hinder nor hasten them. That it is hyperian wisdom to accept, without a protest, life as it is; and to the bettering of things trust to cheerfulness.

I hold that one's life cannot be but to the circumstances born with it, and that, whether the gods laugh or weep, we struggle along in our courses and are as helpless of choice as are the gods themselves.

Eh, fellows, what say you? You, Chips, the carpenter; Wall, the mason; you, Floss, the weaver. You are all profoundly wise of the world. What say you?

Chips, the carpenter.— This much, Bottom, I shall say to you, that you have but opened a budget of saws. That your paradoxes and contradictions are bewildering; that you are voluble and to no purpose; that, were you truly a wise fellow, you would not talk of what people have forgotten, but would have held forth concerning what they are thinking of. It were folly to discuss the right or wrong of "what is" or the "inevitableness of things," in the face of living forces that are making absurd those old unnecessary phrases; active modern forces, that are making the impossible pleasures of life possible, and are dominant in every intelligent and humane motive of today.

Wall, the mason.— Bottom is well pleased with the world, I take it, and for that reason 't is to his humor to place it in his kitchen. Abroad with thee, Bottom! Observe, reflect, and then perhaps you shall be able to tell what the multitude beyond your door is striving for. The uncertainties of life vibrate in every breath we draw, and the people are grown restless in the constant self-study of these uncertainties.

Floss, the weaver.— Bottom meaneth well, but he greatly reminds me of a fellow-workman who, every morning, would exclaim: "The world is mightily in trim today," and at night would further say: "Another day gone into the wear of things."

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But through the day would raise neither hand nor voice for aught, knowing, as he would say: "'T is all luck; what comes will come, what goes will go." And he was comfortable, indeed. Were Bottom not our seer, I should say to him, readjustments lie not in tomorrows so much as in yesterdays, and our present state is a moving time between.

Bottom.— I spoke to catch you, sirs, for I surmised your answers. You three are forward with dreamy expectations, and with a fitting tone and word to infect the discontented, who are the idle or the unhealthy. Your words are change, reform, rebuild. What is old is not for you, but what is novel or modern you preach up and color with assumed sorrows of the crowd. You would bind the world hand and foot and not release it till a covenant had been made, in which the poor world for all hereafter should be changelessly a thing to fatten on. Your rainbows would be all of one color. Why! in such a world human passion would cool itself into insipidness and ease. Life is livable because life is a struggle, and the unalterableness of the struggle is a necessity that stings, quickens, and makes life more than merely a preparation for death. Is not this a higher philosophy? And then we have meat in it too, and a cry for light. Blockheads only dub life a failure. There are no failures in life but to the weak-witted; the self-slayer never rose to a healthy appreciation of it.

You three would reorganize every phase that does not hinge upon some fancied good; and, moreover, you constantly assume that what is should not be, and that what is not is that which is passionately desired. Can you suggest where the root of poor life's evils lie? Abolish what? Establish what? Poverty or wealth, which? Who shall be the elect? Who the rejected? The individual or the mass? Or is there a midway passage to Utopia? You are hungry? I say the world is over-fed. You are oppressed? I say all men are free. You are in pain? And yet, but for the pleasure of breathing even in sorrow, suicide would become a creed. What now to this?

Chips.— Dear Bottom, the over-fed world I protest against,

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because the larger under-fed world is a libel on the gods. All men are free, therefore I cry, make men of our slaves of labor. Suicide *is* a creed, and is horribly practiced day and night in every conceivable human error and crime that blood and flesh can list to. We condone what we cannot help, and you attribute to a fixed higher law the direful results of an imperfect social organization. Thou art a conservator, Bottom; you sleep well, eat well, and you deal with plausibilites that are conducive to your living well. Let me tread upon thy foot, and thou 'lt forget in a protest the inevitableness of things. Let luck strip thee of thy comforts, and make uncertain the getting of a breakfast tomorrow, and I 'll wager that thou, too, wilt train a voice to cry out, with the multitudes, "How long, O Lord, how long?" The people are eager for a change, and, high law or low law, the change must come, cheerfully perhaps, if not — well, common people are never sensitive as to the manner of forcing social changes.

Bottom.— Tush, Chips, thou art a radical, and no wise man will be that. I too am for humanity, being human; but not for a humanity stript of its armor; and its armor, let me tell thee, is its misery. Wouldst thou still be in the Garden of Eden? Tell me, sir, were the readjusting of the world's affairs placed in your hands, what first good thing would you accomplish?

Wall.— Come, Chips, what first would you lay to? Pension Floss and me? No? Abolish trades and have houses and apparel grow as do cabbages and fish?

Floss.— Good Chips, give me a palace a thousand yards high and people it with myselves.

Chips.— This, good friends, is earnestness of course, but how absurd is earnestness when it becomes a thing to be merry with?

Ah! Bottom, the world in my hands would fare badly. And perhaps, after all, we had better bend to our tasks and await the inevitable. But I feel an oppression that you are obtuse to. I know that the people suffer and are clamoring for relief. I know that the social scheme of today is built up of expediences and is rotted through and through with insincerity and

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pretence. Further, I protest against your flexible laws of circumstance; they are quibbles, are unsound, are, in fact, wholly impracticable as solutions of merely human affairs. Whatever toils we are in are toils simply, and must be escaped from. Nothing but what is human reaches us; the superhuman we deal not with; the conditions of life, that humble men, are tangible conditions and can be remedied without bending or breaking laws that were invented to classify men.

You underrate human effort and lay to human results a law that long ago was exploded. Our lives change with our conditions; our conditions are wrought out by our social needs. And that the classes below vehemently demand a readjustment of social conditions is argument enough that there shall be no treaty of peace till a readjustment is consummated. Let these things be acknowledged, and your higher philosophy is a whiff of words. The ills of life can be cured without abolishing passion. What we would abolish is the meanness of passion.

Bottom, life would not be worth living were we to believe in our own helplessness or thraldom to fate. I am with all men who acclaim for change. And I accept changes, not as the mere passiveness of an assumed higher law, nor as the rewards of a governing fate, but as the logical results of demands made by men and women in the struggle for existence.

Bottom.— Bottom's kitchen is not a world for thee, good Chips. Roam thee about in other worlds, and then, when thou art tired and worn of your quest, return to Bottom's kitchen, and I 'll sing thee to rest with songs of the unchangeableness of law, of the necessity of extremes, of the certainty of human misery, of the need of revolutions, yea, and of the good such men as Chips accomplish in interpreting their hopes to their fellow-men.

Floss.— Are we in the kitchen now or in the world?

Bottom.— I 'll enlist with you, Floss and Wall, and with thee, Chips, in warfare against meanness, avarice, wrong; provided always that I shall not be called upon to sacrifice to one god rather than to another, and shall not be compelled to recognize our enemies as our superiors. I must not be fed with dreams,

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nor shall I be called upon to witness human misery as an incentive to fight for humanity. I'll not battle in the ruts but out of them, not against a class or a law, but against the whole existing order of things. What say you, are my services accepted?

Chips.— No; you would fight as an observer in sympathy with the weaker force. You would reconcile every aspect of the struggle to ideas I abhor. I could not trust you. You are not with me, nor are you against me. Your laws are obstacles to hearty co-operation in any cause. Were I to believe in them I would not move hand or foot, but would let time play its own mystic will upon me. Ah! there will be no eminent human social successes so long as your kind in great numbers simply observe and live.

Starvling.— Chips hath a will to lead, but he hath not a will to lead camp-followers.

Bottom.— I'll not say a word to that. I, too, am in the drift of lives, and to the realization of Utopia I shall contribute my light, be it accepted or not.

Wall.— I think it would be well to walk afield a bit and enjoy a smoke. Faith I'm for descending to our street once more, where one's brain need not be strung up to inspiration pitch. Banish laws, banish work, banish everything but ease and good-fellowship,— eh, Bottom? Chips, why so solemn? You bested Bottom, only Bottom is conservative-wise, having the means whereby to be so, and of course in this hath the better of you who must to work by six in the morning or run short of a dinner. Light your pipes. Tobacco, that's the fuel to burn, 't is a leveller in a way, and is a good argument for comradeship.

Oh, fellows, fellows, what talking there is to be gone through yet before this old world shall become citizenized. What! Starvling smoking, and I am not? A light, please, Bottom.

Bottom.— Well, we may do worse than burn tobacco.

Chips.— Aye, and that is the end of it.

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THE BIRTH OF FREEDOM.

By H. B. Salisbury.

CHAPTER IV.

MASON'S HOME.

John Mason did not appear at the debate on the following Saturday night. As he had promised to bring the sweet singer on that occasion, Miss Worden made inquiries among the little circle respecting his absence; and as, at her suggestion, a reading club was to be formed on the next evening, both Lord and Sanford volunteered to see Mason and ask him to bring the singer at that time.

By agreement, the two met on Sunday morning at the lower corner of Union Square, near the bronze statue of Lincoln, and proceeded leisurely together toward Mason's home. As they passed the statue they noticed two persons, evidently strangers to the city, and to each other, gazing intently at the patient, homely face of the statue, and reading the inscription: "With charity for all — with malice toward none." One of the strangers, from his bronzed face and military bearing, appeared an ex-confederate soldier, and the other was unmistakably a Yankee farmer. As they gazed, a tear trickled down the face of the Southerner, while the Yankee seemed to feel rising in his throat a lump that was choking him. Their eyes met. "Excuse me, sir; but did you know Old Abe?" said the Yankee, in a faltering voice.

"I? I fought on the other side," said the other slowly.

For one instant the men stood looking in each other's faces, then their hands met extended, and in that hearty grasp two old soldiers buried the last trace of sectional bitterness, which, once fostered by politicians, would even now be kept alive by politicians for their own base political designs.

As our two friends passed on through Union and Madison

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Squares, they met crowds of people gaily apparelled, some with prayer-books, some with lesson-papers, in their hands, going to or coming from church. In front of a fashionable church stood a line of elegant equipages. Footmen behind and drivers before were dressed in the fantastic garb which fashion decrees for its lackeys. These carriages were waiting their turn to allow their dainty occupants to alight.

Footmen and drivers sat in motionless grandeur as becomes the servants of so great masters. Whips were held in hand at that fashionable angle so much admired. From the polished beavers with feather cockades, the dark coats with their great shining buttons, the light knee breeches, and the top boots, the whole garb of slavery proclaimed that these clothes were the property of the pious gentlemen in yonder church; that the man inside the clothes was nothing but a dummy upon which to hang his master's superfluous glory.

"Why are you not going to church, Mr. Sanford?" asked Lord smilingly.

"Probably for the same reason that you are not, and perhaps for the same reason that those flunkeys in livery are not," was the reply.

"How is that?"

"Because there is not room enough in the same church for me and those who force human beings to dress in that monkey costume to gain a living."

"Upon my word, Sanford, you are getting thin-skinned. Why not go to some mission?"

"Because these lords of the earth support missions to preach a gospel of contentment to the poor, that they may the more willingly wear their livery. I do n't want to be contented, so I do n't go."

"You are a queer fellow, Sanford, and hard to please. Let us walk a few blocks up the avenue. It 's not much out of our way."

The throng of church-goers still streamed past. In front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel a knot of politicians blew wreaths of

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smoke from their havanas, and discussed alternately some passing beauty and the coming election contest. Among the number were two governors whose thanksgiving proclamations, couched in most pious language, had appeared in the morning papers. A little beyond, at the Hoffman House, other politicians held forth.

"It takes several poor men all their lives to support one of those fellows," remarked Sanford, "yet these same men will carry torches and hurrah and vote for one or the other of them, be delighted if their man wins, then go back to work their lives out to support him in idleness. And this is called government by the people. What did the government ever do for the poor man?"

"Government up to date has always been for the protection of the rich and taxation of the poor," replied Lord, "and it requires a large number of plausible statesmen to prevent working people from getting themselves a party and revising the plan of government in the interest of producers. The sham fights over protection or free trade serve their purpose at present."

"That has been the method of politicians ever since Pharisees and Sadducees kept the political management of Jerusalem in their own hands," said Sanford. "And when the carpenter's son appeared likely to unite the poorer people in one party they considered it good politics to crucify him."

"I wonder," said Lord, "which of these churches would welcome him whom they pretend to worship if, with his motley band of fishermen, he should appear now?"

"Perhaps he might make himself as unwelcome as he did in Jerusalem with his scourge of whipcords," said Sanford. "He certainly would be out of place in a crowd like this just ahead. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The stream of people gradually lessened. The coachmen drove away or, drawing up near the curb, settled themselves on the box to await the close of service. The music swelled out grandly while, by putting the price of an oil certificate or watered railway share upon the plate, the magnates prepared to circumvent the text: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

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"That great marble palace is still empty," remarked Lord, as they passed the Stewart mansion. They gazed at its curtained windows and silent, forsaken grounds, set like a tomb in the heart of Fifth Avenue; for no successor had been found to the merchant prince to open its banquet halls or enjoy its grandeur.

"We cross here," said Sanford. "From the tomb of Dives to the hovel of Lazarus is but a short walk."

"You seem an apt Bible scholar, Sanford."

"There is no book better read by infidels, nor one more discredited by its professed followers," was his reply.

As they pass toward the river the signs of wealth diminish, and glimpses of poverty, unmistakable in quality, become more numerous.

"Is there any reason why fine houses cannot be built in this part of the city as well as in that which we have left?" asked Lord.

"None, except that the producer of the wealth must live cheaply here, in order that its consumer may spend it more abundantly there," replied Sanford.

As they approached the block in which Mason lived they passed groups of boys pitching pennies or throwing dice. Cheating and swearing and fighting, they were some of them perhaps laying a foundation for a successful career in Wall Street. Others less fortunate and shrewd, but none the less worthy, were preparing themselves for a home in Sing Sing. The penalties for stealing a railroad and those for stealing a pocket-book seem considerably out of proportion.

On arriving at Mason's number they were startled to see a white crape upon the door. Sanford thought it might not be any of Mason's family, as there were twenty others in the house.

Knots of children were playing about the door, some with a hushed and awed air, others seemingly more than usually noisy.

Lord asked a blue-eyed fairy for whom the crape was there. "Willie Mason falled down the air-shaft, an it killed him dead," she replied, and the blue eyes filled with tears of sympathy.

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"Who are you, my little girl?"

"I am Lucy Dean."

"Where do you live?"

"I live on the top floor with gramma and Jim."

"Who is Jim?"

"Jim is my big bruvver. He drives a horse-car." The little one looked up at them, satisfied that she had given all the information they could expect to gain from a little girl of six summers.

"That is too pretty a child to come up in all the surroundings of this street," said Lord.

"You will have your hands full if you proceed on those grounds," said Sanford. "I know there are thousands who, if they only had a chance,—but they will never have a chance," he added bitterly. "We must see Mason now," he said. "Little comfort we can give, but we can show our feeling for a man in trouble."

They passed up three flights to Mason's rooms. The door was ajar. Entering, they saw Mason sitting with his face between his hands, a picture of utter misery. Lord stepped up beside him. As Mason raised his head not a word was spoken, but the long, silent grasp of the hand told more than words could express.

This was one of the new three-room flats which are fast replacing the older style of tenements. The room which they entered was the middle one of the three, and the only one opening to the hallway. It measured ten and one-half by twelve feet, and contained a cook-stove, cupboard, sink, stationary wash-tubs, a table, some ordinary chairs, and two high ones for the children. This was at once kitchen, dining-room, wash-room, and reception-room. One window, opening upon a narrow air-shaft, together with a glass door leading into the next room, furnished all the light and air.

Opening from this middle room was a small bedroom, about eight feet square, with one air-shaft window. This was where the four children had slept. At the other end of the kitchen

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a door opened into the "front room," so called because it had two windows and faced upon the courtyard. In front of these windows was a fire escape, a narrow iron platform and railing, connecting with the windows of the next flat. This served as a platform upon which to stand while hanging the wash upon the lines which ran from the windows to a tall telegraph pole in the yard.

The view from these windows consisted of several similar poles and lines stretching away on each side and the rear of houses on the next block, which were some twenty feet away, across the yard. These fire escapes were decorated with miscellaneous articles of provision and bedding, for which there seemed to be no room inside when the family was stirring about.

These fire escapes, with an occasional visit to the roof, are the principal play-grounds for children who are not abandoned to the street. Hundreds of children on the block, who were too small to be allowed in the street, spent here the childhood's happy hours of which the poets sing. Cases are recorded where children have reached the second year in tenement houses before ever going down stairs. What a boon these compulsory fire escapes have been to them! It is unusual, however, that parents are not compelled to move into poorer quarters before two years' time elapses.

Mason's front-back or back-front room was carpeted and furnished as parlor, sitting-room, and bed-room. The bed took up half the space, and the chairs were crowded into corners as if apologizing for being there at all. Everything looked neat. Refinement was not to be expected under the circumstances.

In a plain coffin lay Willie, the ten-year-old hope of the home; for, though the father would not own that his own day of hope had past, they had all dreamed that Willie might some day be rich and honored in this land of equality,—a hope that sustains many a parent after his own struggle has proved fruitless.

On returning from school on Friday afternoon, Willie had gone upon the roof to fly a new kite his father had bought him. As it rose higher and higher in the breeze his delight was un-

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bounded. Clapping his hands with joy and childish glee he stepped back a few steps, backed against the low coping and fell over it. Down, down he went, bounding from side to side of the narrow air-shaft, until he struck the cruel pavement five stories below. Bruised and mangled, he was picked up quite dead, one little hand still tightly clutching the kite string.

Saturday morning papers had a couple of lines among the items: "A young son of John Mason fell from the roof of his tenement down the air-shaft and was instantly killed. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of accidental death."

Such items are too frequent to excite comment.

It was written by a great law-giver centuries ago: "When thou buildest a house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence." Sanford wondered if the preacher, who came with the undertaker soon after, would remember that text, but he did not. He was of that class who try to make poor people contented with their lot by promises of happiness in another world, if they will only submit patiently to the robbery of this one.

The text chosen by the mission preacher was: "Whom he loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Somehow, Mason was not comforted. Strangely enough he felt that his boy might have had a better play-ground than the roof, if so much of the people's land had not been held by speculators, compelling working men like him to give twelve dollars a month for three rooms near the roof, while many acres of vacant lots near the parks, where children might safely play, were neither used by the owners nor permitted to be used by anyone else.

Sanford went out while the preacher was talking. He returned with a wreath of white lilies. Laying these without a word upon the foot of the coffin, and giving Mason a parting grasp of the hand, he was gone.

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CHAPTER V.

THE ALDERMAN'S SALOON.

On Sunday evening the reading club met as suggested.

In this, as in nearly all workmen's associations, it was found that there were two elements, of which one had acquired a knowledge of books and public questions, while the other had but little interest in matters that did not affect their present wants; to these reading was a bore. The former was the more discontented with the present general social order; the latter would be contented with shorter hours and better pay. Herein lies a hint to capitalists: education and thought injure your workmen for your purposes. Let your public schools be neglected and your rum shops multiplied, then you may have a model working class which may be easily controlled. Its discontent may be easily appeased by a slight advance in wages, which you can take back in rent.

"The object of these reading clubs," said Cecil Lord, who had been chosen temporary chairman, "is to have books which are of interest to working men and women, first read by those who have not already read them, and then discussed by all. We must first think, then act. So long as the great mass of working people believe the wages system to be inevitable and permanent, all their grumbling and striking will afford only a temporary relief. We must study what might be, then think about what is. We must read what great thinkers have written on social questions, then, when a road to freedom is apparent, we shall not walk in it alone, for the disinherited millions of earth will go with us."

It was agreed that each member of the club should contribute a book as a membership fee, and that the expenses of the club be met by charging ten cents a week for the use of any book

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taken from the library. One after another gave in the name of the book he or she would contribute, while Miss Worden and Cecil Lord lent a number of books, which, at the start, gave them quite a workman's library. Special subjects were selected for the coming four weeks, and all members of the club were requested to read during the week some book or article bearing upon that particular matter, choosing such short passages to be read at the club as would be of interest and aid in understanding the question for the evening.

After completing the plans and arranging for future meetings they adjourned early. Sanford and Lord walked together down the avenue. They were discussing the condition of tenement children, and the small chance they have of being even as well off as their fathers, growing up as were these waifs amidst filth, which, in their fathers' day, was almost unknown in the streets of this country.

"It is not quite so bad on this side," said Lord. "But come down to Rivington and Hester Streets, or anywhere along the crowded East-side."

"Oh, I know it is a perfect hell," replied Sanford. "Hell is here in New York without having to die for it."

"In that case," said Lord, "what becomes of the interesting discussion among theologians,— whether all of the heathen are to be damned or not?"

"I give it up," replied Sanford. "But I think those who are sceptical about infant damnation might be convinced if they would only look in and see the process as it goes on in thousands of our tenements."

"It is possible that only children of the rich are of the elect," said Lord gravely; "although Jesus did say an uncomfortable thing about a camel and the eye of a needle."

"Oh, I have heard that all nicely explained away," said Sanford. "He did n't mean what he said, he only meant that it was comparatively harder for a rich man to get to heaven than for a contented poor man. The rich have so many more trials and temptations, you know."

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The tide of humanity that makes this avenue a moving panorama was thronging the walk. The lights of the dime museums burned brightly. From behind their screens floated out the seductive notes of the hand-organ, while the "touter" cried: "Walk right in. The performance is about to begin. Full change of programme every hour. See the wild Australian children, the tattooed man, and the whiskered woman from Siberia."

A little further down a "sacred concert" was advertised with the glaring announcement that "the full ballet will be in attendance." A runner at the door announced that the second programme was just beginning. "Walk right in," he said.

The usual number of patrons, mostly working boys and girls who had no sort of amusement through the week, were feeding their unhealthy appetites for sight-seeing upon "Two-headed Calves" (and two-legged ones), "Skeleton Dudes," "Big-foot Lucys," and "Fat Girls from South America." Advertised in glaring pictures on canvas at the front doors were also "Sea-serpents from Newfoundland," and "Wild Australian Children" (taken from some idiot asylum).

Within the distance of four blocks there were thirteen saloons, from behind whose closed doors came the confused hum of many voices; while the policeman on the beat exchanged coarse jokes with women of the street, whose hideous, mocking laugh rang out the death knell of departed virtue.

Thrust out of a saloon, a haggard woman with a shawl over her head staggered, lurched, and rolled into the gutter. With a drunken "Ough," she was soon fast asleep where she lay.

A thin, weazened, bare-headed girl, whose ragged dress was hardly long enough to cover her knees, sat down on the curb-stone beside her, begging to her: "Marmy, come home. Come home, Marmy."

Three ragged, bare-footed waifs stealthily crawled into a grocer's wagon to sleep, while a fourth stood guard to give a signal, "if de fly cop on de corner should see em." He soon followed his companions. Strange how far a policeman will see

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a small boy if he act as though he was looking for a hole to sleep in, while the hum of voices in the corner saloon never reaches his ear.

Suddenly there is a volley of oaths,—a sound of crashing glass. The barred door of the saloon is burst open from the inside. There is a scuffle on the sidewalk, the flash of a knife, the groan of a dying man. One of the gang has murdered his fellow.

The policeman, all activity now, raps and whistles for help. Soon the ambulance comes clanging up the street. The unconscious victim is hustled away to the hospital, his last breath drawn before he reaches it. The murderer is found hiding in one of those lowest dives that the police gravely inform you are allowed to exist because criminals can always be found there when wanted.

Soon the usual trial and the consequent judicial murder will take place. His companions will exhort him to die game. The newspapers will report all the details, and the little waifs that sleep in grocers' wagons will burn with emulation, thinking that, if they should ever "do up a man," they would die game, too.

Perhaps this one had slept in wagons and had never had a home. He grew up like other street boys, and they formed a gang that was the terror of the avenue. The great question among them now is: "Who 'll be boss ob de gang, now dat Danny is gone?"

This is Christian America. These are frequent occurrences in her streets. In "pagan" China, and "benighted" India they mercifully drown superfluous children in their innocence, like kittens. In New York they allow them to come up, anyhow; provide every school of vice and every facility for crime; and when every vestige of innocence is gone,— when, following the natural consequences of what society has made them,—one destroys another's worthless life, then our Christian civilization steps in. The first and the last attention she bestows upon him is to hang him up by the neck like a dog, or sizzle him to death in an electrical experiment.

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The scenes of their walk tended to turn the thought and speech of the two friends into still more bitter and radical channels. After the excitement of the murder had passed, Sanford said suddenly: "I want you to come with me to a meeting where radicalism is at a premium."

"Well, then, why do n't you take me there?" Lord replied. "It is getting late."

"Promise me never to give it away and I will," said Sanford earnestly.

Lord stopped short. "What is all this mystery?" he demanded. "You surely are not an anarchist. It is not a dynamite plot?"

"Well, whatever it is, you will not be hurt by going once. You may not approve, but if you do not you will be bound in honor not to speak of it to others."

"Sanford," said Lord slowly, "I had not thought this of you. I am a radical,—a revolutionist if you choose,—but I have always opposed violence. Deliverance must come another way."

"But they want you to come," urged Sanford. "Some of the men have heard you speak, and I was told to invite you. Tonight is a meeting to which outside friends can be invited, provided they promise secrecy."

"Upon my word, you compliment me," said Lord sarcastically. "The suggestion that my views qualify me for association with outlaws, cut-throats, dynamiters, and I know not what! Really, Sanford, I thought you knew me better than that." And he turned upon his heel as if to go.

"Not so fast, not so fast," exclaimed Sanford, catching him by the arm. "I will explain if you give me time. You are trying to better the condition of working people."

"Yes," interrupted Lord. "And you jump at the conclusion that I am ripe for forcible revolution, dynamite, murder, and you offer to introduce me to kindred spirits. I thank you, Sanford, I will correct that impression." And again he would have gone.

"Hold on," said Sanford, becoming nettled, and placing him-

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self squarely in the way. "You find it hard to seem misunderstood. Think that perhaps you are misunderstanding. Just wait till you know what you are talking about."

"But this meeting is some secret plot; such plots as have always defeated movements for bettering the condition of the working people."

"Now do n't interrupt me," said Sanford. "Do I look and act like a red-handed murderer? It is you who misconstrue *my* motives. I have invited you to a meeting, held secretly it is true, but where nothing unlawful will take place. You have my word for that. Can't you trust it? We have some very fiery and impatient men among them. How do you know but what we need your help and counsel to keep them from going too far? Your influence may prevent the very evils you dread."

"Forgive me, Sanford, I am not quite myself tonight. That fight on the avenue must have unsettled my nerves. If I can be of any use — "

"Of course you can, old fellow," cried Sanford. "I invited you, believing you could do us good. I own I do n't like the way the thing is drifting, but I give you my word that we are harmless, at least for tonight, and perhaps you, who denounce prejudice, may have a little left yourself, eh? Will you come?" he asked, extending his hand in token of all resentment buried.

"Yes, I will come," said Lord, accepting the proffered hand. Yet with a strange foreboding of evil. Could either of them have foreseen the sequel of that fateful meeting, how different would have been their plans.

"But where is this meeting? At this late hour you must admit that your guarded invitation gave me some grounds for suspicion."

"It may raise them again when I tell you. It is back of a saloon."

"No, having laid my suspicion, you have raised my curiosity. But why meet behind a saloon?"

"Because there we can meet without being spied upon by police. They never meddle with saloons kept by aldermen,"

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he said laughing. "The real reason is because halls connected with saloons are rented much cheaper than any others."

"That is a good argument why cities should own halls, have plenty of them, and furnish them free of cost to all who would use them," said Lord. "At least they could furnish them for the cost of lighting and heating."

"Tell the boys that tonight," said Sanford. "That sounds practical. Now, this hall is rented through the week to posts of the Grand Army, lodges, and benefit societies; all because it is cheaper and more convenient than any other."

"Do they go through the saloon?" asked Lord.

"Not unless they choose. There is a side entrance, but we generally go through the saloon, as it attracts less attention."

"And that accords better with the tastes and reputation of your society I presume?" laughed Lord.

"Yes, we may as well have the game as the name," said Sanford. "Our necessity is made to appear our preference when reporters find us out. This is the place," he added, as they reached a pretentious-looking saloon, having two entrances. At the side was another door, opening to a narrow stairway, over which was a notice: "Lodge room to let, inquire in saloon."

The front curtains were down, but the murmur of voices from within was quite audible. The policeman on the corner swung his night club lazily, and conveniently turned his back upon the two friends who were seeking admission. The door of the "family entrance" was ajar. Two little tots came out with a big pail of beer between them, and, setting it down upon the steps, they proceeded to take toll by alternately kneeling before it and tipping it a little, so that, by holding their breath and immersing their noses in the froth, they could get a "dood big dwink," as the little boy explained to his sister, wiping the froth from his face with his torn coat sleeve.

An old woman, bare-headed, wrinkled, and wan, went in with a large tin kettle as two girls, with fiery red hats and faces painted to match, came out carrying fancy glass pitchers filled with the foaming, amber fluid dispensed within.

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Lord and Sanford walked in and took a seat at one of the little tables at the back of the room.

There were twenty or more men and boys in the room; most of them with hats tipped back, cigars in their mouths, smoking until the air was blue. Some were drinking at the bar. Others were playing, or watching others play, at the pool table.

"The alderman owns this place, so there is never any danger of a raid," said Sanford. "It's a respectable place, too, as saloons go."

"Is the alderman here tonight?" asked Lord.

"Oh, yes, that is him at the corner of the pool table. A genial, whole-souled man as ever took the last cent from a rum-crazed fool. It is near election time, and he has great influence in this ward. All the candidates furnish him money to set up for the boys."

"But is he respected by the, what we call, better class in the district?" asked Lord.

"Bless you, yes. He pays his license promptly, goes in for a higher license, says it would crowd out the low dives and make business better."

"I mean, do not church people rather object to having a saloon-keeper for alderman?"

"Gracious, no. Why, there is one church member on the excise board that signed his license; and look, there is a church trustee, who wants to go to congress, talking with him now. A prominent elder is vice-president of a ward association that goes under his name. Oh, I tell you, he is all solid with the pious; gets that vote every time."

"He seems to be a man of some note," said Lord cynically.

"Indeed, he is one of our first citizens; subscribes liberally to charity, sends his children to church, pays for a pew in two churches, and is doing a lawful business." Sanford's eyes twinkled with mirth as he said this, for Lord was known to be very radical on the drink question.

The alderman passed them at this moment, greeting them cordially, and setting before them a box of cigars. "Help

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yourselves, gentlemen," he said. "It's a part of the election fund contributed by our next congressman yonder. Would you like to meet him?"

"No, I thank you," replied Lord dryly, while Sanford took a handful of cigars. The jovial hospitality of mine host would not have understood a refusal.

A youth at the front, who had partaken too freely of the election bounties in liquid form, rolled under the table. "Put him out," said the alderman, pointing his little finger, upon which gleamed a massive diamond ring, at the prostrate boy.

The bar-keeper was about to obey when the candidate whispered: "Why, that is elder Jones's son," mentioning the vice-president of the ward association.

"Oh, hold on a minute," said the alderman. "Can't you fix im up a bed in the back room, and let im sleep, he acts tired." A roar of laughter greeted this sally of wit, and the boy was retired.

The bar fixtures were magnificent. Back of the long bar a heavy plate mirror extended the entire length and reflected the whole room, especially those of its occupants who faced the bar.

Over the mirror was draped a silken streamer of red, white, and blue, looped with golden cord and heavy tassels. Above each festoon a bird of freedom — a rampant, screaming, golden eagle — perched. Below, a glistening row of cut-glass decanters stood upon the decorated shelf. The handles of the beer pumps were of solid silver, while upon the opposite wall, so hung as to be reflected in the great mirror, were heavily framed pictures of Bacchanalian revel and Roman pageant. At the front plate-glass windows were screens of solid walnut, carved and ornamented, each holding oval mirrors of wondrous thickness and perfection.

"You reformers are not consistent," said Sanford, with the old twinkle in his eye. "You are for the betterment of the poor man's condition; yet you would abolish this place altogether."

"I would abolish this, as I would every other private monop-

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oly," said Lord. "Let the people decide what kind of resorts they wish to have. Then let their agents build and run them with the public funds, making no profits, merely paying expenses from what they sell."

"That might do away with saloon-keeping aldermen, and perhaps prevent adulterations," said Sanford. "But would not the saloon remain as before?"

"No, I think not," replied Lord. "I have an idea that people go to saloons for the same reason that they live in tenement houses,—because they have no better places."

"Then why do you war upon the saloons, when they are the only places open for the people?"

"Because of the utter selfishness of the trade,—its frauds and cruelties,—the debauching of children and the kicking of penniless customers into the street, as that young boy would have gone but for his father's name and influence."

"Oh, now see here," said Sanford, sipping his sarsaparilla. "As far as that goes, if the saloon-keeper waters his whiskey or adulterates his other drinks, so does the grocer water his vinegar, and sell bogus coffee or very high mixed tea. It is nearly impossible to get pure food of any of them. Now, as to taking the last cent and kicking you out, the landlord of your flat will do that. For my part, I consider saloon-keeping just as good as any other legalized robbery."

"Oh, well," said Lord, catching the spirit of irony, "you know it is not considered as respectable as real estate or stock speculating."

"Oh, no, not by pious people, but if they do n't like saloons why do they take rent, and license money, and church donations from them? If the partaker is as bad as the thief what right have they to croak?"

"Some churches refuse to accept saloon-keepers or brewers as members," said Lord, "and they look down upon their families as socially inferior."

"To those who make their living by speculating in the necessities of life, or gambling in Wall Street," interrupted Sanford.

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"At the same time," he continued, "these same people will, nine out of ten of them, vote to increase the saloon-keeper's license fee, so as to get a little more money out of him."

"I think you are mistaken in the motive," said Lord. "They, like your alderman, want to make the business more respectable, so that it may not trouble their consciences."

"So you allow for a conscience? For my part, I can't see how conscience or religion can ever be anything but hypocrisy so long as it is made to uphold the present system of inequality and robbery," said Sanford.

"One thing seems certain," sighed Lord. "Saloons will probably remain with us as long as the present social system. The whole thing will stand or fall together."

"All right," responded Sanford, to a little old man, who informed him that he could now bring Mr. Lord up to the meeting-room.

"I was thinking," said Lord, glancing around as they were leaving the room, "that, if the city furnished such a place, a beer garden, with lunch tables, and with the beer left out, adding music and other attractions, where wives and children, as well as the men, could come and enjoy themselves, then we could dispense with saloons."

"How would you arrange expenses?"

"People would buy what they wanted, just as they do now. These places make big profits and pay big rents, but the city could furnish the choicest fruits, the daintiest morsels, and the most delicious drinks at a very small cost, without rent or profit."

Sanford reached the head of the stairs and gave a peculiar knock. The wicket in the door was opened.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE ANARCHIST MEETING.

"Who comes?" was asked from the wicket.

"Comrade Sanford, with a friend who visits us."

"Give me the password."

"Justice, not charity."

"Do you personally vouch for the visitor?"

"I do."

"Pass in his card."

Lord was furnished a bit of paper upon which he wrote his name. Sanford endorsed it and passed it through the wicket, which closed with a snap, and the two were again left alone.

"Permit me to say," laughed Lord, "that for anarchists, who are supposed to be gloriously unorganized, your friends have a great deal of machinery and method."

"Oh, you know we are a law unto ourselves," replied Sanford. "There are anarchists and anarchists."

"I know that there must be widely different schools of anarchy," said Lord. "In fact, some whom I know that profess to believe in anarchy are very peaceable men."

"Yes, there are many who are very nearly Quakers in their teaching," replied Sanford. "They don't believe in force, and teach the doctrine of non-resistance."

"But these friends of yours are rather more forcibly inclined, I take it?"

"They are men who, observing the wrongs of the present system, see greater mercy in forcible resistance than in patient submission," replied Sanford.

As he spoke the door was thrown open, and they were invited to enter. A bright red flag was draped above the chairman's desk. All conversation ceased as they entered. Many of the

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men were smoking. Some had thrown off their coats, as the room was warm and close.

"Will comrade Sanford tell us the meaning of the red flag?" asked the chairman.

"Equality, fraternity. That of one blood are all people of the earth," replied Sanford.

With this simple ceremony all restraint gave way, and a confused murmur of conversation was resumed.

"Comrades," said Sanford, with an easy sweep of the hand, "this is Mr. Lord, of whom you have heard. Mr. Lord does not understand us, but you can trust him. After you have given your views he will say a few words. I have great confidence in his judgment. I hope you will submit plans before him without reserve."

Acknowledging the introduction with a slight inclination of the head, Lord sank into a seat where he could observe the room and its inmates. There were more than a hundred men in the room. Their business meeting which had just closed might have been conducted in order, but they were certainly in a beautifully anarchistic state now. The only sign of order was the guard at the door, who admitted an occasional comrade, and the chairman, who asked each comer the question upon the significance of the red flag.

The chairs had been gathered in irregular semi-circles, partly that the members might face one another in conversation, partly for the convenience of tobacco users, around some central spittoon. Alternating with faces which seemed sodden with misery appeared others whose piercing looks betokened men of thought. Lord could soon distinguish those who were leaders, whose judgment would be deferred to, or whose words could drive their faithful followers to any length.

There were among them desperate men, who would do and die if need be with all the coolness of a Russian nihilist. A large proportion were of German descent, with a sprinkling of Irish, Scotch, Russians, and Frenchmen. Several were Americans by generations of ancestors. This surprised Lord, who,

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while he knew some American theoretical anarchists, had fallen into the popular error that an American revolutionary anarchist was an impossibility. True, Albert Parsons, one of the Chicago victims, was an American of good family, but Lord had come to regard him merely as a labor reformer and a socialist, who had been sacrificed to the popular newspaper clamor.

After Lord's introduction there was a few moments' confused buzz, then a gruff, thickset fellow in a blue sailor shirt, who had laid off his coat, and whose broad suspenders made a red cross upon his back, scuffled his feet upon the floor, and spoke in a louder tone.

"Comrades," he said, "I dont submit plans before any man until he has sworn to assist, or else keep out of the way and hold his tongue. ['Hear! hear!' growled several voices.] I wont submit plans, but I will give my ideas! ['Do! that 's the talk'.] I say that things cant go on in this way much longer. ['No, py dunder, no'.] There is a storm coming soon, and when it comes I dont believe we should be caught napping. In the Pittsburg and Southwest strikes if we had been ready, armed, and drilled we could have won. Next time they will be more ready for us, and it will be harder work. True, we have '*the resources of civilization*' on our side," he said, with a significant glance toward some of the leaders, "and dont the capitalist press howl when we mention it? I tell you that a well-planned, united effort, a surprise, would bring these millionaires at our feet begging for mercy, and the privilege of going to Europe with what they have on their backs and a small gripsack in their hand. Wont it be good to see em going over in the steerage like many an honest man who has come over to make their fortunes for them?"

At the close of this speech demonstrations of approval were vigorous. Pipes were laid down, that a freer use of hands and lungs might emphasize their feelings. Then a broad-shouldered fellow from the rear shuffled up the side and entered the circle. Sitting down, he eyed the last speaker as he said: "Yer countin

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yer chickens early I'm a-thinkin. These same millionaires can send over armies an gunboats an"—

"Dont I know that," retorted the first speaker. "Thats what we want; we'd have possession of the treasury, and we'd have dynamite guns, and torpedoes, and all the seacoast. We would stop paying them rent, or interest, or dividends. Where would they land their hired butchers, and where would they get money to pay em?" he asked triumphantly.

"Send em in by Canady, an give em all they could steal."

"Ah, but wouldnt the whole nation rise against such a foreign invader? It would make our cause solid at once, and the people on the other side would rise, too, so they couldnt go back. They might go to Halifax and stay there if the natives would let em." He gave a grin that showed his few teeth, together with many vacancies where teeth ought to have been. Every telling point was met with a whoop, or a "Hear, Hear."

Among those who could not sufficiently express their feelings was our old friend, the slim man with a sharp elbow. As the seats did not admit of his usual demonstration, his exclamation, "Thats so," punctuated the remarks with becoming regularity and wonderful force.

A sorrowful, dejected-looking man of about fifty years next began with a question: "Say, how are ye goin to get control of the government?" Then suddenly rising to his feet, without waiting for an answer, he swung his arms wildly about and shrilly hissed out, amid many cries and shouts: "How are you goin to manage the first surprise? How are you to get the government, guns and all, eh? Millionaires own this government, and they buy and sell every office from alderman to president. They let offices out to their own men and take a mortgage on em. How are you goin to win? The ballot-box is no good. It leaks and its rotten. ['Hear, hear'.] The police and militia are all under capitalists' orders. I am in for any thing," he shrieked, "if you will show how it is to be done. Anything is better than what we have now. ['You're right'.] I once owned a home. Bad luck has followed me for ten years.

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Now, I dont know where my children are. I am a tramp. I havnt slep in a bed for a year, nor had a square meal in a week. I found ten cents on the avenue Friday last, an, pon my word, I have lived on that ever since. I ate my last mouthful Saturday night at a free lunch. I have neither shame nor fear, and I dont care how desperate a plan you have. I am in for anything." [A tumult of shouts.]

A fairly well-dressed man, who had been listening intently, and seldom applauding, now rose and addressed the chair, a formality that none of the others had observed. He wore a white shirt, collar and tie, had a ring upon his finger, and gave one the impression of a commercial man.

His off-hand way of speaking, his rapid sentences, following in quick succession, left no opening for audible responses, but the fact that several pipes went out, and even the irrepressible slim man allowed no sound to escape him, while his half-opened mouth twitched convulsively at times, indicated the interest of his auditors.

Turning from the chairman, he said: "Now, see here, comrades, I am not in quite so bad a strait as our friend there,— God knows how soon I shall be,— but I see that you are all talking at random. This kind of rot wont better anybody's condition. If any of you have a plan that might be put into operation, lets hear it. Its not bombast, but business that we want. Some people have got more wealth than belongs to them. Some of us never had our share. Now, how are we to get even without having our necks stretched, or going to a state institution to board? I admire a cashier, who, after working twenty years for a skin-flint firm, making them rich, quietly takes his share from the safe, goes travelling, or settles down in Montreal to enjoy his portion. I rejoice when I hear that a burglar, or pickpocket, or skillful penman, has walked away with fifty thousand dollars from some rich Wall Street gambler. I cordially sympathize with the road-agent who makes a haul from the express companies. And I take off my hat to the Denver man who coolly walked into a bank, invited the presi-

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dent into the back room on private business, and then, with a pistol and bottle of nitro-glycerine in his hand, told him that life was not worth living without money; that they would either die together, there and then, or the president might write him a check for twenty-one thousand dollars. Then walking behind him with the glycerine, he compelled him to have it cashed at the desk in convenient shape for travelling, thanked him for his courtesy, and retired. All this is magnificent, but it is not war. It provides for the few, but not for the many. It is spoiling the Egyptians, but it does not solve any social problem. So with your discussions every week. If you have nothing better to propose, then all turn thieves and burglars at once. In no other way will you ever get your share of the wealth you have helped to make."

As he took his seat the demonstrations seemed more subdued than before, but terribly, wickedly earnest.

There was another shuffling of feet, and a thin, wiry fellow elbowed his way to the front. Casting a piercing glance over the audience, to see that no spies or strangers heard, he began: "I will give you a plan,—one that I have heard discussed (I won't say where), and, whatever happens, remember that I did not suggest or advocate it. I merely repeat it. Suppose a hundred thousand men in New York, and a like proportion in every city, were secretly armed and drilled. Every man under oath to keep the secret and watch his neighbor. As many as possible to drill in the National Guard at state expense. Suppose when all was ready every railroad, steamboat, street-car, and ferry stops simultaneously throughout the country. Our people take possession of all. With every telegraph station manned with our own operators, our leaders could communicate with each other while our opponents could not. Cables to Europe would be ours, so no news would reach there in a week.

"Let perfect discipline be kept. No plundering allowed on penalty of death; but, in the name of the sovereign people, take possession of all property *for* the people who have created its value by their labor. Let every group have a few dynamite

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bombs in the hands of their coolest men; not for use, but to insure good faith, as it were. In an extreme emergency, let a traitor or stubborn foe be executed with a bomb. That would save all funeral ceremony,— spirit him away, so to speak. In a week all would be over. Every town would have its own territory to look after, while our people, having telegraph and railroads, could send help wherever needed. Very little bloodshed would be required. Just enough to show that we were in earnest, and that it was useless to oppose us.

"Let provisional committees be organized at once. Let every store and factory be run as a co-operative industry, and boards of labor and distribution, elected by each trade, take control of all. Let all vacant land be declared open for immediate use by anyone. Let all who either rent or own a home retain it until a better one is afforded, and let the choice of vacant houses be by lot for first choice. This is only a sketch of a programme I have heard. What do you think of it?"

As the interest deepened, responses seemed to grow less noisy. Approving nods and expressive winks ran around the circle. The slim fellow arose to his greatest height and swung his long arms wildly outward, barely missing the head of his shorter neighbor, who had at the same time arisen; then, without emitting a sound, he sank back into his chair and awaited the end.

At the close of the speaker's remarks the pent-up flood burst forth. To distinguish one shout from another was impossible. Gleams of hope, the fire of fanaticism, wild exultations as of caged tigers suddenly seeing a door opening to freedom, seemed to leap from the dullest eyes. Had the word of command been given to carry out the plan detailed, every man was ready to do his part or perish in the attempt.

An old man, an Englishman, was standing in the outer circle. When the hubbub subsided he elbowed his way to the front. Slowly he untied a red bandanna handkerchief from his throat and laid it across the back of a chair. Then deliberately taking off his coat and laying it carefully on the same chair he began:

"Forty years ago in London I erd the same idea. But one

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night, a vagabond and an outlaw, I ad to leave hold England." The old man then fumbled for his handkerchief; not finding it, he drew his sleeve across his eyes, braced himself up, and resumed: "Years of ard, faithful labor av I given to this country. I av produced enough to keep more than one man in hidleness, but, as a result of it all, I am in debt. I dont own a foot of land, nor a roof to cover my ed, and wen the monopolist wants to use the old man e only as to old up a dollar, and I am is." As he continued his story, he found his handkerchief and blew a long, sonorous blast upon his nasal organ. Somehow nobody laughed, but as he went on telling the old story of hardship, of his honest toil unrequited, children scattered, and his home destroyed, more than one answering blast announced that other sympathizers had found their handkerchiefs.

The set teeth and clenched fists of the younger men showed that the iron of desperate resolve had entered their very souls.

Following him, a man of thirty-five arose, and, with a sweep of the hand, intended as a general introduction of himself, he began in fiery, quick sentences: "I am a house-carpenter. As work is, I lose two or three months' time every year. There are a million men, in and about New York, who want houses of their own. Still there is no demand for house-builders, except from speculators, who put up cages for twenty families under one roof, or build to sell to some rich and pious skin-flint who wants to invest his money in real estate, where he can coin out of the flesh and blood and lives of his tenants the interest on his investment. ['Yes, yes. Thats so.'] Health, comfort, nothing is considered but 'For how much can I rent?' and 'How much interest does that pay on my investment?' If God Almighty lives, and the Devil does his duty, the whole interest account will be made up some day. [Hear, Hear.]

"Do you sometimes wonder that acres of this island are covered with old, rickety, unhealthy tenements when new ones would rent for more? Do you know the reason the old ones are left standing? It is because the rent of an old hulk of a house pays a bigger per cent on the amount of money invested

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than a new one would, after the cost of building. Thousands of them stand on land owned by the richest church in America, and, when the long leases run out, the buildings become the property of the church. Owners of the buildings must get their money back, with so much per cent, before the lease expires. Per cent has taken more lives, murdered more children, and caused more crime than all the tyrants from Herod down. And the church is an accomplice in the crime."

The assembly was again lashed to fury by these remarks of the carpenter. Shouts and hisses and groans greeted his denunciations. Then a gray-haired man tottered to his feet. Spreading out his hands in the attitude of a clergyman giving a benediction, he said in a quavering voice: "Patience. We must learn patience. I am too old to fight, but I would die wid ye all, if there was any chance of winnin. But ye are too young to throw away yer lives. Have patience a little longer and ye will get justice."

Then came a big-bearded, shaggy-browed fellow, striding down the floor, growling like an enraged bull: "Out upon you all for patient fools," he cried. "Can you be patient and suffer the torments of the damned? If so, suffer on. I will see liberty or the gallows in my own day. I have no patience with the teaching that the world will some day deal justly with its workmen. I want to see justice now, or I want to die in the attempt to gain it. You all know that the rich are growing richer while the poor are growing poorer. Where is this going to stop? When your courage is starved out of you and your organizations broken up, eh? The legal systems of robbery are supported by law and government, defended by policemen's clubs, and soldiers' bayonets. Gunpowder, cold steel, and whimpering, psalm-singing preachers keep us down. And the cowardly patience of a nation of slaves delays our freedom. Dont you know that a little hog's grease and nitric acid makes a better weapon than a musket?" He glared about him. A confused, gurgling growl burst from the crowd.

"Let me give you a plan for New York City's part of the

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general programme," he continued. [His hearers listened breathlessly.] "If there are only ten thousand men in New York who are ready to act, let them take the lead, and secure a leader who can be trusted. There are a million who will follow when they see the plan in operation. Let the ten thousand who dare take the lead. Let every man know his post as in a fire brigade. Let the signal be given that calls out the ten thousand, and the three sixes will call out the rest. Use dynamite freely. Shut off the water and gas. Blow up electric-light stations, elevated roads and horse-car tracks. Barricade the streets with the fragments. Seize or destroy every police station. Use bombs wherever any resistance is shown. Capture or blow up the armories, and placard the town with hand-bills."

He pulled from his pocket a bundle of papers. Lord would not have been surprised to see a few dynamite bombs laid upon the table as an accompaniment to his words.

He stepped upon the platform and began to read a proclamation. Passing from the impassioned manner of his speech to slower, lower, but terribly earnest reading, he paused after each clause to let its full meaning sink into the minds of his hearers. They had passed beyond applause. They lived in the words of the reader, and, as the waves of feeling passed over his face, they rose furious with rage or sank back with sardonic grins.

"Proclamation to the people.

"Liberty is proclaimed. Justice prevails.

"The city is in the hands of its citizens. It is no longer the property of a few. New York belongs to all the people, and is held in trust as common property for all. The provisional committee will see that the common property is not destroyed, nor shall anyone be allowed to take that which is in use by another. Each person will retain all property in actual use by himself and family, for which shall be rendered to the community such service as shall be an equivalent for its use. All former rent, all interest, debt, buying, and selling shall cease from this date."

He stopped to drain a mug of beer that was handed from the

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floor below him. During the pause the confusion broke forth, — shouts and cries and wild waving of hats, which were again instantly hushed as the reader extended his hand and resumed.

After reading the remainder of the paper he laid it upon the table and exclaimed: "You see that, if this programme was carried out in every city, the few who represented great riches could not successfully oppose the many who represented great poverty. It would be for the interest of the middle class to join us. It is only a question of time when they will be reduced to our level under present conditions, while under the new system there would be no fear of poverty for themselves or their children. In one year this country, relieved of its burden of deadheads, would have a prosperity such as the world never dreamed of. With no fear of poverty for any, all inducement to crime would disappear, and all would work for the general good. There is plenty to be had for all, without exhaustive toil, and all would *have* plenty. It is only the hoggishness of those who take more than they need that leaves so many with less than they need. It will take a struggle," he continued, wiping the dampness from his forehead, "and it will cost some lives to make the change, but better that the struggle come now, and the lives be lost now, than to drag along through another fifty years, sacrificing thousands of lives every year to the greed of gold.

"Starving wives and children," he hissed, "living in the gates of hell. You tell us to be patient and wait," he roared. "I tell you that you sacrifice more lives, innocent babies' lives, in every year of waiting than you would sacrifice in effecting a revolution. It is mercy and humanity to act quickly. If McClellan had not stopped to count lives he would have taken Richmond. Who is the hero of that war, McClellan, the merciful, or Grant, the butcher? I tell you delay is cruelty. Speedy revolution is mercy. Choose like men, and strike for liberty."

(*To be continued.*)

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OBJECTIONS TO NATIONALISM.

By the Hon. Jesse Cox.

The lofty tone of contempt and assumed superiority employed by many of the opponents of nationalism, indicating, as it does, either a mind so distorted by self-complacency as to be incapable of perceiving the force of new ideas, or the insincerity resulting from self-interest, forbids the idea that any very convincing argument should be expected from them.

It is, therefore, not surprising that such writers should wholly ignore the fact that the change from one industrial system to another is brought about by an imperious economic necessity only, and should hasten to oppose to the rising tide of nationalistic thought a series of merely theoretical objections, which they loftily decide to be satisfactory answers to the position of the nationalists; but which, in fact, only show the defenselessness of their own position.

Nationalism as a universal system, and in modern life, may be said to be an untried theory; and hence no objections to it can be based on the experience of its operation. The grounds on which it is defended or opposed must be drawn from the same place in the logical armory: they are all to a great extent mere untried theories. In this respect both its proponents and opponents are on the same level, and neither is enabled to assume any superiority over the other. But while the opponents of nationalism occupy no higher logical position in this respect than do its defenders, these opponents utterly fail to perceive not only that their own ramparts are undefended, but also that the very shot and shell which they attempt to throw into the nationalist camp explode in their own. For the fact is that the theoretical objections which they hurl at the theoretical system of the nationalists are each and all of them very strong indictments of the present industrial system which these gentlemen so loudly defend. Long experience has demonstrated beyond peradventure that these very objections are, as applied to the present system, insurmountable and unanswerable.

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We are told, for instance, that under nationalism there would be no adequate motive for exertion in the production of wealth; that want is the only spur to exertion by the masses; and that, under a system where material rewards are equal, there would be no such motive. Hence people would, under such a system, work as little as possible; laziness would prevail; little would be produced; and all but corruptionists would suffer.

It is difficult to imagine these objections as being seriously made by the defenders of a system like the present, which luxuriously supports hundreds of thousands in voluntary idleness, and compels millions of able and willing workers to exist involuntarily in the same condition. But, assuming the objections to be made in good faith, we find that, while it is true that want, or the fear of want, is a spur to exertion, it is not necessarily a spur to *exertion in production*, but is merely a motive to obtain what has been produced.

Labor in production is, under the present system, but a clumsy way of making a living, the productive laborer being the most poorly rewarded of any member of the community. Labor in production means long hours, exhausting work, uncertainty of employment, poor pay, and humble submission to the arbitrary will of the employer or his deputy. Hence every man of spirit or ambition seeks employment not in production, but rather in some other way, as clerk, salesman, trader, speculator, in the so-called learned professions, or else as a politician or other parasite upon society; indeed, in any and every way other than as a laborer in production. Hence all these non-productive avenues of employment are greatly overcrowded.

But even of the laborers in production it cannot be said that want spurs them to exertion, except in so far as it is necessary to obtain their wages. On the contrary, they produce as little as they can to get their pay. If they work by the day it is their interest to "soldier" as much as possible, as being not only easier, but as making the work last longer. If they work at piece-work, it is their interest to slight their work. It is not asserted that all workmen act in this way. To the credit of

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human nature be it said they do not. But the system makes it their interest to do so. These men know that there is little or no hope of their ever being anything more than mere workmen; they know that there is room for but few promotions, and their interest is to act accordingly. The life of the average workman is a cheerless and hopeless monotony of labor and suffering. What motive has he indeed to exert himself to produce for the good of the world? Absolutely none! Hunger spurs him, as everyone else, to *get* not to *produce;* and the time is rapidly approaching when the laborer, maddened by his own want and the sight of the unbounded luxury of the idle rich, will be spurred to *take* by the strong arm, without the labor of producing, when the poor boon of labor is denied him.

That want is an utterly inadequate spur to production under the present system is proved by the smallness of the annual product. This amounts in value to less than fifty cents a day per head of the population of the United States,—a country capable of producing at least ten times that amount.

The fact is that under the present system the fear of want discourages production. It induces everyone to get all he can with as little labor in production as possible. Hence arises the system of production for profit; a system which crushes the laborer and diminishes to the lowest possible amount his wage-earning power. It thus proportionately destroys his purchasing power, and so reduces the market demand for the products of industry, which is the result of the exercise of that power, thus directly discouraging production. To cap all, trusts and other combinations designedly, forcibly, and systematically restrict the production of wealth.

Under the present system the fear of want sets man upon man to struggle for existence. It moves man to no effort to benefit mankind; its tendency is brutalizing; it is identical with the motive which sets the tiger upon his prey. It is only the men who are above the fear of want that can afford to exert themselves to benefit their kind. The tendency of such fear,

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therefore, is to restrain the good impulses of man, and to retard his progress in civilization.

Under the nationalist system the fear of want, or rather the necessity of exertion to prevent want, would still be a strong motive in man; but it would lead directly to the best results in the production of wealth.

The nation as a whole, that is the state, would then be charged with the duty of production. Each member of the community would necessarily feel that his own comfort and that of his family depended upon the efficiency with which the state performed this function, as well as upon the heartiness of the exertions of each individual. It would, therefore, be every man's interest not only to perform his own duty in production, but also to see that every other man performed his. Can it be doubted that there would arise a public opinion holding each man strictly to his duty? And would not public opinion also see to it that the state took such measures as would push production to the utmost capacity of the producing forces?

The fear of want would still exist, but it would then act upon a harmonious body of individuals, all having identical interests; and it could produce only the very best consequences in production. At the present time such fear makes men parasites, swindlers, and even murderers, as well as producers. It may be truthfully said that, under the present system, the fear of want tends to make men scoundrels. It is not expected that, under the nationalist system, men would act altogether from disinterested motives. But it is expected that such system, by removing the antagonisms which now exist between men, would make their interests harmonious and identical; and the self-interest of each would be the direct interest of all.

With modern machinery and organization production is not difficult. Everywhere today the productive forces are restrained because the product exceeds the effective demand. Everywhere the cry is not for more production, but for a market for the product; and it is to find such market, and to capture it from others, that the best talent of the country employs itself.

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Nationalism would at once furnish an adequate market, by simply giving to the producer the full results of his labor, thus enabling consumption to keep pace with productive energy; and, by a perfected organization of industry, it would make production far easier and more abundant than it is now.

It is also objected against nationalism that men are not fit for it at present; that they are brutalized and demoralized, and could not be made use of under its conditions. What an indictment this against the present system! If men are brutalized and demoralized, what has made them so? And why has not the existing system, which our opponents admire so much, prevented this brutalization and demoralization? The obvious answer is that the men of today are the creatures of conditions which the present state of society has produced; or which, at least, it has not prevented.

It is the present system which can make least use of these men. It, rather than the proposed nationalist system, requires perfect men. If all men were perfect in wisdom, in physical and mental qualities, and in moral nature, all might possibly be well under our present unorganized industrial society. But because men are not so, it becomes necessary, in order to make the best of these imperfect men, that they should be placed in an organization where their imperfections may be aided by the systematic help of their superiors in wisdom, morality, and ability. Organization is civilization.

When raw, untrained, or barbaric men are taken into an army, they are made part of the military organization, and trained to act in unison with it. In this way only can they be made effective. No intelligent officer would think of leading an untrained mob of such men against an enemy. But this is exactly what the present industrial system does. It expects its untrained and demoralized barbarians to act without organization, order, or even leaders, in bringing the untamed forces of nature into the service of man.

Another objection raised against nationalism is that it would produce tyranny and corruption. But can anyone imagine a

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more utterly corrupt and tyrannous system than the present. From the very nature of the case, the ownership of the means of production by the few (a necessity under our present system) puts the laborers in production absolutely in the power of their employers. The employer has the unrestricted power of discharge; and the worker, especially if a man of family, will submit to almost any indignity rather than lose his employment. Four great packing establishments in Chicago employ 25,000 men, and through them absolutely control the destinies of at least 200,000 people. The coal and iron miners are the merest serfs; and the same is true in greater or less degree of the workmen of nearly all other industries. The people have long since ceased to be the rulers in this country. Corporate wealth owns our congresses, legislatures, and executive offices, and dictates the policy of the government. Politicians, press, and pulpit pander to wealth, systematically betraying the people to the private interests of the possessing classes. Even the right of free speech has been denied in many cases, and corruption is illimitable. Adulteration of food is universal; fraud exists everywhere,—fraudulent goods, fraudulent bankruptcies, abuses of trusts, bribery of officials, oppressions by monopolies. Society is rotten with corruption.

It certainly could not be worse under nationalism. If the state were the owner and administrator of the means of production, and officers proved corrupt, they could not possibly take from the people a tithe of what is now taken in profits alone. But corruption would then mean the shadow of the penitentiary, for it would be treason to the dearest interests of man.

The most superficial examination of any of the objections advanced will show that they are a thousand fold stronger against the present system than against nationalism. They are all the expiring cries of a system already stricken with death. It is evident that all existing tendencies are hastening the fall of the present system. The struggle of today is between the tendencies towards co-operation, and the tendencies towards barbarism. And from barbarism nationalism alone can save us.

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NATIONALISM AND LIBERTY.

By the Rev. Solomon Schindler.

It is now two years since the First Nationalist Club was organized in Boston and its platform published. During that time the scheme of nationalism has been viewed from many and varying standpoints, and criticised by men who can be safely trusted for their intelligence, integrity, and good-will towards all.

What is the attitude of the opponents to nationalism? Have they denied the feasibility of the plan? Not at all; they could not well do that, inasmuch as examples such as the post-office, the schools, the water service, and the sewerage demonstrate what can be done by united effort, and show that the nation could just as successfully operate the telegraphs, the telephones, and the railroads as the mails, and that a city could supply the citizens as well with gas and electricity as with water.

Has it been proved that the condition of the people would not change for the better, both materially and morally, by means of the proposed changes? No; critics cannot but concede that the people would be able to live in better condition than they do now, that poverty would be abolished, and that crime would vanish for want of motive. These premises admitted, they cannot help confessing that the new order of things must spread a greater blessing over mankind than (as it seemed to them) it deserved.

This point has also been allowed to pass unchallenged, in order that the death-blow might be struck from another quarter. In substance we are told as follows: Nationalism is feasible; it will secure the national welfare of all, and may even improve mankind morally, but — and here the voice of criticism is raised to the highest pitch — think of the price which you will have to pay. The prosperity of the people will be bought at the enormous price of their — liberty! Nationalism will crush liberty and strike off every head that will dare to raise itself above the dead level. Beware, we are warned, of the trap!

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Nationalism is a cage in which the birds, though supplied with food and drink, are kept prisoners for ever within the golden grating. As for us, add our mentors, we prefer the miseries of the present social order, with the liberty which it grants to the individual, to the golden slavery which nationalism will bring.

This formidable breastwork, however, resembles the walls of Babylon, as constructed by Mr. Kiralfy in his grand spectacular drama. Like these it is found, when approached, to be of canvas, penetrable by a penknife. It is awe-inspiring at a distance, but it cannot stand a close inspection.

The fact is that nationalism will not destroy liberty, but rather will strengthen and develop it. The liberties which we are said to possess, and which we are cautioned so much to preserve, are the mere shadow of that true liberty which the new and better social orders will grant. Let us examine this a little more closely.

1. Will nationalism interfere with political liberty? People will possibly vote then, as they do now, but there will be no "voting cattle"; there will be no fear of offending an employer; there will be no scramble for office on the principle that to the victor belongs the spoils; there will be no longer the fear that the longest purse or the biggest barrel alone can win. The educated, intelligent voter will, in full liberty, vote for such men and measures as he judges will benefit the community.

2. How can nationalism interfere with "religious liberty" when religion will have ceased to be the only safeguard of morality and will have become a matter of pure sentiment? In the present state of society, in which every person stands and fights and hoards for himself, it is necessary to coax him into good actions, and to frighten him from the committal of evil, by well elaborated systems of religion; and that which promises the best effect is naturally preferred. Nationalism will reduce the number of sins and, at the same time, let every person form his own theories in regard to the origin or the government of the universe, and place himself in such relation to the Creator as shall seem to him satisfactory.

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3. Social equality includes social liberty, and while at present the one who stands either intellectually or materially below the next is not at liberty to associate practically with him, despite all noble sentiments such as that expressed by the words, "a man 's a man for all that," nationalism will break the barriers which keep brother from brother and will establish true freedom of association. Under our boasted liberties people are not free to marry when and whom they please, but nationalism will grant, in fact and not in mere theory, to every person the choice when and with whom to enter into marital relations.

4. But the liberty of choosing a vocation will, we are told, be crushed by nationalism; the citizen will be pressed into the industrial army and assigned work which he will abhor. This, too, is a false charge. Not alone will every person have the choice of occupation; it will be in the interest of the community to give to everyone the work which he likes best and is best fitted to do. It is the present social order which crushes industrial liberty. At present we are not free either to choose the vocation for which we have a liking, or to exchange it for another when we find that we have made a mistake. The three years of compulsory service as outlined by Mr. Bellamy are not essential to nationalism; they can be reduced or done away with entirely. Nationalism provides that a person shall be of age before he decides what pursuit to choose; and, by remunerating equally all service, it removes the dangerous temptation of choosing a more lucrative business when one's likings would lead one in a different direction.

Let the opponents of nationalism say, if they choose, that it is impracticable; that it is a bauble, which in time will burst; that human nature cannot be changed, and that people will remain sin-burdened for ever; let them say, sneeringly, that, inasmuch as it is a thing of the future, it is not worth while to concern ourselves about it; let them say all this if they please, but let them stop their wailing that it will destroy liberty.

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EVOLUTION OF INDIVIDUALITY BY CO-OPERATION.

By William O. Wakefield.

That the promotion of individualism is desirable all will, I think, admit. Nationalism advocates the extension of co-operation, and some people have concluded that the two ideas are incompatible. Let us briefly examine the evolution of each.

Both exist today, have been contemporaneous for unnumbered ages, and are consequently parallel factors in the development of animal life. When the only life on earth was a jelly, a mere floating stomach, the beings consisted each of a single organ, and it cannot be said that organisms existed. This was when multiplication was by lesion and each individual was capable by itself of propagating its kind. Individuality is here seen in its purest form, and in full possession of the earth. In fact, this is the only form in which it ever did or ever can exist in its purity. The development of a single additional organ meant the co-operation of the organs and the consequent extension of the powers of the individual. If this was the earliest instance of animal co-operation, it was, at the same time, the earliest instance of the extension of the powers of the individual. The progress from multiplication by lesion to multiplication by co-operation was necessarily a mere succession of inevitable mechanical processes, and the latter, once established, was never superseded, and was the cause of the speedy development of the instinct of association,— one of the earliest, and perhaps the earliest, form of mental action.

Here, also, we find co-operation extending the powers of the individual; and, if I am right in thinking that this may have been the real birth of mentality, certainly this was the most potential advance ever made for individuality. As the gregarious instinct increased in strength, associations continued for longer periods than were necessary for purposes of reproduction only, and in time developed into associations for aggression and defence.

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This form of co-operation, once established, was, as I have said, never superseded, and again individuality takes a great bound upward, as the activities of each member of the flock, school, drove, or herd could now be extended into channels which unaided efforts could never have secured. This form of co-operation also shows us the operation of the principle of the "survival of the fittest" so clearly as to be easily understood. It does not require very extensive reasoning to understand that, at this stage of the development of life, the fittest to survive were the best co-operators.

If we now look back over the course which co-operation had travelled in establishing itself as the great element of animal progress, we find that individuality has not been narrowed and contracted, but, on the contrary, enormously extended and broadened. It would indeed have been a formidable rival of co-operation were it not for the fact that the individual, tending always to be carnivorous and parasitic in its nature, would, when developed beyond a certain point, extirpate itself by destroying its sources of existence.

It is unnecessary to explain to those acquainted with evolutionary theories that, with the herding animals, association was a valuable element of progress, being the conservator of individuality, saving the individual from itself, protecting it from its enemies, and allowing its proper development within the herd. Out of the herding relations and the instincts there developed came the tribal relations and the gregarious instincts of man.

Here we meet with a new and interesting but easily solved problem. A new form of individualism, or competition, was produced by co-operation itself,—competition between tribes, competition between different forms and degrees of co-operation. At this stage the principle of the survival of the fittest shows up prominently. The tribe which was poor in co-operation went down before the better co-operators; and, from that time to the present, the main struggle for existence has been between different forms and degrees of co-operation. Individualism has occupied a secondary position in the development of mankind,

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though never failing to receive the generous "hand up" from co-operation at every ascent of the latter.

When the co-operative instinct had so far advanced as to admit of the union of two tribes for the suppression of a third, the formation of nations began. When these further consolidations had so far advanced as to bring large territories under the control of a single system, the industrial co-operations, which till now had been of a feeble and insignificant character, made great strides; and in time were so far perfected as to admit of the employment of labor-saving machinery. From this time on the development of co-operation was rapid, and soon became the leading factor in all human endeavor; as witness the advanced condition of our industries, which is only possible by the co-operation of great masses of human beings in immense factories for the production of useful goods from the otherwise useless elements.

At this point it seems a proper question to ask: Has individualism lost anything while co-operation has been making these giant strides? It has lost as well as gained. Let us examine this last proposition in the light of recent times. Since the first days of history, individualism and co-operation have both enormously extended and broadened. Co-operation has extended in spite of the opposition of individualism, and the latter because co-operation broadens the field in which the individual may act. Every victory which co-operation has won over individualism has been a victory for both. It is only necessary to cite a few examples to prove beyond dispute that all we have of individualism, which is of value, came through co-operation.

Individualism could not build a great highway across hill and valley to connect distant parts; but, when co-operation undertakes it, there is at once set up an enormous expansion of individual activities. Industries, before unthought of and impossible, spring up. Wants must be satisfied which before were never felt. Breeds of animals improve and increase in numbers. Crops improve by the interchange of seed among the

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people, and implements by the interchange of thought. Increased and extended associations lead to friendliness and broader sympathies, and the avenues into which individual effort may and does extend itself are multiplied a thousandfold.

Co-operation only can produce a railroad; but imagine the condition of individuality in our own country if a railroad had never existed here. Co-operation is necessary to build ships; but these, when constructed and launched, extend man's individuality into the uttermost parts of the earth. To extend co-operation still further it is not necessary to suppress individuality, except in so far as the individuality of one is exercised in the suppression of that of others, and is manifested in selfishness, indifference, laziness, and similar qualities. These must be exterminated, and in their place must be cultivated sympathy, generosity, and a willingness to serve for the good of all.

TO THE LISTENING.

By Annie Louise Brakenridge.

"Ho! minstrel, why hast thou ceased thy song,
And why are all thy harpstrings still?
Before my throne thou art silent long,—
Sing, for it is my will!"

"'T is not that my lips and my harp are dumb,
That my song thou dost not hear;
'T is the gross, dull thoughts to thy heart that come,
O King, which have dulled thine ear!"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Communications for this department must be as short and concise as possible, and upon some subject of general interest to nationalists.
Unless received before the 10th day of the month, it is impossible to promise the insertion of any letter in the next following number of the magazine.
Correspondents are requested not to write on both sides of the paper.

PREPARATION NECESSARY.

In the July NATIONALIST, the secretary of the Nationalist Club of Columbus, O., says, concerning the street-car strike: "Had we been thoroughly posted and had the machinery ready at the proper time, Columbus would now probably have a nationalist street-railway."

Now, as just such a strike is liable to take place at any time, in any city, why should not all the clubs be prepared for it, with speeches, arguments, protests, appeals, legal advice, and whatever "machinery" is necessary to turn the scale? Why not have general consultation and agreement as to procedure amongst all clubs? Why not have the LEAGUE?

CONDUCTOR.

LOCAL CO-OPERATIVE ENTERPRISE.

The letters of Mr. Evans and Mr. Merchant in the October NATIONALIST, with that of Mr. Riley in the August number, the "Suggestion" by Mr. Holt in the September number, and others to the like purpose, are but the expression of a tendency which will doubtless manifest itself more and more as the spirit of nationalism prevails among our people.

The principle of nationalism is co-operation, but the same education and pressure of existing conditions which is making the establishment of national and municipal co-operation in many lines of public business a certainty of the near future now tend to strengthen local co-operative enterprises, and make the vital push of the co-operative principle stronger, and the antagonism of competition weaker, than it has been in the past. The conditions for successful co-operation were never so ripe as now, and co-operative socialists are now far more numerous and in far better communication with each other than ever before.

I sympathize with the local movement as auxiliary to the general one, and hope to see one or more communities soon so successfully established that people joining them may reap the main advantages which co-operation offers long before national industrial co-operation can displace competition and capitalism. National co-operation must be a growth, but

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in an isolated community it waits for nothing but men, machinery, and buildings to establish it in complete success.

I do not agree with Mr. Merchant that it should be founded on the membership of nationalist clubs. Its membership should be a voluntary association for that express purpose. Not all members of nationalist clubs could be expected to join it, and many to whom such a colony would be the greatest blessing in life have not found it convenient to enroll themselves in nationalist clubs. Instead of organizing for the establishment of a new co-operative colony, why not unite with and build up the Kaweah colony itself? At present the brave founders of that colony lack machinery, and are struggling under pioneer conditions. Suppose that some who have means to spare should equip and give to Kaweah a tannery and a shoe factory with the best modern appliances, the cost of the same to apply to the capitalization fund of the operatives who would work them. Are there not well-to-do nationalists enough to provide not only this but a well-equipped foundry and machine shop, in which the colony could make engines, dynamos, and machinery to use and to sell, and as many other industrial plants as could at present be operated there to advantage? If this could be done, not six months would pass before a city of many thousand co-operative socialists would be established on the banks of the Kaweah, strong enough, and full of enthusiam, to demonstrate the incomparable advantage of co-operation over competition, and utilizing and making happy very many lives that are now being spent for naught, crushed under the wheel of competition.

It seems a certainty that to do this would be the most effective attack possible on the competitive system of industry. Let those who hunger for co-operative institutions make one such a success before scattering their strength in the endeavor to establish others, and I am with them heart and hand.

C. W. WOOLDRIDGE.

COMMON GROUND.

The communication in your October number, signed "A Single-Tax Nationalist," strikes me as the most sensible suggestion I have seen for some time. I deprecate division in the ranks of men who, so far as first principles are concerned, are on one common ground. The nationalization of the land is admittedly the first step, and can that be attained in any more practical way than through the single tax? In fact, the single tax is simplicity itself, and if it will not accomplish all that its most

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ardent adherents claim, its adoption will certainly make the consummation of other reforms much easier. Can we then not join hands and work for one thing at a time? H. M. Scott.

The number of people in the United States who are fully persuaded of the pressing need of doing *something* to improve the common lot of humanity is probably large enough even now to accomplish the carrying out of some great measure of reform, if only they could be brought to act with some concert of aim and purpose. Many earnest, intelligent minds are feeling the need of finding some common ground upon which the different reform elements can be brought to stand, and from which they can act in unison for the promotion of some industrial or social reform.

A writer in the October number of the Nationalist, signing "A Single-Tax Nationalist,"— I fear the single-taxers will repudiate the name,— thinks that the plan of the single tax for the nationalization of land offers the common ground so many seek, and invites us to unite upon that ground, plan a campaign with that one end in view, and, when we have won that battle, discuss the next movement. I cannot, of course, presume to speak for other nationalists, but I will say for myself that I see no obstacle to the acceptance of the single tax as a ground upon which most social reformers might unite save the fact that the attitude of the single-taxers themselves makes it difficult, if not impossible, for other reformers, especially nationalists, to do so.

Without stopping, at this time, to discuss the merits of the single-tax doctrine, I will say that that doctrine, as I understand it, means the conversion of ground rents into public revenues. It means that the revenues arising from the value which the growth of population and not any exertion of the land owner or cultivator gives to land shall be paid into the public treasury instead of into the pocket of the land owner, and be used to defray the expense of the public administration in lieu of the revenues now raised by taxation upon the products of industry. Besides this, many single-taxers advocate the nationalization of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones; the public ownership and management of the means of transit, lighting, and water supply of our cities; the providing of parks, baths, halls, and means of recreation for the people.

If single-taxers will learn that a nationalist régime does not mean a government to *rule* the people, but is an administration *of* the people

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themselves, they will probably cease to misrepresent us, and then the way may be open for us to co-operate with them, which I, for one, shall be happy to do. JOHN E. COLLINS.

PROPOSED CO-OPERATIVE VILLAGE.

A few letters received from some of your subscribers who read my letter in the August NATIONALIST show that there are a few persons who would like to take part in an attempt to establish a co-operative village in New England, and we hope you will kindly give us the use of your columns in which to publish some particulars of our intended work.

The locality proposed for occupation is a well-wooded farm of sixty-five acres, on high land, with good soil and water. The site is well-suited for fruit growing, and additional land can be had when needed. It is our purpose to proceed cautiously, step by step, and not to try to progress by "leaps and bounds." We are anxious to earn our living under healthy conditions,— mentally, morally, and physically,— and to cease, so far as possible, taking part in the cannibalistic conflict of commercial society. We are tired of the din of city streets and the ravenous greed of commercial competition, and think we can secure peace only by wise co-operation under healthy conditions.

I wish to hear from all who would like to co-operate with us. We propose to secure every investor of money or labor against loss by giving him or her a proportionate share in the property which he or she has helped to improve. WM. HARRISON RILEY.

A NATIONALIST PROPAGANDA.

Realizing the difficulty of reaching and presenting to the general public correct views of the principles of nationalism, it occurs to me that the most effective method to do this is to establish a press of our own, and to this end I offer the following:—

Establish in every state of the union an afternoon daily paper. This, of course, requires money, and to secure it I would organize a company with a capital of $2,600,000; the stock to be taken up by nationalists. In order to place it within the reach of all, I would make the price of the stock low and payable in easy instalments. I am unable to say how many nationalists there may be in the United States, but I will place the number at 500,000. To be still more conservative, I will reduce the number to 50,000 active and sincere advocates of nationalism. I want

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each one to come forward and pledge himself or herself to subscribe $52 for stock, to be paid in weekly amounts of $1. This makes it easy for all, and by this course the total amount of capital would be paid up in 52 weeks. I estimate that on an average $50,000 will establish a paper, but to make sure I leave a margin of $450,000 for unforeseen contingencies. Estimating, however, at $50,000, it will be seen that it would not be necessary to wait until the whole capital had been paid up before commencing operations. A paper could be started at once; but, to command home and foreign news, I would not start until we were ready to begin with five to eight papers in that number of states. This would permit of the company's sending news by a press despatch of its own, and as every succeeding week added another paper to the list, the news would be just so much more extensive. By the time the last subscription was paid there would be a nationalist paper established in every state of the union. I need not at this time enter into minute details. That it is practicable there need be no question, all that is required to set it going is the 50,000 nationalists to come forward. J. F. DUNCAN.

A FLORIDA COMMUNITY.

(The following extract from a letter too long for publication is inserted in the hope that it may be the means of obtaining for our Florida friends the assistance which they need in carrying on their experiment. Mr. Howard's address is Harrison, Florida.)

I am much pleased with your magazine; the nationalist movement is in the right direction, but we are poor and must avail ourselves of the advantages of co-operation, and for that purpose we have organized an association on the Rochdale plan. We want to start a colony, but we have not means to purchase suitable land. There is a tract of 1080 acres on Lawlon Bay, at the entrance of the Bay of St. Andrews, a very favorable location for such a colony. It can be bought now for eight dollars an acre. Can you help us to secure the means for purchasing this tract? The climate is such that we can work the year round. When we get one crop off we can put in another, and the varieties of fruits that we can grow are almost innumerable. We can also grow field crops, such as sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, rye, oats, corn, rice, and many others. Cattle, hogs, sheep, fowls, etc., live the year round on our native grasses. In fact, the possibilities that lie within the reach of associate effort, skill, and capital are immense. R. E. HOWARD.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE STRIKE EPIDEMIC.

Under this heading, *Justice*, the organ of the social democracy in England, gives some interesting information respecting strikes in Great Britain. From this it appears that, during the months of June, July, and August of this year, no fewer than 263 of these organized industrial disturbances took place. Upon reading this, two questions arise in our minds: Who or what is responsible for these strikes, and are they efficacious in accomplishing the object or objects desired? No one, we apprehend, will deny that the present relations between the capitalist and the laborer, the man of money and the man of muscle, are not satisfactory; and few will dispute that, when the man of muscle makes a respectful demand for some amendment of that relation, his request is not, as a rule, met with respectful attention by the man of money. This being the case, the man of muscle refuses longer to employ his capital in unduly increasing that of the man of money. But in doing this he robs himself and those dependent upon him of the necessary means of living. He withdraws his own capital (his muscle) from the market, and leaves his employer in the full possession of his (his money); and, as money is the only useful kind of capital when muscle is withdrawn from the market, he places himself more unreservedly than ever at the mercy of the man of money, unless an amount of similar capital, large enough to meet the emergency of his situation, can be supplied by his fellow-laborers who are still at work. He places himself in the list of the unemployed, and thus augments the evil which he is endeavoring to diminish. He lessens his own effective power of consumption, and thereby aggravates the burdens of his fellow-workers who are not "on strike." If there were no unemployed among us, we should no longer have about us an army of men increasing wealth which they are not permitted to enjoy, and if the men of muscle would unite — both employed and unemployed — and make an organized, peaceful effort to overturn the system which makes their

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abuses a possibilty, they would do something far more valuable than anything they can effect by engaging in sectional strikes for a mitigation of fragmentary wrongs. They constitute a vast majority of any population, and, by determined, unified effort, can accomplish what they desire. Still the men of money must be warned that, if they continue to use their capital in defense of their privileges, they alone will be responsible if the men of muscle use theirs in the assertion of their rights. It is to be hoped that it will not come to this, but that the workers will learn the strength of organized numbers, and by peaceful methods transfer the control of the people's industries into the people's hands, thereby rendering strikes useless and the unemployed an impossibility.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE IN POLITICS.

The Farmers' Alliance is attracting much attention at the present time, and is an object of especial interest to politicians on account of the influence wielded by it in the recent elections. Although its growth has been remarkable, and, as an organization, it has made itself most distinctly felt as a political factor, it is still too early to judge what permanent effect it is likely to have upon the destinies of the two great parties which have been so long struggling for supremacy in the nation. It is said that, when its national convention meets during the present month, the alliance will have a membership of more than three million. The great strength of this wonderful organization is in the Mississippi and the Missouri valleys. Out of the 239 members composing the legislature of Georgia it has elected 156, thus securing the choice of the next U. S. senator from the state; it has chosen the governor of South Carolina, while in Kansas it has elected its attorney-general, together with a majority of the legislature, thus putting a limit to the political career of Senator John J. Ingalls. In South Dakota it has secured both the governorship and the legislature, and in Minnesota it has elected two congressmen and polled a very large vote for its gubernatorial candidate. In Illinois, in Wisconsin, and in Nebraska its influence was also very distinctly felt, causing in the first named of these states the defeat of fourteen out of the twenty republican candidates for congress.

The alliance, being opposed to existing conditions, has naturally given its influence in favor of the democratic party in all cases where it was evident that it could not elect its own candidates. It cannot, however, at the present time, be regarded as anything but the temporary ally of that party, though it is not improbable that it may become the permanent

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auxiliary of the democracy, as the majority of alliance members are, we believe, strongly opposed to the present tariff law. It will, without doubt, be an important factor in the next presidential election, and its future course will therefore be watched with interest throughout the country. By nationalists especially will its career be observed with attention from the fact that one of the principal objects for which it is striving is the government ownership of all means of transportation and communication, for the achievement of which we cannot only heartily wish it success, but as cordially join hands with it in its work.

NATIONALISM IN ENGLAND.

Very cordially we extend the hand of welcome to our English contemporary, the *Nationalization News*, which appears as the mouthpiece of the newly formed nationalist society in England. As the word "nationalist" would, on account of the appropriation of the name by the Irish home-rule party, be misunderstood, the new society has taken the name of "The Nationalization Society," and has adopted as its basic principle of association the Declaration of Principles of the First Nationalist Club of Boston. It is a society established evidently for work, and it speaks with no uncertain sound in the columns of its journal. It was formed on the third day of July last with sixteen members. On the 30th day of September it had 230 names upon its roll of membership. It is thus fairly started, and with the widest possible aims, for it says that it is working for the nationalization of "everything,—Labor, Land, Machinery, Water, Gas, Railways, Shipping, Food, and indeed all that industry produces or Nature (God) provides," and it adds very truly: "Stupendous as such aims at first sight appear, it is wonderful how soon the light of common sense, when brought calmly to bear upon the question, reduces the mountain of difficulty to a mere molehill; and when facts, about which there is and can be no dispute, are brought to our aid, it becomes evident that events are fast tending in the direction we indicate." This practical adoption of the principles of nationalism in England is very significant, and will speedily lead to a union of all the English-speaking peoples of the earth in the advocacy and adoption of a nationalist programme. When this is accomplished, the time during which the rest of the world will stand without the pale will be short indeed.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF LONDON.

The largest city in the world appears about to take a very important lesson in nationalism. The companies which supply London with water

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have grown rich upon the proceeds of their monopolies, and, with their riches, have become so arrogantly regardless of the rights of the individuals composing that hugely overgrown metropolis that, at length, the worms have turned upon their tyrannical masters. The Court of Common Council is considering the question of taking the whole system under municipal control. At a meeting held for the purpose there was not, among that conservative body, one dissentient from the proposition that the present condition of things must be brought to an end. The only differences of opinion were as to the means by which this could be best and most equitably accomplished. The idea that the companies could expect a recognition of any claim for remuneration based upon the inflated value of their property was unanimously dismissed, and a resolution was carried approving the constitution of a water commission as a branch of the common council, thus taking "the control of the supply into its own hands, for the benefit of the public." It is to be hoped that more inflexibility will now be displayed than was done on a former occasion when the same matter was brought forward. It is estimated that the price asked now for the franchises will be from a hundred million to a hundred and twenty-five million dollars more than would then have been thought of. This will give some idea of the magnitude of the business involved in supplying between five and six million people with water. The city corporation does, however, now seem to have taken up the matter with some show of determination, and the bill which it intends to introduce into Parliament will give it the alternative of establishing and operating an independent supply should the companies prove unreasonable in their demands. The county council is, of course, united with the city council in the movement, and this is of itself a guarantee that vested interests will not have the opportunity, which they had twenty years ago, of using measures for a defeat of the proposal.

Manchester and Glasgow are supplied with water by the public authorities, and a few words taken from the London *Daily Telegraph* in comparison of the service in the Scottish city with that in the capital of England will be found not uninteresting reading. The average daily supply for all purposes in Glasgow is 49.84 gallons per head, and in London 29.91 gallons. The cost in Glasgow, for a house of the annual value of $250, is about seven dollars; while for an inferior supply in London nineteen dollars is charged, or more than two and one-half times as much. In addition to this an extra charge is made for bath-rooms, etc., by the London water companies, while in Glasgow the one

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payment covers all expenses. We cannot wonder that Londoners, with this example before them, are desirous of reaping the benefit of a similar arrangement. It is a movement in the right direction, the result of which will be awaited with interest throughout the civilized world.

A Few Words about Independence.

There is not a man living who, if he speak truly, will not say that he is desirous of obtaining eminence. Of course, this lawful and just aspiration will vary, both in kind and in degree, in different minds; but in every case the foremost quality necessary to its achievement is mental independence This is the birth-right of all men; a birth-right, indeed, often bartered for temporary elevation or a circumscribed subsistence; stamped, nevertheless, in its original bestowment, with the impress of the divinity, and intended to be preserved in all its purity and integrity. The maintenance of that divine attribute in man overcoming by its force, all obstacles that impede its progress, is the only road by which we can reach eminence.

We must bear in mind, however, that mental independence must not be confounded with impudence. That noisy, self-confident, inflated egoism, which one sees so often displayed, is no more an attribute of independence than is the far-sounding rush of the cataract a witness of its depth. As the deep, swelling river glides smoothly on its course with scarcely a sound to denote its presence, but with an energy that surmounts the mightiest of obstacles, so is the manifestation of true nobility of soul, of mental independence. Noiseless and unobtrusive in its quiet dignity, retiring in its nature, the man who possesses it attracts intentionally no consideration to himself, yet is he one whom all respect. He is not the man who has no enemies. Indeed, it is very rare that one who has no enemies is a man of independence. Such a man is usually so dependent that he cannot move, speak, or even think, except in a certain groove. Like the railway engine, he comes to a dead stop if once he leaves the track upon which he was made to run. It is astonishing how often these men who have no enemies are praised for their good qualities, when the smallest amount of reflection will show us that they have no positive qualities at all. They have no energy, no originality, no independence, could not possibly be wicked any more than they could be good; and the latter quality becomes attributed to them because of the necessary absence of positive vice. The man who has no enemies is almost always to be pitied, for, unless he has those qualities which shall

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excite the envy and hatred of the small-souled tyrants of the world, he cannot but be wanting in the ability for warm and generous friendship, and, by consequence, in warm-hearted, generous friends.

Mental vassalage is the most ignoble serfdom in which it is possible for man to be inthralled. The shackles of physical slavery are as the ensigns of royalty when compared with the fetters that hold and bind entrammelled thought. The groans and lamentations of the bodily bound are as the strains of sweet music when contrasted with the fierce accusations and heart-rending criminations of the man who has sold his birthright; who dares not give utterance to the wrongs he is compelled to suffer; who, from fear of worldly loss, ventures not to resist the oppressor, or give vent to his opinion upon matters of gravity and importance.

The man of mental independence is not the man who laughs at danger. No; he tries to estimate its just proportions and prepare for battle, knowing that his part is to conquer difficulty and assail all obstacles with a mighty strength. Having done this, he can reasonably look forward to honorable victory. Triumph gives confidence, and, as he proceeds through life, his fearlessness and strength become the greater, and the obstacles proportionately easier to overcome. The arm which is flushed with victory is ready for encounter, and the mind which has scaled one wall of difficulty is thereby rendered more thoroughly prepared for a renewal of the struggle.

Again, the freedom and independence of the mind are indispensable elements of its excellence. The man who has allowed himself to be encircled with the chains of mental slavery has no pretensions for laying claim to purity and uprightness. He is remarkable for the coward nature only of his character. He is bound; he has no freedom of action: he must always, as a slave, do the bidding of some master mind. He may possibly entertain opinions, but better were he without the ability to think than to lack that liberty which shall permit him to give expression to his thoughts. He walks cautiously and speaks with bated breath, lest, perchance, he may provoke disapprobation, the very idea of which is sufficient to crush his timid and dependent spirit.

Fortunately, however, for the honor and welfare of our race, all men cannot be bound. The Reguluses, the Pyms, the Hampdens, and the Washingtons are not the men whom any degree of pressure can subdue, any amount of lucre influence, nor any complication of circumstances cause to swerve from the path of honor, love, and duty. Having correctly gauged the value of mental independence, they cling to it with a

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tenacity which nothing can undermine, determined against all opposition to exercise their divine prerogative while life shall last. Poverty, obscurity, and labor, nay, even contumely, reproach and ridicule,— the most powerful of all weapons,— cannot influence such a man. He looks beyond the circumstances of the present hour, and allows them not to overcome him. Adapting himself to their humors, he tramples them beneath his feet, and, conscious of his inborn strength, he ridicules their puny efforts, and glories in his noble freedom.

ATTITUDE OF THE PRESS.

A great truth was presented in a taking manner when Bovel said: "In olden times war was a business, but in modern times business is war." In this war the wounded, the disabled, the dying, and the dead are scattered all about us. The combatants, intoxicated with the excitement of the conflict, rush madly on, regardless of falling comrades of the suffering humanity trampled beneath their feet. Everyone can point out in the track of the struggling mass ruined homes and villages, once thriving, pillaged and dismantled, as bereft of happy human life as the plague-stricken fishing village visited by Romola. It is almost discourteous to the reader's intelligence to cite examples. But each clinches anew some argument, and will hasten the end of industrial warfare as surely as each fresh horror of chattel slavery speeded the downfall of that institution.

Recently a man was confined in jail in San Francisco for petit larceny. In commenting upon this, the San Francisco *Star* says: "His wife and little baby were dying in a damp, dark cellar of hunger and cold. He stole two doughnuts from a bakery wagon *for them.* We sought them after we left the jail, but both infant and mother were dead! And the daily papers said they died of neglect,— the husband and father being a common thief! He had never before committed a 'crime.' He was afterward one of the 'unemployed' who stood for four hours in the drenching rain begging the chance to 'toil.' But he is 'dangerous to society.' *So are the thousands of others who, asking for bread, are given a stone.*"

The following from the *True Commonwealth* we commend to the atten-

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tion of a local contemporary which is continually inveighing against the paternalism of nationalism.

"A chief definition of fraternity (according to Worcester) is: 'A body of men united for mutual interest.'

"Are not the people of the United States of America united together in a body politic for mutual interest? If so, this is a fraternal government. It is the exact opposite of a paternal government,—a government where a patriarch rules his children and servants, in which a chief rules his tribe, in which a king rules his subjects, or in which an hereditary nobility constitute the ruling class."

Respecting freedom in nationalism, the following significant words from the Rev. H. H. Brown in the *New Ideal* may be read with advantage. "The progress of the race," he says, "has been ever accompanied by a gradual extension of the governing power. This is the evolution of freedom. The power once centralized in one man is, in our republic, diffused among parties, syndicates, stock-companies, and like associations. This is a great advance, but the evolution must continue till it becomes so thoroughly decentralized that each citizen is an equal unit in the government, with equal opportunities to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Nationalism is in this line of evolution. Like all great historical movements, it stands for greater personal liberty and greater personal responsibility. It bases all its demands on the principle of 'The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.' Its demand of equal opportunities for all is only a demand that each shall have a chance to be that which nature made it possible for him, under right human conditions, to be. The first requisite for this is liberty. The next, security against want. The last, opportunities. Without all of these neither one is possible. Under competition liberty can be but partial, for the necessities of labor and the fears of capital to a degree enslave both. Liberty that *can* be lost in a struggle for material existence is not liberty. Liberty lost in wage-slavery, lost by 'Prisoners of Poverty,' is not so great a liberty as that enjoyed by serf under feudal lord, for he was nearer on equality with his lord than sewing-girls, weavers, foundry-men, miners, and brakemen are with their masters today. Between laborer in manufactory and millionaire employer the gap is very much wider than that between serf and noble, peasant and baron, of the middle ages, and is constantly widening. Civil and religious liberty is a theory, but will never be a fact until pecuniary dependence is impossible."

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How far-reaching is the truth underlying the present demand that corporations should pay for their franchises. In a last analysis the truth is that individual or corporate wealth, though traditionally attributed to the exertion and ability of individual or corporation, is in fact the product of the community, and represents the thousand energies of society working to that end. The individual who gathers a million, and the corporation which gathers its many millions, have about as much reason to assert that this wealth is the measure of their exertions as a toll-keeper, at the end of a turnpike, has to claim all the tolls that he collects. The granting of "particular privileges" is a legacy from monarchical institutions. But a *commonwealth*, in so far as it is to realize the *ideal* of a commonwealth, will conduct such enterprises for the common welfare, and not farm them out to a few for their private emolument. But this pernicious method was brought by the early settlers of New England from the mother country, and has become traditional in state and municipal administration. As a step toward a recovery by state and municipality of their true functions, the demand that private parties receiving public franchises shall pay for them is meeting the approval of all whose selfish interests are not fostered by the present method. Not much longer will gas, telegraph, and railroad corporations take possession of our streets without paying for the special privileges they enjoy. It is an anomaly, in a country demanding equal rights and privileges for all, to give to a few men, under the cover of a corporation, the substantial monopoly of any industry, and thus relieve them of the necessity of competing in their business, a competition to which their fellow-citizens are subjected. Most men would consider this a special privilege to be coveted in spite of assertions by our orthodox economic Solons, that a state of competition is the ideal state. Then, further, these few men, in derogation of equal rights and privileges for all, are authorized to use the governmental power of eminent domain, while their fellow-citizens must resort to bargain and sale. But, as if it were not enough to grant them a monopoly and authorize them to use the people's power of eminent domain, the most valuable lands are given to them without cost. *Imperium in imperio.* Who is mayor of Boston, Thomas N. Hart or Henry M. Whitney? Which is the legislature of Massachusetts, the citizens who come, a great portion of them, to the state house the first time each year, and at best are there only a few years, or the prominent, aggressive, self-interested presidents, directors, and heavy stockholders of these railroad, gas, telegraph, and telephone monopolies?

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The condition in New York City, which is too typical of the general condition of American municipalities, is thus described by the *Real Estate Record* of that city: "If the city were in receipt of payments from corporations, commensurate with the great value of franchises and privileges granted them, there would be no necessity for the maintenance of a bureau for the collection of taxes on real and personal estate. This is a bold statement, still it is only a few months ago that the chief financial officer of the city, Comptroller Myers, was reported as having expressed himself to that effect. The other day, in glancing over the annual report of the Public Works Department, our attention was attracted by some information furnished by the Bureau of Lamps and Gas. At the end of last year the total number of miles of gas-mains laid in the streets of this city was over 1228. Of these over 112 miles were laid by the Equitable Gas-light Co., and the balance, or over 1116 miles, by six other companies. Now the Equitable Co. commenced the laying of mains in 1883, and it is compelled by its franchise, under the conditions prescribed by the Gas Commission, to pay into the city treasury at the rate of twenty cents for each lineal foot of mains laid,— the sum amounts, at the present time, to $118,940. The question naturally arises, how much do the other companies pay? The answer is *not a penny.* From the foregoing it will be seen that if all companies — gas, heating, horse-car, electric-lighting, etc.— were made to pay taxes commensurate with the value of their franchises, the revenue derived would be sufficient to meet expenses and do away with the collection of taxes."

NEWS OF THE MOVEMENT.

The influence of nationalistic ideas upon the results of the recent elections throughout the country has made clearly manifest that the movement is no ephemeral sensational abstraction which a body of agitators is endeavoring to foist upon an unthinking people. It is a natural product of the times, an inevitable sequence in a series of evolutionary stages, and as assuredly an element of many sequences and stages that are yet to come. As such it has necessarily exercised its power over the minds of the people in rendering a decision upon some of the great problems which are agitating the nation. It was not generally considered

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well for the clubs, as organizations, to take any part in the elections, and thus become appendages to either party. Individuals, however, came very readily to a tacit understanding that, without regard to former political affiliations, they would use their influence in favor of those candidates who announced themselves unequivocally as prepared to go the greatest distance in the promotion of legislation upon nationalistic lines. The influence exerted was so pronounced that the candidates thus supported were, in almost every instance, elected without regard to the party to which they belonged.

This clearly shows that the people generally are beginning to see that the nationalistic platform is broad enough for everybody. Quietly and effectively nationalism is taking hold of the minds of thinking people; and politicians, realizing this, have hastened to avail themselves of the advantages to be gained by, at any rate, an apparent desire to anticipate the legislative demand thus engendered. In many instances there has been very active rivalry between the democratic and republican parties in their consideration and acceptance of the principles which we enunciate; and, in some cases, it may be said that we actually made the issues on which both parties fought for supremacy. The battle is now over, and we have conquered. Notwithstanding this, it will be well to bear in mind that it is, on the whole, love of self rather than love of our principles which has caused so friendly a manifestation of feeling on the part of professional politicians and the established political party. Congress and the various state legislatures will bear careful watching, for only by the work that is accomplished shall we estimate the value of the pledges and promises awaiting redemption.

As a consequence of the work which has been engaging our brethren during the political struggle, the news received from the various clubs has been slight. All of it, however, is of a very encouraging nature. Some new clubs have been formed, and in others meetings of a cheerful and encouraging character have been held, showing, in many places, the beneficent reactive influence of the work that has been accomplished in the political field. Although the received intelligence which directly pertains to our clubs is slight, we have received some respecting matters which are somewhat closely connected with our movement, and will, we think, be of interest to our readers. A new club, for instance, has been formed in Iowa, and called "The Equal Freedom Club." Its platform, which we are requested to publish, is as follows: —

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WHEREAS. *Every person has a natural right to do whatsoever he wills, provided that in the doing thereof he infringes not the equal freedom of any other person*, and

WHEREAS, A large proportion of all the social and political ills with which this nation is at the present time afflicted is directly traceable to the legislative and judicial violation of this principle, therefore

WE DEMAND unequivocal recognition and adoption of the Law of Equal Freedom in all matters pertaining to government and social administration, and in furtherance thereof

WE DEMAND the total repeal and abolition of

1. All so-called titles to land other than the natural title of occupancy and use;

2. All statutes and so-called laws for the collection of debts;

3. All statutes and so-called laws that interfere with free trade between individuals of the same country or of different countries;

4. All statutes and so-called laws that relate to the circulating medium of the country;

5. All statutes and so-called laws that discriminate against a particular class of persons on account of sex, in the exercise of the ballot, in holding places of public trust, and in the pursuit of certain vocations or callings;

6. All charters, franchises, and special privileges to corporations and companies.

7. All forms of compulsory taxation;

8. All other statutes, so-called laws, precedents, customs, and usages that in any way conflict with the Law of Equal Freedom.

9. WE FURTHER DEMAND national, state, and municipal maintenance and control of all public highways, railways, waterways, telegraphs, gas, electric and water plants, to be operated in the interest of the people at actual cost.

Thus limiting the functions of government within their true and proper sphere, viz., the prevention of all kinds of crime, and the doing of all such other things, necessary in social administration, as do not in any way conflict with the Law of Equal Freedom.

If you thoroughly believe in the principle of equal freedom and in two or more of the above specified demands, you are earnestly enjoined to at once organize an Equal Freedom Club of three or more members, and report to F. Q. STUART, ORGANIZER, CHARITON, IOWA.

We publish this with pleasure, being desirous of giving what aid we can to any attempt at improving present social conditions. At the same time the principles propounded are so in accord with those of nationalism that we fail to see the advantage which is to be gained by working outside the general organization. The formation of nationalist clubs and, by co-operation, seeking the realization of similar aims, would, in our opinion, be much more effective than the accentuation of the competitive principle by the establishment of dissociated clubs with other names.

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The federated Nationalist Clubs of San Francisco have arranged for a highly instructive course of lectures to be given on Sunday evenings during November, December, January, and February. The federation has issued the following programme of principles, which we have great pleasure in printing, as requested: —

We are organized not to ameliorate but to abolish poverty.

Our ultimate aim is, therefore, the Collective Ownership of the Means of Production and Distribution.

As means to the attainment of our ultimate, we demand:

1. That the people of this country acquire possession and operate for the general benefit all existing railroad, telegraph, telephone, express, street car, water, and lighting systems.
2. Political and economic equality regardless of sex.
3. The Initiative, Referendum, and Imperative Mandate.
4. The compulsory reduction of the hours of labor in proportion to the progress of production.
5. The direct issue by the government to the people of all moneys without the intervention of banks.
6. The Australian Ballot System.
7. Free, compulsory, secular, and industrial education of all to the age of 16, with adequate financial provision for supplying the physical wants of those whose parents cannot afford it. All school books shall be provided free of charge.
8. That life be regarded more sacred than property, and that neither the government nor private citizens be allowed to retain in their employment bodies of men to take life for the sake of defending property.

In our issue of last July was published an article by Mr. Edward H. Sanborn on "Child Labor in Pennsylvania." This has attracted considerable attention, and, among other publications, the *American Standard* reproduced the article in full. We are now indebted to Miss E. L. Rogers, the associate-editor of that paper for the text of the act regulating child labor in California. All matters relating to this subject are of great practical importance to nationalists, and we shall esteem it a favor if friends in other places will inform us as to legislative enactments in force in their respective states, as well as send statistics and other matters relating to the women and children employed. These we shall endeavor to publish from month to month as they are received, and as space will permit. We regret that we are not able to find room for the California Act in this number, but in our next issue we hope to give its provisions in full.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

The Five Redeemers. By M. J. BARNETT, author of "Practical Metaphysics," "The New Biology," etc. Boston: H. S. Carter. 1890.

We have just had the pleasure, and the profit, of reading "The Five Redeemers," the latest publication from the pen of M. J. Barnett, and find it a book of unusual merit. Sound in its philosophic reasonings, simple and straightforward in its presentation of truth, exhaling an atmosphere of health from every page, it is hardly excelled, if equalled, by any book of practical metaphysics yet placed before the public. One cannot give the work even a superficial reading without receiving benefit. It has evidently been the author's intention to help — to uplift — to open the eyes of those who wish to see the higher, more spiritual, plane of living.

The first chapter treats of "Mothers," the primary redeemers of humanity, and we wish that all women about to take the sacred trust of motherhood could fully realize the responsibility resting upon them, and take to heart the simple truths so well expressed in this chapter. It is difficult to select a part, and that a small part, from a whole so excellent, but the following is something that ought to be incorporated into daily thought and life: —

"The work that a mother can do for her child begins before the child is born into this existence. In fact, the whole previous career of the mother may be regarded as a grand preparation for that work and leading directly up to it. Just what a mother can do for her child depends upon what she herself *is*. All the good that she has taken unto herself is laid up in her own spiritual and mental storehouse, but she cannot bestow it upon anyone until that one comes within the sphere of her influence. The very moment, however, a child becomes her child she can bestow upon it either good or evil; and this leads us to that most important, much discussed but little understood subject, Heredity. It is said of a human being that the first seven years are the most important period of this life, but spiritual science goes still further back and asserts that the first nine months before birth comprise the most impressionable, and, therefore, the most important period of this life. The theosophical view of heredity, as a possession chiefly of our own acquiring, does not in any way lessen the importance of parental influence.

"As soon as the child becomes the mother's guest, it has entered into her spiritual and mental sphere, and is wholly under the dominion of her mind. The influence of others, even of the father, can work upon the child only mediately through her. The child may have brought with it an inheritance of its own, but it is in the power and within the province of the mother to modify that inheritance. She can add to it or take away from it by means of her spiritual and mental states, but, in addition, by those which for a definite purpose she is able to induce in herself during the period of gestation.

"Spiritual science, instead of denying heredity, asserts it most emphatically; but it asserts that heredity is spiritual and mental, not physical. It asserts that it is by the transfer of thought, of spiritual and mental conditions, that a repetition of physical results is rendered possible."

The second chapter deals with the "Teachers" of the world, and in it the author has fearlessly denounced the evil tendency of a too materialistic education. She says,—

"The unfolding of the intellectual powers to the exclusion of the spiritual possibilities must of necessity produce monstrosities. Such monstrosities are every day resulting from the present materialistic education of the young. The tender germs of true manhood and womanhood are choked in the school and the college, and there are forced into existence those one-

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sided beings who are blind not only to the whole world of causation, but still more blind to their own deformity, their own lack of normal development. They are readily convertible into the material scientist, the learned agnostic, the arrogant, conceited philosopher of the unknowables, the fashionable scoffer, the doubter, the unbeliever, the denier of all things spiritual, and, lastly, the criminal, and the insane.

"The purely intellectual man may or may not be depraved, but he is never grand, he is never noble, in the highest sense of these terms."

The subjects of the remaining chapters, "Employers," "Artists," and "Priests" are treated in the same vigorous style, and the same healthful tone. We heartily recommend the book to all thinkers, and to all lovers of wholesome common sense.

Utilitarianism. By JOHN STUART MILL. The Humboldt Library, No. 121. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Company.

Mill's notable work is presented in cheap and readable form in this pamphlet. The following passage gives a good idea of the quality of the author's exposition of the philosophy of utilitarianism: "The happiness which forms the utilitarian standard of what is right in conduct is not the agent's own happiness, but that of all concerned. As between his own happiness and that of others, utilitarianism requires him to be as strictly impartial as a disinterested and benevolent spectator. In the golden rule of Jesus of Nazareth we read the complete spirit of the ethics of utility. To do as one would be done by, and to love one's neighbor as one's self, constitute the ideal perfection of utilitarian morality. As the means of making the nearest approach to this ideal, utility would enjoin, first, that laws and social arrangements should place the happiness, or (as speaking practically it may be called) the interest, of every individual as nearly as possible in harmony with the interest of the whole; especially between his own happiness and the practice of such modes of conduct, negative and positive, as regard for the universal happiness prescribes." It is evident that these words describe the spirit and aim of nationalism.

Reminiscences. By LUCY N. COLMAN. Buffalo, N. Y.: H. L. Green. 1891.

Out of the events with which she was connected in the anti-slavery movement Mrs. Colman has made a very interesting — one might well-nigh say a fascinating — small volume. It was almost in babyhood that she began to trouble her mother with the question why God should make any children black and let them be slaves. A little later in life she was asking her friends, who were engaged in religious revival services, what was the use of preaching and praying for those who were elected from eternity to salvation and how they expected to benefit, by such means, those who had been foreordained to destruction. It is thus seen that she was naturally of an enquiring mind, and no surprise can be felt that she was early interested in the work which Mr. Garrison had instituted for the abolition of slavery. But it was not merely negro slavery that she worked to abolish. She saw serfdom in more phases than one, and having lived to see the negro free, she has never relaxed her efforts to help remove the hindrances to woman's full

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emancipation. This book is a history of her labors, and a more tantalizing collection of anecdotes it would be difficult to find. Every narration seems brought abruptly to a close at its most interesting part. At the end of every page one wishes that it were longer, and after passing to the next, notwithstanding the interest which impels one forward, the eye will constantly be turned backward in a search for more of the thrilling narrative that has preceded. We cannot put down the book without feeling that we have come into personal contact with a remarkable woman, who, from the very inception of her thinking powers, has devoted a valuable life to the service of mankind, and we hope that this record of an active and constant protest against every kind of assault upon liberty will have a wide circulation.

The Handy Book of Synonyms, an invaluable aid to correspondents and letter writers. *The Adams Cable Codex.* Boston: E. A. Adams & Co.

The Book of Synonyms is a serviceable little collection which will be found, as the title-page suggests, a valuable aid to correspondents and letter writers. A small compilation of this kind at one's elbow is often more valuable than a more extended work. The synonyms themselves are comprised in 72 pages, and to this is added a collection of foreign words, phrases, etc., a foreign postage table, and other useful information. That the efforts of the publishers have been appreciated is shown by the announcement that within four years 70,000 copies have been sold. The "Cable Codex" contains 140 pages of single words which can be used to express whole sentences, and thereby reduce the cost of sending messages between widely separated friends or business associates. Such codexes are very ingenious contrivances for aiding these long-distance communications, and we have not seen any that serves the purpose more completely than the one before us.

The Fallacies in Progress and Poverty; in Henry Dunning Macleod's Economics; and in "Social Problems"; with other essays. By WILLIAM HANSON. New York: Fowler and Wells Co. 1884.

In this book the author gives us the result of eighteen years of constant thought to the causes of the privation and misery which are found among the wage-workers of the world. He refutes the notion that poverty and destitution are to be ascribed wholly to improvidence or to transgressions of hygienic or physiological law; for, were that the case, the rich would not be rich, as they are as guilty of these transgressions as the poor. He seeks, therefore, for other causes, and endeavors to point out some of what he regards as the fallacies in some of the writers upon the subject.

First he combats Macleod's theory of wealth, shows that it cannot be measured by money, and furnishes us with a "perfectly scientific" definition as follows: "Wealth consists of all labor products and services that gratify human desires, and whose commercial values can be measured with WORK." After showing some more of the fallacies in the "Economics," he proceeds to unfold some which are entertained by Mr. Henry George. He quotes very largely from "Progress and Poverty," in order to present an exact idea of what Mr. George proposes as the basis of his remedy, and finds no proposi-

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tion for the removal of poverty amid increasing wealth more absurd and unjust. After stating that the object of Mr. George's attention is the "unearned increment" of John Stuart Mill, he asks "by what right, human or divine, does Mr. George tax out of the general product *the unearned increment*," and concludes that the author of "Progress and Poverty" has become so "thoroughly muddled" as to mix his premises, and thereby draw "unphilosophical and unscientific conclusions." Instead of the plan laid down in that book, Mr. Hanson would "repeal obnoxious laws," and thereby "cause rents to tumble down to zero; or, in other words, to the wear and tear of property and taxes." By this means all unused and unoccupied land would be "opened for occupancy by the landless," and the demand for such land would at once be enormous. But he has to bring "law" into operation even here, in order to prevent a disorderly rush and scramble. The plots of land could be disposed of by lot. No man would have a choice. but that which fell to him by lot would be his to use, without disturbance so long as he desired to use it. "This scheme of justice," he maintains, "will necessarily supersede Mr. George's plan of taxing the unearned increment and appropriating it by the state. As there is no such thing as an unearned increment in production, the state will have nothing of the kind to appropriate."

Life in Utopia. Being a faithful and accurate description of the institutions that regulate labour, art, science, agriculture, education, habitation, matrimony, law, government, and religion in this delightful region of human imagination. By JOHN PETZLER. London: Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company. 1890.

An imaginary sketch, drawn with scarcely a line in accordance with the principles of perspective. It is well that Utopia is taken as the name of the place in which the described life is to be led; for, if it had any chance of existence anywhere, there might be danger of our consignment to it in the course of our spirits' future peregrinations. The author seems to think that he has advanced upon the nationalistic idea, and, as evidence thereof, he furnishes us with the Utopian steps by which the maidens of the land "may ascend to connubial happiness," and the conduct of a case in a Utopian court of law. In the former all free friendly intercourse is prohibited between the sexes until the various couples, up to this time unknown to each other, are brought together by means of photographs. Then they can begin a courtship which is, by law, limited to a period of three months. After this they go on a three weeks' betrothal, at the end of which they get married, and are commanded to love one another. The judicial proceedings are against an inhabitant who has, by ballot, been assigned a task which is repulsive to him, and has feigned illness in order to avoid its performance. For this crime he receives his punishment. Uninviting as the prospect is, it does not alarm us in the least, for we feel quite easy as to the probability of society's evolution upon the lines laid down. The strangest thing in connection with the book is the author's idea that he was making an addition to the literature of nationalism.

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OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Nature's Laws in Human Life: an Exposition of Spiritualism. Embracing the various opinions of extremists, pro and con; together with the author's experience. By the Author of "Vital Magnetic Cure." Second edition. Boston. For sale by Colby & Rich.

Siberia and the Nihilists. Why Kennan went to Siberia. With an introduction by Leigh H. Irvine, author of "The Struggle for Bread." By WILLIAM JACKSON ARMSTRONG. Fully illustrated. Oakland, Cal.: Pacific Press Publishing Company.

The Irish Land and Labour Question illustrated in the History of Ralahine and Co-operative Farming. By E. T. CRAIG, secretary and trustee of the association, and founder of the system of alternate hand labor and mental culture during industrial training. London: Trübner & Co.; Manchester: A. Heywood & Son. 1882.

Mechanical Drawing. Prepared for the use of the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. By LINUS FAUNCE. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Institute of Technology. 1890.

Evelyn Gray; or, the Victims of our Western Turks. A tragedy in five acts. By H. I. STERN. New York: John B. Alden. 1890.

Extraterritorial Criminal Jurisdiction and its Effect on American Citizens. A treatise by ADOLPH HEPNER, Editor of the "St. Louis Tageblatt." Washington: Government Printing Office. 1890.

Les Races Humaines. Par le DR. R. VERNEAU, préparateur au laboratoire d'anthropologie du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle. Introduction par A. DE QUATREFAGES, professeur d'anthropologie au Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle, et membre de l'Académie des Sciences. Paris: Libraire de J.-B. Baillière et Fils.

From the Fowler and Wells Co., 775 Broadway, New York:

Every-Day Biography. Containing a collection of brief biographies arranged for every day in the year, as a book of reference for the teacher, student, Chatauquan, and home circles. By AMELIA J. CALVER.

Brain and Mind; or, Mental Science considered in accordance with the Principles of Phrenology, and in relation to Modern Physiology. By HENRY S. DRAYTON, A.M., M.D., and JAMES MCNEILL, A.M.

Human Magnetism. Its Nature, Physiology, and Psychology. Its uses as a remedial agent in moral and intellectual improvement, etc. By H. S. DRAYTON, LL.B., M.D. Illustrated.

Master-pieces. Pope, Æsop, Milton, Coleridge, and Goldsmith. With notes and illustrations. Edited by H. S. DRAYTON.

Serial Lessons in Isaac Pitman Phonography. A complete self-instructor and practical guide to shorthand reporting. Compiled by W. L. MASON, instructor of shorthand at the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen.

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THE NATIONALIST.

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THE RELATIONS OF SYMPATHY AND PITY.

BY THE REV. W. G. TODD.

To most reflective minds the relations of sympathy and pity have, at some period in life, presented themselves as deserving of careful consideration. Just now I find the subject reappearing with fresh interest under the new light furnished by the humanitarian prophecies of nationalism.

Under the present competitive system of productive labor pity has had free scope for the exercise of all its emotions. The external occasions for its awakening have been everywhere abundant; the fact of the hard lines of unyielding distinctions always present to the pitiful heart. These combined have produced, in the minds of the more fortunate amidst the general "struggle for existence," a more or less clear consciousness that, somehow, upon them rested some share of responsibility for the suffering of those less happily placed and some duty in regard to them. So potent has been the emotional force engendered by these facts that scarcely any mind in its normal condition has been uninfluenced by them; being either forced to yield to the demands of pity and engage in its services, or to steel the heart against it; thus, on the one hand, driving sensitive souls to the last point of endurance, and, on the other, rendering still more indifferent the constitutionally obtuse and those artificially repressed by circumstances. So it is that "My Lady" of the English manor visits the poor of her parish with baskets of provisions and household remedies for sickness; the

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wealthy American manufacturer gives liberally to cases of want and suffering among his employees; and the wife of the tradesman in our cities becomes known as one who is ready of heart and hand in mission schools and city charities. These few illustrations only indicate the vast sphere in which the feeling of pity finds full play; the whole plan of our social structure encourages it, and depends upon it as the volunteer auxiliary to its schemes of selfish aggrandizement.

Far otherwise is it with that more joyous and purer form of sympathy which unselfishly gives itself in recognition of, and incentive to, noble endeavor. This happier, ungrudging, unenvious temper can hardly be expected to thrive under the rules of industrial competition. Indeed, our present economic system has so far prevented the growth of glad, unselfish sympathy and so nearly obliterated its existence that we have no one word in the English language which fully expresses its meaning. We have no word which exactly names the feeling of joyous recognition and unselfish appreciation of gifts and qualities in others or the sympathetic delight which one person should naturally take in the life, and the fullest expressions of that life, in those around us. The German language can express this in one word, *Mitfreude*, meaning literally "rejoicing with." We have the word "sympathy," but it is too general; it embraces many kinds of fellow-feeling. It finds its equivalent in the German *Mitgefühl* (feeling with), which includes both *Mitfreude* = rejoicing with, and *Mitleid* = suffering with.

This happier form of unselfish sympathy, which I wish to contrast with the feeling of pity, finds, perhaps, its most appropriate expression in the words "sympathetic appreciation." The feeling it represents, though repressed by the rules and customs necessarily prevailing in a competitive social system, would find free scope under the system which nationalism offers, and there, for the first time, reach its true development. This may be more fully shown, and the real difference between sympathetic appreciation and pity substantiated and more clearly revealed by the following quotation from the *Philosophie des Unbewuss-*

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ten (Philosophy of the Unconscious), by Dr. Edw. von Hartmann. I translate it freely, making the form subordinate to the idea.

"Sympathy, or fellow-feeling (*Mitgefühl*), is an instinctive, reflex action of the mind. As the emotions in general separate themselves into likes and dislikes, joy and suffering, so fellow-feeling is divisible into the two forms of sympathetic appreciation (*Mitfreude*) and sympathetic compassion, or pity (*Mitleid*). Jean Paul Richter said: '*Mitleid* belongs to a man; *Mitfreude*, to an angel.'

"This distinction arises from the fact that sympathetic appreciation can only truly exist in the mind when unhindered by the presence of another feeling,— envy; and this hindrance is present in most men to a greater or less degree. Pity, on the other hand, is seldom prevented from taking possession of the mind by the presence of that feeling which can hinder it,— malicious delight; for this is generally of insignificant influence in most men, except as they are temporarily moved by hate or revenge. So it is that pity expresses the weightier side of fellow-feeling, while sympathetic appreciation shows a constantly diminishing significance." Page 171.

"Sympathetic compassion (page 599) or pity, *Mitleid* (upon which, according to Aristotle, all enjoyment of tragedy rests, and, according to Schopenhauer, all morality), is generally known as a feeling in which both pleasure and suffering are intermixed. The grounds of the latter element are plain to be seen: it is a sensibly perceptible pain, which can become so strong that it leaves no trace of pleasure, but transforms itself into a heart-breaking sorrow, whose intensity struggles against its mortal limitations.

"But the grounds of the pleasurable emotions found in ordinary cases of less intense pity are not so plainly seen. I do not speak here of that satisfaction which naturally attends the carrying out of benevolent purposes; that is out of the question, inasmuch as it lies on the other side of pity. In a direct way, too, the only delight created by the spectacle of suffering in others would be a malicious enjoyment of cruelty, but everyone will be able to separate this from the more constant feeling of satisfaction attending ordinary cases of pity.

I know of no other rational conception of this element of enjoyment in pity, and have nowhere in my investigations found any other explanation of it than this: that the contrast of the suffering in others with our

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own state of freedom from it rouses in us an instinctive, latent aversion to undergo the suffering, and thereby creates an instinctive feeling of satisfaction, and also brings this satisfaction to our consciousness. In this way the pleasurable emotions of the one who experiences a feeling of pity become explained as purely egoistical, although I am unable to say that this detracts from the value or the noble results of pity. In harmony with this idea is also the fact that to sensitive, self-sacrificing natures pity is a most unpleasant excitation,—a perfect torture; while the coarser the nature that the man has, the more satisfaction he takes in the enjoyment of the feeling."

The "Philosophy of the Unconscious" was not written with any special view of throwing light upon social theories, but simply to show the part which the whole unconscious side of our nature plays in all feeling, thought, and action. Those, however, who have made themselves acquainted with the ideas contained in "Looking Backward," or are familiar with the principles of nationalism, will readily perceive how well the distinction that Dr. Hartmann makes between pity and sympathetic appreciation fits the correspondingly distinctive, social systems of competition and co-operation.

Under the old system compassion, pity, and charity have been encouraged as supplementary forces to cure the defects of our false social economy, just as the physician and nurse, called to cure typhoid fever, are supplementary forces to our household economy, which included a microbe-breeding well or an imperfect drainage.

We may well rejoice in the skill of the physician and the nurse, but it were better to have that skill employed in preventing the origin rather than the fatal results of the disease. Far be it from me to say that this feeling of pity is not beautiful, even as a force supplementary to error; but does its beauty compensate for the suffering and danger by which it so often exists? Needless suffering could hardly form an element in any work of art that the judgment of the world would accept. Shall we vote by a different principle on social art when our judgment has become truer? Under the illusions of our present

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system charity, compassion, and pity may be beautiful to the spectator, and may be enjoyable to some of those who give themselves to deeds prompted by them, but how is it with those upon whom these beneficent feelings are expended? Would any of us be willing to become an object of charity, compassion, or pity for the beauty thereby created? Let us give some thought, then, to those who furnish the occasion for the beauty. From their standpoint it may seem to be an unnecessary and a costly luxury.

Under the more scientific form of society advocated by nationalism, charity would revert back to its purer type in the love that it so feebly represents; compassion would more hopefully concentrate its energies upon remedial work, while pity, inspired by healthy conditions, would be transformed into sympathetic appreciation of the rich treasures in others' hearts and minds, releasing love from the service of strife and illuminating all lives with the universal, all-pervading light that its unselfish form begets. If we grant to nationalism the power to relieve a large part of human suffering by removing the conditions that produce it, then its preventive measures, in so far, relieve pity of its occupation and give fellow-feeling its truer exercise in the appreciation of the best in our fellows. Calling out the best in others, encouraging all that is noble and pure and divine in them, inviting each nature to its fullest, genuine expression, — this is the grand work of sympathetic appreciation possible under the system which nationalism offers, and the work which Richter saw belonging more to an angel than to a man.

Under the competitive system, where each man strives to gain an advantage over his neighbor,— where he must crowd others or be himself crowded to the wall,— there is no room for the unselfish form of fellow-feeling. In the fact, stated by Dr. Hartmann, that sympathetic appreciation can only exist in a mind in which envy does not dwell, and that envy is generally present, we see the hopelessness of the case under present circumstances. When each man is taking note of his fellow-man's abilities and best qualities,— not to rejoice in them as nature's gifts that

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bless mankind, but to oppose, belittle, or make use of them to some selfish end,—how can it be otherwise than that envy should be an ever-present occupant of the mind. Competition prepares the soil as carefully for the growth of envy as the skillful horticulturist prepares the soil for his choicest bulbs. The moral qualities in man are as much the product of scientific cultivation, working by nature's laws, as are oats and wheat. Given the right conditions and nature's normal germ, and the product is sure. Remove envy by removing its conditions; treat it as one treats the foul swamp-grass in the richest lowlands,—drain it of that chilling moisture which stimulates it and destroys all finer germs, and nature will cover the reclaimed meadow with the choicest verdure. We work best when we work with the visible god in nature's laws, in place of unthinking compliance with the demands of mere lawless customs and traditions,—lawless because imposed upon us from lawless ages, although often supposed to have some delegated authority somehow and somewhere invisibly supporting the dignity they wear.

And is not this sympathetic appreciation, which, as Jean Paul says, is yet an inhabitant of higher regions, one of the angels of life that we can afford to invite to take up its abode with us? Would not all life take on a new coloring, and all true effort be crowned with success, if we were free and true in our reception of it? Yea, would not then heaven itself seem to have descended upon earth and should we not have a full realization of what we now can only hope for in the sometime and the somewhere to which man has relegated the satisfaction of nature's best longings and promises in him? For the sake of this heaven it were well to give the claims of nationalism a fair hearing, and in the light thereby given to consider, not only the true relations and development of the emotions here contrasted, but all products of the mind and heart.

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HOW MANY HOURS PER DAY SHALL WE LABOR?

By the Rev. H. H. Brown.

"The working people now produce more than food enough, more than fibre enough, more than fuel enough, more than timber enough, more than metal enough, to feed, clothe, and house the whole population in greater comfort than the whole population now enjoy on the average. Yet want exists in the midst of abundance. The few obtain more than they need; a greater part secure a competency; but the many receive less than enough to enable them to enjoy much leisure; while a few actually suffer from want or are on the edge of it. . . . The mass of the people spend nearly the whole share of that which falls to them in providing themselves and their families with shelter, food, and clothing, saving but little."

This statement of Mr. Edward Atkinson in the *Forum* of August, 1889, is undoubtedly correct. Let us take it as a basis of our study of the question as to the number of hours of labor necessary on the part of all who owe labor in return for the means of subsistence and the proper opportunities for education and pleasure. We wish to know the number of hours that are requisite, not only for keeping our civilization up to its present high-water mark, but also for maintaining the present rate of progress. Our attempt in this line must necessarily be only a study of the question, for lack of adequate statistics. But a study may give that outline which will enable us to form some idea of what the whole picture will be.

Turning to the census of 1880, which must be our basis of calculation, we find that we had a population of 50,156,783. Out of these, 17,392,099 are reported as engaged in "gainful occupations," *i. e.*, agriculture, professional and personal services, manufactures, mechanical and mining industries. These classes include all who, in return for services, receive wages, salaries, or fees,— all classes, save one, that labor. The exception is that of the wives who do the work in the homes,— a most important portion of our laboring population.

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We must now endeavor to ascertain what proportion of these produce all the material that, in quantity, is sufficient to feed, clothe, and house properly all the 50,000,000 people.

At the time of the census there were, as there have been for the last twenty-five years, a vast army of unemployed as well as of those only employed a part of the time. We have no way of accurately estimating these, but shut-downs were frequent in mines and mills, and in all the trades. Some of the employees were out of work for months at a time. I think the estimate of Prof. de Leon, in the NATIONALIST of last February, is rather under the mark and therefore safe to use. Deducting this computation of 5,000,000, of wholly or partially unemployed, we have 12,392,099 as those employed constantly in "gainful occupations" in 1880. This includes, not only the non-productive, but also the really useless employments,— occupations which will have no existence in a true commonwealth. It also includes all whose services, even in the useful employments, might be dispensed with under a proper system of production.

There are, for instance, those employed in the manufacture and sale of malt and alcoholic liquors. I can but feel that the numbers are defective, but they are given as follows: Brewers and maltsters, 16,728; distillers and rectifiers, 3,243; traders in malt and distilled liquors, 13,500; saloon-keepers and bartenders, 68,461; billiard and bowling-saloon keepers and employees, 1,543; making a total of 103,475,—an army to be supported by the productive labor of the nation. The production and manufacture of tobacco takes a larger army; but, since the use of tobacco is not so generally admitted as useless, we will leave that among the useful employments, simply saying that, when we shall have outgrown its use, we shall add a very large detachment to the real producers.

Now we come to the useless occupations. I will only name a few, viz.: auctioneers, collectors, claim-agents, and lawyers; army and navy, watchmen, detectives, bankers, and brokers; commercial, insurance, and real-estate brokers; clerks and commercial travellers; officials in banks and insurance offices; na-

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tional, state, city, and town officials; making together a total of 369,578. Taking both these classes, thus condensed, from the number found above as engaged in gainful occupations, we have 11,919,046 as the number actually engaged in necessary labor.

Can we, in a system of co-operation, reduce this? I think we can.

Of the 17,500,000 reported as in gainful occupations 5,149,000 are given as in trade and transportation. This does not look like economy of labor. I have made as careful an estimate as I am capable of making, in various places, and have concluded that, in provisions, groceries, dry goods, etc., one-fifth the present number of persons could, under a proper system, do all the work and do it better. Could we have the statistics of some of the gigantic firms that are showing us the way to a great national system, we should have a sure basis for estimating the wastefulness in labor of the present system of distribution.

By the competitive system, merchandise is constantly being shipped from one place to another where goods of the same kind are made by another firm, and thus there is a constant passing and repassing that would be avoided by a system of production that was national. By establishing manufactories in the various sections, all transportation would be limited to those things that could not be grown or manufactured in any particular section. In this way we would, I am sure, reduce the labor three-fourths.

But would a proper system of production save us in proportion? I think so. It will be perfectly safe to say that a rightly methodized system of production, that views only the needs of the people and makes the most of the present machinery, will save one-third. Others put it much higher. With the encouragement to invention and the governmental use of machinery, there being no monopoly as now to limit the use, we shall continue to reduce the amount of human labor needed. This estimate of one-third gives us the labor of 1,279,000 men saved. The example of the bonanza farms is showing us that in agriculture

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and grazing as great a saving can be made. Deducting one-third of this class we have the labor of 5,113,673 men saved.

The total amount of labor thus economized amounts to that of 7,750,168 men. Deducting this from the 11,919,046 whom we found to have been actually engaged in gainful labor we have only the labor of 4,168,873 as needed to produce as much as was produced in 1880. Now this, to one who has not long pondered the subject, does not seem possible; for it is less than one in ten of the people. But after a long study and a careful revision of my figures, I see no reason to doubt the result of either the figures or my deductions. I do see, however, that the demand for manual help will continue to grow less in proportion as the improvement in machinery and in transportation facilities progresses. I also see that, unless we can decrease the hours of labor, we shall, under the present system, before long find our unemployed increasing the number of our vicious and criminal classes to an extent that will severely threaten our civilization. Under competition the ratio of unemployed can never be less than at present; but the ratio of the wealth to each of the non-laboring and non-producing classes will constantly change, till only a few will be able to keep costly establishments and the millions will be tramps and paupers. Nationalism will distribute labor so as to allow an opportunity to earn to all who are able to earn; and, after caring for all the dependent classes, will divide the rest in proportion to the work which each has done.

Now let us see how much labor is to be required of each able-bodied person.

To the labor of the 17,500,000 of the tenth census we need to add the 8,000,000 wives and daughters who performed the necessary labor of the home. But housekeeping like all other employments is very prodigal of labor. In fact, no kind of employment is so wasteful in labor as this, and we might, I think, reduce it one-fifth of the present amount under a co-operative system. To our 4,168,873 we will, therefore, add 1,600,000 for housework. This gives us in every 50,000,000

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5,768,878 necessary workers. The same proportion of our 65,000,000 would, under nationalized industry, do all the necessary labor. And this labor is to be distributed among all able-bodied men and women in the state. Now, how many hours per day?

The average working day in 1880, when we consider the farmer, the merchant, and the housekeeper, must have been at least twelve hours per day. Multiplying the number of persons that we have found necessary to do the work by twelve we have 69,226,536 hours.

Among those who labored under the old regime were boys and girls under 15, a large number of men and women over 60, and a great many mothers needed by their children. All these will be exempt in a true commonwealth. The age for compulsion to labor and an absence from school should not include the first 19 years. That time is necessary for preparation. The number under 19 was 23,121,437, and there were 2,840,678 that were over 60. There were 1,447,983 children of one year and under, and that number of mothers should be exempted. In all these exemptions we have 27,410,098 persons. The dependent classes must also be deducted. In the year we are considering, the idiotic and insane, the prisoners and paupers were 321,803. No computation was made of the sick, so that their number will not affect our result.

Deducting the whole number exempt from duty, we have 22,589,902 persons who are to pay their way by their labor and do all the work for 50,000,000. Now, by dividing the whole number of hours' labor to be done by the number to do it, we have three and one-seventh as the number of hours each must work per day.

In this I have allowed for all the necessary officials in manufactories, and on railroads, etc. If I have left out any class I should have put in it the national, state, city, and town officials; but I believe that they will all be employed in some department, and I have seen no need of considering them. But if they are not thus occupied it will not change the result to any perceptible extent. Thus, allowing for all mistakes in my

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estimates, we may safely say that four hours per day, on the part of all who ought to work, will give us as much as we have today. Figures have demonstrated the truth of Theodore Parker's saying 30 years ago and proved him again a prophet, that "four hours per day on the part of all" would give us more than we then possessed.

To add to these hours of labor would, of course, add to the wealth of the state and to that of the individual, and consequently to the opportunities for culture. Five hours per day on the part of all who owe the state brain or physical labor would, under the proposed system of distribution, enable all to live as well as the best, and, at the same time, give them leisure to enjoy home and social life and all those means of culture which the state would abundantly furnish. Relieved from all anxiety for the future; competition transferred to the field of the intellectual, moral, and esthetic; and the rewards, not wealth as today, but honors as in classic Greece, we should be, for the first time in the history of the race, at the dawn of the millennium.

NATIONALISM AND THE CHILDREN.

By Otis Kendall Stuart.

The *natural inequality* of men is so evident to a person with his eyes even half open that one is led to wonder why Prof. Huxley, who does so much that is good, should devote a whole magazine article to demonstrate it. Among the things at which the professor levels his big gun is the Constitution of the United States; and the shots he fires would prompt one to believe that he really thinks the framers of this document were full believers in Rousseau's poor doctrine of the natural equality of all men. Happily it is not necessary for a nationalist to defend his country's Fathers. "The ancients," exclaims Bayle, "would laugh aloud did they but know all that is attributed to

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them." May be Jefferson, Hamilton, Washington, and the rest might be classed with the ancients.

The natural inequality of men is not only easily apparent, it is physically explicable. Grant Allen, whose pen has the magic of a Hindoo charm, says, in his short life of Charles Darwin, that a man is the result of three distinct and direct influences, namely: first, inherited paternal characteristics; second, inherited maternal characteristics; third, environment before and after birth. These influences are all that *can* affect a man. If, therefore, two babes could be born of mothers precisely alike in every respect, by fathers dissimilar in no particular, however slight, and if these children could be reared under circumstances identical in every detail, then the two children would be precisely alike,— that is, they would be equal. This statement is a demonstration of the natural inequality of men; it is proof, by a sort of geometrical *reductio ad absurdum*, of the proposition which Prof. Huxley proves in a dozen pages.

Mr. Grant Allen's formula for man is useful, because it indicates clearly the only factor in man's making which is capable of modification. The child once born, parental influences by heredity are forever inoperative; environment only can now act upon it. The chief elements of our earliest environment are our physical surroundings — the temperature and purity of the atmosphere, latitude, height of level, sunshine, etc. — and our treatment by mother or nurse or father. Leaving out of consideration the first of these elements,— the general physical surroundings, which may be said to affect the individual only as they affect the race,— let us direct our attention to the second class of surroundings, viz., the treatment of the young by mothers, nurses, and fathers.

Nationalism has for its cardinal doctrine the dictum that every man, simply because he *exists*, has the right to *opportunities* as good as those of every other man. This doctrine cannot be too often repeated and insisted upon, for upon its justice and universality rest the justice and universality of our whole cause. If any one person can be shown to have a natural right

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to better opportunities than another, then our doctrine falls of its own weight; there is no virtue in equality of rights before the law, and "Looking Backward," nationalism itself, is not even a beautiful dream.

A man's opportunities begin at his birth,—or more truly they *should* begin then. "The first act of a new-born babe is to draw a deep breath"; and with that breath its education commences. From that moment on until it reaches the reasoning age it is no more responsible for its acts than it is for its weight; and if, as popular education is constantly teaching us more intensely to feel, the boy is father to the man, the acts of matured life are the inevitable results, partly at least, of its childhood training, for which it is in no degree responsible. If our cardinal doctrine is correct, the surroundings of any child should be as good, as conducive to its development, as those of any other child; *the opportunities of all should be equal.*

It is a fact so evident that it seems trite, even foolish, to say that all children do not have the same opportunities for education; and yet, even at the risk of appearing foolish, I must insist upon this fact. Nay, it is the evidentness of the truth that makes it so important. The opponents of compulsory education point triumphantly to the steady increase in school attendance in states where there are no compulsory educational laws. Nationalists have nothing to do with such conclusions. The nationalist affirms that, so long as there is *one* child in this broad land without the means of education, society has not done its duty to children, and there is need of more stringent application of the laws, or of sterner laws themselves.

But there is an earlier education than that furnished by the schools; there is the education which commences with the child's first deep breath, and which continues until long after the school age has been reached. We must be true to our principles; we must insist upon equal opportunities for children in cradles and at mothers' breasts. Nay, we must insist more strenuously here; for not only is this the age during which the individual is more impressionable, which renders it important

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that only the best influences then be brought to bear upon it, but it is also the critical age in life, as the death-rate is far more rapid amongst babies than elsewhere; and it is an absolute necessity that the good be saved. Perfect equality of opportunities for children may never be attained, but this should not deter efforts to attain approximate equality. Parents will doubtless always vary in ability to rear offspring, or the world would be at a sad pass shortly; and in this respect some children will be more fortunate than others. But variation in parental ability is no more avoidable than variation in the children themselves. The laws governing such variation are natural and at present only partly known; and, therefore, although I believe such variation controllable eventually by humanity, yet I think the time is not ripe for experimental work in this direction. The element in the child's environment which can be modified is its immediate surroundings,—the dwelling, the food, the clothing, the hygienic arrangements,—which are purely artificial, and, in some cases, regulated by law today, as is evidenced by municipal garbage and sewage legislation; town, county, and state enactments in relation to the care of the insane and of patients having contagious diseases; etc.

Not the least important fact which the modern science of statistics has brought to light is the comparatively high death-rate amongst our young poor. One of the valuable characteristics of statistical science is its *absolute* method; there is no question as to the truth of the facts; and it is, therefore, an *exact* science in the truest sense of the term. There must be some reason for the high death-rate amongst the young poor, as there is no effect without an adequate cause, and the validity of the fact itself is beyond question. Some force must act upon the young poor to kill, which does not act to kill upon the young of the more well-to-do classes; or some force must act upon the latter to sustain life which does not so act upon the young poor. Considering the modifiable element of the babe's environment,—its immediate surroundings,—we find amongst the poor imperfectly aired and lighted dwellings, insuf-

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ficient food, scant clothing, and dirty bodies; and these conditions must influence the health of the little inhabitants, and make themselves felt in the death-rate amongst them. Writing over thirty years ago, and from the educational standpoint, Herbert Spencer laid stress upon the importance of clothing and food as factors in the development of children, and showed clearly the enervating effects of insufficient clothing and poor unnutritious food. Had Spencer thought of it, he could have predicted, possibly, the high death-rate amongst the young poor almost before the science of statistics—which has brought the truth to light—was born. But what I desire to emphasize is the fact that the young poor are placed at a disadvantage from the hour of birth by being brought into conditions which stunt mental and physical growth and hasten death; and that it is the duty of organized society, which is government, so to order these conditions that each will have opportunities equal to the other, so far as law can make them equal. That, under existing conditions, thousands are born only to die young, and because of circumstances which are entirely within human control; that, under existing conditions, thousands who escape this early death are forced to fight a desperate and losing battle for life, because of these same humanly controllable circumstances,—is true; and to say this is to state the most glaring, the most terrible, effect of the present economical and political system. If to correct this condition were the *sole* object of the nationalistic movement, as we know it is not, could not all humanity say "God-speed?"

HOW TO COUNTERACT CHANCE.

By Charles E. Buell.

"Chance" is the tyrant that sits enthroned in a system of competitive industries. This fact was stated as a law by Solomon, more than thirty centuries ago: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise,

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nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."—*Ecclesiastes, IX, 11.*

In discussing the connection between conduct and fortune, John Stuart Mill said: "The greatest of all evils — poverty — is due to the institution of private property, which institution is upheld and commended as being the means by which industry and frugality are insured a reward; but, instead of the reward being in proportion to the industry and frugality of the individual, it is, may be, in an inverse ratio to it, for virtue, intelligence, industry, and frugality do not insure success. While it is true that the lot of the individual is not independent of virtue and intelligence, these do not count in their favor so much as fortunate accidents, *the greatest of which is to be born rich*, and next to birth the circumstance of 'chance' and opportunity. While industry and dexterity contribute to success, these two qualities fail unless there are 'chances,' which come to a limited number."

Again he says: "The connection between conduct and fortune is such that there is a degree of bad conduct that will ruin any amount of good fortune. On the other hand, no amount of good conduct brings good fortune without the aid of fortunate accidents. This cannot be otherwise in a system of individualism based upon private property, in which each finds his place by a struggle, pushing others back, or being pushed back by them."

To avoid the ruin that may come to the owner of a factory by a conflagration, he joins with all other factory owners in a mutual insurance, in which each is held to pay a fair proportion of any loss that may occur to another; the loss of one becomes the loss of all, and none are ruined. In fact, the chance of loss by fire, that before resulted in ruin, has become but a fraction in the account, instead of being the principal factor. The factory owner, by joining with other factory owners, has conquered "chance" in the matter of loss by fire.

The great enemy of those who work for wages is the chance of being out of employment. The principle of mutual insu-

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rance comes in to prevent disaster from that cause; for, by combining, they may be placed beyond the power of enforced idleness. Let us suppose that 10,000 wage-workers of a large city, picked men, joined as they would be for life insurance, pay in a certain sum of money each, to provide farming or any other industry that would give work and wages to the percentage of their number that might be out of employment at their wage-earning avocation. There would be a committee of 9,999 persons to report a vacancy for the first of their number that was out of work. There could be provision for old age, and every advantage of communism always waiting for the members of that ten thousand. They would have all the advantages of the wage-earner, who has a farm always waiting for him; and for these men, associated together, the first step towards industrial liberty would have been taken, for they would have a choice of avocations always before them, and they would have the strength that comes from the joining of numbers under one judicious management.

The increase in the value of the property would furnish the members with a "home," in which they could pass their declining years, when left standing alone, — a better home than the Soldiers' Home, or the Sailors' Snug Harbor, or other "homes" provided by kindly disposed persons and associations for aged men and women; better, because it would be theirs on a business basis, and because their companions would be persons of their own selection, congenial comrades. In addition, each city should provide an industry for such of its deserving citizens as may be temporarily out of employment, as was once urged by a kind-hearted and capable mayor of the city of Springfield, Massachusetts. This would give work and wages to such as had not joined with others in a communal home. It is wholly within the province of the municipality to establish an industry of such a character, and it would not only prove to be the height of economy in taking care of the persons who need aid, but it would give needed employment to numbers of young persons, such as the larger school-children, who are will-

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ing to work and, during the long summer vacations, might be cultivating habits of industry.

The greatest need of every person is a home. To provide homes for all will require the assistance of the government. This can be best brought about by a postal savings-bank system. The British postal savings-bank system, taking in money and paying a low rate of interest, loans out the deposited money to corporations and towns. This country has greater need of such a system of deposits than any other, but has been unable to enter into the plan, because of no way to use the sums deposited. By an arrangement with states and associations the money could be loaned to individuals for homestead purposes.

There are precedents for such a loaning of the public moneys: the settlement of the Seminole Indians by government, the Homestead Act of 1862, the Homestead bill by the Hon. Robert Treat Paine, Jr., in the Massachusetts legislature, the Homestead laws of the Argentine republic, the Ashbourne Act now before the British parliament, providing for loans to tenant farmers in Ireland for purchasing lands, and numerous government grants to corporations, associations, and persons. Every administration of recent years has wished to establish a post-office savings-bank system, but has failed to find a place to use the deposits.

If states borrowed the money and loaned it to the individual, or to an association which loaned to the individual, the details would not trouble the government, and the individual would be able to get a $2500 home for a rate of interest that would not exceed $100 a year; and, as the money would not require to be repaid, the home would not be a burden. This would be an application of state-ownership combined with individual possession; a system which would tend to the cultivation of patriotism, and must undoubtedly lead to other like joining of interests.

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THE BIRTH OF FREEDOM.

By H. B. Salisbury.

CHAPTER VII.

CONRAD.

The orator stopped and folded his arms. Proud of his power, he stood erect, as the whirlwind of emotion broke from the frenzied crowd before him. Long and loud were the demonstrations.

"How many of you are ready, if you should hear the signal tonight?" he asked in an awful tone. The whole body of men were on their feet in an instant. "That will do," he said, "we can trust you. Be ready when your leaders call." And, with a nod of smiling recognition for the prolonged applause, he took his seat.

As he settled into his chair, a man of tall, commanding figure, broad and massive shoulders, and hands calloused by his work, came impatiently to the front. "A quarryman," Sanford whispered; "they call him Conrad." He towered above them all, a perfect Hercules he seemed. Swinging a chair from before him with a gesture of disgust, and bringing his ponderous fist down upon the chairman's table with a crash that would have felled an ox, he burst forth without further prelude in a torrent of protests against any violent attack upon society. Then, having brought them back from their dreams of immediate outbreak, he softened a little in his tone.

"Comrades," he said, bringing his giant palm, with another resounding slap, upon the table. "Comrades, I have seen your spirit here tonight, and am proud of your fearlessness. There is nothing that has been proposed that you would not be justified in doing, if it were best. But it is not. It would never do to fail. A little more time, then the wrongs of centuries

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shall be avenged. When tis done, let it be so well done that no future age shall say twas incomplete.

"Comrades, understand me. Lives on Fifth Avenue are of no more value than lives in Hester Street. The dollars of the rich are no more worthy of protection than the pennies of the poor. [A tumult of shouts.] Hundreds of men and women are being driven to suicide by poverty. Thousands of children are being starved. Their pinched and weasened faces look out from the windows of tenement houses, and their dwarfed and sickly bodies bear the mark of poverty's hand. Half a million tramps wander up and down the land, and millions more wear out their hopeless lives in mine and mill and factory. All, all for the benefit of a few thousand plutocrats, who claim to own the natural wealth of this country!"

So keen was the interest that all demonstration ceased. Each eye seemed fastened by a strange magnetic light that flashed from beneath Conrad's shaggy brows.

In all the group none possessed greater power than this quarryman. If the preceding speaker had been their Robespierre, he was their Danton. A wave of his hand could bring the men to their feet with shouts, or hush them to silence most profound.

For many minutes he continued his terrible arraignment of modern civilization. Then turning again upon his hearers, who fairly cowered before him, he cried out with a voice of thunder: "What do you propose as a remedy?" With withering scorn he exclaimed: "A little hog's grease and nitric acid! A handful of men selling their lives to no purpose! You propose to attack modern society and all its power with a few popguns! Bah!! I can bring down from the quarries a thousand men, who would leave a trail of blood, and fire, and death from Harlem to the Battery. But what would that remedy?"

His hearers sat breathlessly waiting for his answer. He paused and looked scornfully around. "Let me tell you once for all," he thundered, "that the man of you that attempts violence now deserves the death he will surely meet. We are organizing for defence, not for attack. The day is fast coming

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when all workmen will see their position and will elect a government that will revoke the charters of monopoly, seize again the people's land, declare all private property abolished, and every citizen an equal owner of the whole. This all under the constitution and government as we have it.

"But think you the plutocrats will submit? No. They will be the first to appeal to force. They will have no further use for the constitution. They will proclaim a dictator, as they even suggested during the Pittsburg riots. They will place every city under fire of the gunboats, which they will refuse to give up. With their standing army and hired Pinkerton dogs they will expect to frighten the unarmed people into subjection. Then is the time for our watch-dogs. We are armed with a terrible weapon, against which no mortal can stand. Wait till the people cry out for help. To act before would be folly, madness, treachery. To wait till then is not to wait long, and it will bring victory, liberty, and equality forever."

That awful fire blazed from Conrad's eyes which startled Lord at the beginning of his speech. What was the secret of the spell that held that breathless audience? It seemed incredible that this should be a peaceful quarryman. That he could drudge patiently by day, and then stand forth and flash fire that might ignite a powder-magazine when addressing his fellows.

His real work was that of an agitator. His quarry work was mere lazy pastime for him. As quarryman he learned all the secrets of the dread explosives. He mingled with the aqueduct laborers. He could speak all their various tongues, and he had a small army of them ready to avenge the useless murders, the recklessness of human life, by which contractors had decimated his fellows. A volcano of burning hate seemed pent up within that burly giant.

It is impossible to describe the effect of this appeal among men who, feeling the bitterness of poverty, and goaded to madness by a sense of social injustice, believed that the only hope of the poor was forcible revolution. They only differed in the matter of how and when the blow should be struck.

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As Conrad left the platform the wildest scenes of the earlier evening seemed tame in comparison with what now took place. The men waved their hats and coats. They shouted until hoarse. The slim fellow, in one of his frantic gestures, brought the back of his hand with a resounding slap across the face of his neighbor the Frenchman, who, after a moment of dazed astonishment, sprang upon him. They were separated with difficulty, but before great damage had been done to either. Explanations followed, and the whole ill-feeling was washed away by liberal draughts of the amber fluid at the bar.

Across one corner of the room this temporary bar was set. In some former time it might have done duty below, but it was ancient in pattern and time-scarred in appearance. Back of this bar was a door leading into a small closet, from which two bar-keepers in white aprons brought forth the foaming beer.

During the speech of Conrad the waiters were undisturbed, but as the flow of eloquence ceased, the flow of beer began. Above the tumult could be heard the clink of glasses and the rattle of nickles, mingled with shouts, such as "four beers," "zwei lager."

Of course some conservative moralist will say that this showed the utterly depraved and vicious nature of these men; but, had it been at the Metropolitan Opera House and the tipple champagne, and had the guests been gentlemen and fair ladies in full evening dress, then no hands would have been held up in holy horror, nor any condemnation visited upon the aristocratic patrons.

Slapping each other upon the back, shaking hands over the beer, or relighting their pipes, these men relieved the tension of their feelings and once more settled into their seats. Then an orchestra of six pieces mounted the platform. The Marseillaise was announced. Violins strummed to get the pitch, the bass-viol responded with its solemn twang, while the leader, baton in hand, waved his extended arms. The people sprang to their feet. Another profound wave of the baton, and the weird, inspiring music filled the hall.

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Oh, the depths of meaning that hymn expresses! The pathos, the wail of sorrow, and the song of triumph! It may have been the one song that some of them ever sang, but they knew that one. It seemed to thrill their whole being. Some sang in German, others in the various tongues in which they had first learned its words. Above them all, the tenor of the Frenchman rang in wild and wilder tones, for was it not the song of liberty,—the song of la belle France?

"Cecil Lord," said Sanford, "I asked you here for a purpose. This is only one of many such meetings in New York tonight. These are noble fellows, but they lack judgment and cool leaders. The danger is that they will attempt something that will defeat all hope of social reform in years to come. Speak, and warn them. Some sudden fury may open the volcano and then civilization will meet its death struggle."

The last strains of the music died away. The chairman nodded to Lord, who, thus invited, came to the platform and faced the fierce, upturned faces. They sat with hats tipped back upon their heads and the fire of fanaticism burning in their eyes,—a fanaticism that, for real or fancied wrongs to all humanity, would do and dare and die in the attempt to right them. Society, instead of attempting to adjust their grievances or remove the causes of their discontent, seizes their persons on any pretext, and hangs them up like worthless curs, or condemns them to slavery and death in its dungeons. They gazed curiously at Lord as he faced them, and for the most part sat silently, not committing themselves until his sentiments should be more fully known.

"I am your invited guest," he began. "You have spoken freely and plainly. You will pardon me if I speak plainly too, and take issue with some of your ideas."

"We 'll give you fair play," said Conrad, at which an approving murmur went round the room.

"First, then, let me say that with the sentiment expressed by yonder red flag—fraternity, equality—I heartily agree. Its blood-red color signifies not bloodshed as your enemies

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would have it appear, but that of one blood are all nations of the earth. This is a principle of true religion, but unfortunately most churches have long since abandoned its practice. The wrongs of society must be righted, and righted soon. The daily sacrifice to avarice, greed, and the power of money is greater than that of lives. It is a sacrifice of living death to thousands. ['That's the talk. Hear, hear!']

"More heathen are destroyed by Christian nations every year for the sake of commerce than their record of converts will show in a decade. The natives of this country have been robbed of their heritage, slaughtered like sheep, driven from reservation to reservation, and now the descendants of the robbers denounce us for disturbing vested interests. There is not an acre of land in this country that has not its title-deed based upon force or fraud. ['You 're all right.'] Not five per cent of the product of labor for the past hundred years remains in the hands of its rightful owners,—the people who produced it, or exchanged it for an equal value."

The eager, upturned faces showed Lord that he too was gaining the sympathy of his audience. He felt the justice of many of their demands, but he took issue with the idea of violent revolution. He then went on to show that the gold mines, the coal mines, the copper mines, the land and water privileges of this country were original possessions of the Indians, held in common, as is their custom to this day in spite of efforts of government to change the custom. That they had no right, nor did they attempt to exclude the white race from their unoccupied lands, until trickery and fraud exasperated them to a terrible vengeance. Neither had the white race any right to exclude either the red men or any other man from unused, vacant land, or to drive them from it when once occupied. Like the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the sunlight from above, the land and all its wealth of mine and soil belong to all the people who live upon it, each to take what he needs without depriving another. For convenience each might select a portion from the unused bounties of nature, and have the

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exclusive use of it while he occupied it, but no statute-law, however cunningly devised, could ever make it anything but robbery for one man to charge another rent for land that he himself was not using. His real title to it ceased when he ceased to use it. As for mines and other great undertakings, they should be carried on for the benefit of the whole people, by their agents organized in the most effective force.

"Up to this point, my friends," he continued, "we agree, but you would demand it by force; I would educate the people until they see its justice and adopt it overwhelmingly. You would strike a blow at the first opportunity, and by it would drive away thousands who are just beginning to see the light. I would counsel you to agitate until you can count, upon one side, seventy millions of people who have been robbed of their rightful inheritance; on the other, a hundred thousand capitalists, whose title-deeds and mortgages cover its full value. Then let the end come. If, seeing the end approaching, the capitalist class should overthrow the constitution, and attempt by violence to stay the coming, then you would be justified in the extremest measures you may take, but I counsel you to let violence come from that side first."

As Lord passed to a seat near Sanford, the giant Conrad arose and took him by the hand, covering it in his as if it were that of a child. The people waved their hats and shouted, while the orchestra played a quick German air. It was now long past midnight. The company thinned out in squads, or lingered about the bar talking of the evening's discussion.

"I feel as though I were under a spell," said Lord, passing his hand across his brow. "I feel that you are all wrong in carrying this agitation to the point of violence, but when I attempted to speak on that point the hearers sent through me a chill like the breath of an iceberg."

Conrad laughed. The peculiar gleam of fire shot from under his heavy lashes. "Perhaps the spirit is infectious here, Mr. Lord," he said. "After all," he continued, "you spoke my thoughts quite plainly."

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE FARRAGUT STATUE.

"It is late, and my head feels strangely light," said Lord. "May I have your full address? I will call and talk with you in a day or two. If I may," he added, as he saw a frown gather upon the brow of Conrad.

A flash of that awful hatred crossed the face of the leader as he replied: "All, even my *name* have they taken from me, Mr. Lord, I am known here only as Conrad. At my shanty near the quarry no one ever calls, and I bear another name. There I am known only as a stupid animal, who can carry the heaviest burden and bear the most curses without a murmur, but I bide my time." His look of dreadful hate melted into a smile as he added: "I will walk with you a little way, and we shall meet again." Little did either think how soon.

Together they left the hall, filling their lungs with purer air as they reached the pavement. The full moon was shining; its gleams paling before the brilliance of the electric lamps. A threatened early frost seemed hovering in the air.

"Which way do you go, Mr. Lord?" asked Conrad.

"Down Broadway and across to the Bowery," he replied. "Does that take you out of your way?"

"Oh, no. All roads lead to Rome. I can take the elevated from the Bowery as well as elsewhere," Conrad replied.

They bade good-night to Sanford, who threw upon Lord a troubled look which he could not then interpret. Later he remembered it with a startling significance.

Lord did not feel at ease with his strange companion. Not that he feared him, for he was no coward; nor was Conrad to be feared by any but the poor man's foes, yet he did not understand him. The spasms of passion that sometimes convulsed

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his face showed a depth of suffering and a thirst for vengeance that might well disturb the calmest observer. He was a huge enigma, and Lord was no sphinx to solve the riddle.

"Mr. Lord," he began, as they passed down the street, "I, too, believe in waiting if, by that waiting, the people are not being lulled into a fatal sleep; but, if I see our enemies secretly plotting, binding the chains of unjust laws tighter, and by lullabies of pretended sympathy charming our workmen into greater defenselessness,— then they shall hear from Conrad." And he laughed a bitter, mocking laugh.

"But," interposed Lord, "hasty action would defeat your purpose and plunge all into a deeper slavery. Just at this time the whole world is listening to the cry of the workmen. The truth of our economic views is but dimly understood, even by the workmen. Too many are steeped in a wrong system, and have never thought that anything but private ownership of wealth and lands was possible, or that such a state had ever existed. Nor have they seen the cunning tricks of legislation by which they have been disinherited. They have even helped to pass the statutes that robbed them."

"True," replied Conrad. "We do not wish to hinder the education now going on. We stand as watch-dogs, bull-dogs if you choose, and if violent attempt is made upon the people's rights, or if innocent men are shot down as at Pittsburg, or if Pinkerton spies are to kill workmen with impunity,— then let them have a care. The dogs will get loose." The ferocity of his last utterance sent a shiver down the back of Lord.

"But see," persisted the latter. "All over the country the movement is spreading. The idea of common property in land, and all its natural bounties; the abstract right of labor to all that it produces,— these are now accepted by college professors and teachers. A generation of students is coming up with these radical ideas. Men of wealth and distinction are writing upon these subjects, and many who might live and die without fear of poverty, as beneficiaries of the present system, are ready to throw all into a common fund as soon as the time is ripe."

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"Yes, but we have cunning and desperate foes to deal with, Mr. Lord. They are watching this movement just as closely as we are, and questioning how best to meet it. Whether by force or by craftiness; by seizing the government, appointing a dictator, and by a *coup d'Etat* a king; or by some palliative they may best turn this current from its course. At Washington they are aping the manners of monarchy. Let them beware. The revels at Washington are as profligate, if not as indecent, as those of Louis XIV and XV. And as for having a fair election,— bah! By all fair means they are safe, Mr. Lord. But let them attempt by foul means to stop this tide, and by all the gods of war — they shall hear our watch-dogs bark."

They crossed to Madison Square. The clock-hands pointed to a quarter past one. Upon the ground near the Farragut statue were two sleeping tramps. A policeman approached, lazily swinging his night stick. He poked them in the ribs. They did not awake. He tapped them smartly upon the soles of their travel-worn shoes. One started up. Catching sight of the officer's grey uniform, and mingling it with his dream in his half-waking moment, he seemed again upon his ship before Mobile with his old commander, whose statue now looked down upon his troubled sleep. "Jim," he cried to his companion, "the Rebs is boardin us. Lend us your cutlass, mate. Bear a hand here. Ahoy there!" And, springing upon the policeman, he seized him by the throat. It was but a short struggle to shake himself loose from the enfeebled tramp, then the club rained blow after blow upon the prostrate man.

"Jim, I've got it. Good-by. Tell Molly." And he sank unconscious, a bundle of rags and blood. A hero of Mobile! A worthless tramp! A victim of the country he fought to save!

Conrad approached the policeman. His hands worked with terrible significance. The fire of madness blazed from his eyes. "Dog," he muttered, "I can choke him with this hand." He stopped. "No. It would spoil all," and with wonderful self-control, bestowing a contemptuous epithet upon the policeman, who dared not resent it, he tenderly lifted the injured tramp.

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Lord wakened a solitary cab-driver who was asleep on his box by the Hoffman House, and they drove the wounded man to a near-by hospital. They learned his story from the fellow-tramp. They were comrades on the flag-ship before Mobile. After the war there was a long story of wandering over the world. His comrade's sweetheart, Molly, had married another, and he never returned to his native town. Finally they had lost everything in one of those traps called sailors' lodging houses. They had walked many a weary mile, and at last, talking of old times, they had fallen asleep as they were found.

Having done all they could, the cab was dismissed, and they continued their walk through Broadway and Union Square.

"How many such scenes will it take to make a man hate society?" asked Conrad. "I count it as one more for which I shall yet have satisfaction. I could have killed that policeman as I would a fly; but as I spared him so will we spare others until our time is ripe for vengeance."

They parted at the Cooper Union,— that monument of what one unselfish, rich man could do with the money that a false system of society gave him to dispose of.

Lord shook with a chill, buttoned his coat tightly about him, and hurried to his lodgings on East Broadway. Letting himself in, he went to his room and sank into his arm-chair. Lighting the gas, his eyes chanced to rest upon a bible. He was not a pious man, but mechanically he opened the book at the Epistle of James and read this text: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth." Beside it, on the margin, was written: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be alone in the midst of the earth."

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CHAPTER IX.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

It was nearly morning. The hands of the little mantel clock in Cecil Lord's room pointed to a quarter past four. A strange red glare lit up the sky and shone into the room.

Lord arose and looked out of the window. A great fire was raging at a distance. The wind seemed to carry flaming cinders and showers of sparks in whirling eddies far up into the heavens. There was a sound of hurrying footsteps and angry cries in the street below, but he could not see the people. The gas lamps and electric arcs were all out. What did it mean?

From far away in the distance came the sound of a heavy explosion, another and another, nearer and nearer, till it seemed like a Fourth of July morning, when boys fire cannon and celebrate liberty, of which they scarcely know the meaning.

Gradually there came to the mind of Lord the strange looks and actions of some at the meeting the night before, and the troubled look of Sanford, who he now remembered would have walked down with him had Conrad not first volunteered to do so. He remembered Conrad's speech, his after conversation, and the look of deadly hatred that would sometimes flash from his eyes. He remembered the wonderful self-control with which Conrad had checked himself, just as he was about to clinch with the policeman, and those threats of vengeance which had burst from his lips at the thought of some past injustice. These thoughts came through his mind as, hastily dressing, he descended into the street.

Crowds were hurrying along East Broadway. Every moment some new explosion would shake the very earth. He reached Chatham Square. All seemed in ruins. The Chatham Square station, the Second and Third Avenue and the City Hall

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branches of the elevated roads were all in a twisted, tangled, shapeless mass of ruins. Looking toward the river, he was just in time to see the great pier of the Brooklyn bridge totter and fall. The earth trembled and shook as by an earthquake.

Now Lord realized fully what it meant. The meeting he had attended was only one of many. Bitterly he blamed himself for not warning them more plainly that such violence would only defeat their own ends. Who was the leader? Could it be Conrad? He disliked to believe this. The honest frankness, the courteous treatment with which he had been received, and the apparent favor with which his more conservative views had been greeted, made it difficult to think that he had been with a band of conspirators.

Still the wild storm of destruction went on. Lurid streaks of flame and smoke showed here and there as the first signs of coming day were struggling up the eastern sky. It soon became evident that beside the regular revolutionists any who had private wrongs to avenge were taking this opportunity, knowing that whatever the event the blame would all be laid upon the revolutionists who began the destruction. There were no policemen anywhere. They must have all been exterminated at the first opening of the terrible slaughter, or they were in hiding from a storm which they could not quell. Mangled men, women, and children, who had been too near some fatal bomb, were laid along the gutters.

It seemed as if all the fiends of hell were loose, and had brought their torments with them. Scarce any organization or method was apparent, yet every one of them seemed to go straight to some point already decided upon; there was a puff of smoke, a report as though the very foundations of the earth were loosened, and a shapeless mass of brick and mortar lay where before had been some great building.

Lord struggled on through Chatham Street. All seemed on fire. Before one store a howling mob of those wretched-looking creatures who haunt the river fronts or appear at night along the Bowery was shouting and howling as the flames licked up

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the awnings and caught the woodwork. "We 'll want no more ole cloes," they said, "our tailor is on Broadway."

"Here 's old skin-flint Isaacs, he sold ole cloes and sweated new ones. Hang him up in front of his own door," cried one of his enemies, and the trembling old man, who had only done as others did,—made money as he could,—was swung from his own sign-post as the flames burst from the windows above.

Sickened with horror, Lord rushed on to Centre Street.

"Stand back," rang out the cry, as with a mighty thunder the Tombs, the Bastile of New York, was blown into the air. Most of the prisoners had been released at an earlier attack. From the walls and loop-holes of this seemingly impregnable stone building came an occasional crack of a musket, showing the keepers still in charge; so into its open portico, and through its grated windows, were thrown giant bombs. First the north wall, then the south wall and front were lifted from their ponderous foundations. The massive pillars rolled into the street. Forked lightning seemed to dart from every opening fissure. Clouds of dust arose above the falling mass, while the reverberating thunder rolled away to be answered by another and another "boom" from some more distant point.

At that moment down came the shot tower. In the gathering daylight ghastly faces, begrimed with dirt and smoke, or smeared with blood, seemed filled with horrid glee. "Hurrah," they cried, "weve no more use for shot. Weve got a better weapon now." The tower must have buried a hundred human beings under its ruins, for scant warning had been given.

Lord reached Broadway, where most of the buildings stood, but every door was burst, and those who never before had worn silk hats or broadcloth (except from Baxter Street or an ash-barrel) now came out with fantastic combinations that would bring a laugh at any time but this. Women in rags, with old red handkerchiefs tied over their heads, seized upon seal-skin sacks or paisley shawls, below which were seen short ragged skirts and bare ankles thrust into men's new shoes. Coatless men with ragged shirts and shining beaver hats, and barefoot

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boys with velvet jackets rushed to some other store to complete their costume. The contrasts were sickening. Here was a girl in tattered gown putting upon her sister's feet the first pair of new shoes she had ever worn; there, a ragged boy, unmindful of his own wants, was scudding away with a warm coat for crippled gran-dad, who sold peanuts on a windy corner. Poor lad, he little thinks that peanut-vending is at an end for some time to come. And so the pillage goes on.

Lord passed to the City Hall Park. Heaps of broken stone and mortar told where the city buildings had stood. Levelled to the earth was the Tweed Court House, of boodle fame. The registrar's office stood alone, but from its doors a double row of men guarded other rows, who, going and coming, were piling every book of record and every scrap of paper into one vast heap upon the broad asphalt walk, saturating with oil each volume, and firing the mass in one vast cremation of deeds. One cunning fellow thought to secrete a volume, knowing its immense value should the old society once more triumph.

At this moment out flashed Conrad. He had ridden down the Bowery upon a powerful iron-grey horse. Coming upon the scene at the moment the man was detected with the volume, he asked a few hurried questions. The fellow cowed and whined before him. "Pinkerton dog," cried Conrad, "this day's work is the doing of your gang. Into the fire with him lads, and so perish all such traitors."

Lord stood aghast; this, then, was the company he had met. This was the harmless meeting Sanford had lured him to, and in the bitterness of despair at human baseness he would himself have plunged into the fire to shut out the sight of further horrors. Conrad rode toward him. Lord sprang to the side of his horse. Conrad wore a blue coat, a continental hat, with a red plume, and as he sat there, such a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, Lord seemed to lose faith in all mankind. "Fiend," he cried, "is it not enough? You have ruined every hope of liberty. How long will your triumph be? Soon will your poor dupes dangle at ropes' ends to pay for this folly."

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"Cecil Lord," said Conrad, "this may be the last time I can say this to one who may outlive this horror; but, as I live, by all the oaths that man may swear, I swear to you that this is a surprise, a treachery. You see the fate of yonder cur," pointing to the burning pile. "Some hired spies have met with us and learned that we have a signal by which we were to rise, but only in case of some unbearable aggression against us."

"Then this is not by your orders!"

"By Heaven, no. These spies with their confederates filled thousands of unorganized men along the river fronts with whiskey and gunpowder; then at an early hour this morning they told them that the revolution was at hand. They gave our secret signal, and, our men being pledged to obey it, each sprang to the work assigned him. We leaders were taken by a complete surprise. By this treachery they hope to blast us forever."

"But I saw you giving orders to burn the books, and I have seen others, who I think are your men, directing the mob," said Lord doubtfully.

"Yes, the die is cast," replied Conrad. "No explanation can save us now if we fail. I have given orders to our men to get control of the mob, destroy every such traitor as yonder fellow, protect property as far as possible; but by all means keep out the troops, that the plotters expect to rush in, quell the mob, and hang us before the truth can become known. It was a desperate game, but now that it is forced upon us we must win or die."

Lord thought of the destruction at the registrar's office. "How about that?" he asked, pointing to the men destroying the building. "Those are your men, why don't you stop them?"

"Is it any time now to tell men that they have been betrayed?" thundered Conrad. "That was their appointed work in case we had been attacked, to destroy forever the records of private property, even if the revolution failed. Now the storm is raised, we must ride it out. Don't you believe me?"

"I do," replied Lord. Saying at length, "I must," he took the proffered hand of Conrad.

"Then tell it if I die. My duty must be done," he said

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grimly, and rode away to confer with other leaders and strive to save from the fury of the mob, as far as possible, the costly buildings and stores. He was too late to save the post-office, for even as he rode away it seemed to be lifted bodily into the air, and the same awful lightning seemed to play about its base as it settled back with a crash, a heap of smoking ruins.

Lord went towards the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge. Hundreds of people were struggling up from the ruins upon which the great span had fallen, hundreds more would never come from the depths below. Still heart-sick, he turned down Broadway, hoping to reach Battery Park, away from the destruction. St. Paul's church and the Western Union building were gone. Down came the Equitable building with a crash. Trinity steeple shot into the air like a rocket. He recognized one of the leaders of the mob by his red plume. "Why do you destroy the people's common property?" he asked.

"They are beyond our control. These drunken devils have no master, and nearly all our trained forces are fighting troops at the river front. We have been trapped by some conspiracy," he said, confirming Conrad's words.

"Back! back!" he cried, as the earth seemed to open for many blocks with a deafening roar and a sickening odor. Like a tidal wave it seemed to come from near Trinity churchyard, with a rush and whirl of flying pavement, dust, and flame.

There was an old tunnel, built years ago underneath Broadway from near the head of Wall Street to the City Hall. Finding this, the mob had blown up a gas main in such way as to fill the tunnel; then, either by accident or design, it had been ignited with terrible effect. This added another weapon for the mob. With shouts of delight they began cutting other mains, letting gas into the subways and blowing them up.

The sight of a whole street opening like some volcanic earthquake, belching fire and smoke, was irresistible. No matter if some of their own number were swallowed up in the vortex. The fury of destruction was upon them, and shouts of approval followed every new explosion.

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Lord hurried on; as he passed he glanced down Wall Street, or rather where it was, for not one stone upon another had been left to mark the site of all the massive buildings there. Below, the exchanges had been levelled. The hatred of them seemed so great that, not content with levelling them, the mob had ground the very stones to powder with bomb after bomb. Chaos and barbarism had surely come again. He reached the Battery. No peaceful scene greeted him there. Just landed from some ferry-boats a regiment of soldiers was forming under the cover of gatling guns fired from the boats ranged around the sea wall. Castle Garden and the barge office were gone, leaving a clean sweep for the guns.

The elevated roads were all down. Piled into a bomb-proof barricade, the debris protected Conrad and his men from the fire of the boats. A council was being held. Conrad warmly welcomed Lord. "If they but knew the facts," said Conrad, "those fine fellows might save their own lives and help us to save the city, but they have been duped; they believe we have sacked the city, and will show us no mercy. We can give none." And a weary look passed over his face.

"If they knew," suggested Lord, "they might be willing to aid in restoring order, not interfering with the men who are orderly."

"We dare not trust them," sighed Conrad. "This business must rest with us now; but if some one would take them a message before the fight begins, it would seem less like butchery."

"I volunteer," said Lord; "I at least am a non-combatant. I will tell your story, Conrad; perhaps they will believe me." He brushed the blood and dust from his face, and with a white handkerchief upon a stick advanced to the soldiers' lines.

Conrad watched them as Lord explained his message. A group of officers gathered about him. Suddenly he was seized and carried to the rear. "Advance! Double quick! Charge!" came the orders, and the whole regiment came forward upon the run, with bayonets fixed.

(*To be continued.*)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Communications for this department must be as short and concise as possible, and upon some subject of general interest to nationalists.
Unless received before the 10th day of the month, it is impossible to promise the insertion of any letter in the next following number of the magazine.
Correspondents are requested not to write on both sides of the paper.

CO-OPERATIVE WEEKLIES.

I am a writer much interested in the success of nationalism. The NATIONALIST is full of grand, inspiring thoughts, and is doing a noble work, but the masses are not being reached. Can we not have its influence supplemented by that of weekly papers, whose mission shall be to teach the rank and file of the ballot-box brigade the importance of national control?

We want such a paper here in Sioux City. If once brought within the comprehension of the honest, struggling laborers, nationalist doctrines would spread like wild-fire, and we should be ready at the polls to support the men who will work for national control of industries. Capital is required to put such a paper on its feet. Co-operation will bring the capital. Who is willing to take a share in this enterprise?

J. E. CUTLER.

CO-OPERATIVE ESTATES.

Having read several propositions in the NATIONALIST looking to nationalism on a limited scale,— in groups or colonies,— allow me to say that to the highest and best part of man such idea makes strong appeal. True, as you, Mr. Editor, say, "nationalistic principles"— the ideal of nationalists — cannot be fully proved or disproved by small groups; neither can *one* nation fully prove or disprove the highest ideal of those who believe in the brotherhood of our race. The larger the group the more fully can fraternal co-operation be demonstrated; but this does not imply that groups less than a nation cannot throw a much-needed light upon the lesson of nationalism. It is a question if many can ever be thoroughly convinced of the practicability of *unlimited* co-operation except by the success in some degree of *limited* co-operation.

Example must ever bear testimony to precept. In fact, we nationalists *do* point continually to corporations, trusts, &c., as a demonstration of our economic theory. Can we not associate our capital and labor in such a way as to demonstrate that fraternity, in its best sense, is pre-

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eminently practical? We hope to be able soon to give this idea a test in this south-land, on an ever-increasing scale, until the whole world is included. A proper effort, well directed, on good soil, capable of an endless variety of products, will certainly not delay the great reform on which we all have our hearts longingly set. Let us prove to the utmost.

Los Angeles, Cal. A. I. RICHARDSON.

WHO ARE OUR OPPONENTS?

I have always been a republican, but for several years past have been dissatisfied with its machine methods, but voted with it as having no choice. Nationalism was brought to my attention about a year ago, and, after examination and reflection, I found it to be the only possible, practicable, and adequate scheme for averting impending ruin. I have always, since old enough, been a close sympathetic reader of the writings of the leaders of scientific thought, and the greatest intellectual sacrifice I was obliged to make in embracing nationalism was in breaking away from most of my favorite scientists, especially Spencer and Huxley. I have rejoiced in the recent hope that Huxley at least might be brought into our camp. So far as I am able, I subject all my belief to a judge called logic, and accept his decisions. I only mention this to show that I do not allow my sympathies and emotions to prejudice my judgment. While putting in a good word for nationalism whenever opportunity offers, I have been studying the subject of present and future opposition to our principles, and endeavoring to discover from what classes and quarters we shall meet with most resistance.

My sympathies are so wholly with the principles of nationalism that I have sunk all sectional party and class asperities. I therefore do not offer my conclusions for publication, as I do not believe it would be good policy, at least at present, to invite or direct general attention to our opponents, as belonging to any sect, class, or party. But in any struggle it is well to know and estimate correctly the strength, resources, and probable tactics of the enemy. And so, hoping that these few words may direct the thoughts of others into the same channel, I present them to your consideration as leaders in the greatest and grandest campaign the world has ever witnessed. Fraternally, C. W. GRANT, C. E.

COMMON GROUND.

Up to your last October number I had the melancholy impression that I was the only specimen of a single-tax nationalist. If we could only

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get at the innermost convictions of nationalists as well as single-taxers, I would not be surprised to find a considerable number among both these foremost radical parties entertaining the same views as suggested under "Common Ground," by a "Single-Tax Nationalist." All nationalists, who are not completely wrapped up in their day dreams, will recognize that their party forms as yet only a very small faction in the present complexity of various other radical factions, whose members contemplate a change of the present social conditions. Abhorring as a nationalist all waste of energy, is it not about time to emphasize our points of agreement with other radical factions, and so direct a stronger concerted action against the common enemy? Aiming finally at the nationalization of industries, it is self-evident that we include the land from which they spring and without which they cannot exist. Now that radical and most active faction which goes under the name of single-tax is certainly worthy the close affiliation of the nationalists. The considerable size to which it has grown is evinced by its recent national convention in a three days' session in New York, which brought together as many as 350 delegates from all parts of the country. In earnest and careful deliberation they evolved a platform, the last clause of which reads: "With respect to monopolies other than the monopoly of land, we hold that where free competition becomes impossible, as in telegraphs, railroads, water and gas supplies, etc. etc., such business becomes a proper social function, which should be controlled and managed by and for the whole people concerned through their proper government, — local, state, or national as may be."

In all fairness, I would ask if the nationalist party at the present stage, formulating a platform for political action, could inculcate practical demands of greater radical tendency? If not, then unity of action between nationalists and single-tax men should be the order of the day, in order to effect a speedy entering of the wedge.

GEO. BRUNSWICK.

INDIVIDUALISM AND SOCIALISM.

The questions discussed by Captain E. S. Huntington, in his article entitled "Individualism versus Socialism," are not only interesting but very important to an accurate scientific knowledge of the direction which our efforts ought to take in order to help the cause of nationalism.

The query, is there intelligent design in nature; or, more properly, does progress follow a predetermined course to a clearly defined result,

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and is it guided in its evolution by an intelligent power, has a practical interest for all reformers. If we answer in the affirmative, our aim will be to try to discover the direction of progress and to place ourselves in the current; while, if we answer in the negative, we shall study what line we think progress had better take, and help to turn it in that direction, however much opposed it may be to the actual course of evolution.

Those of us who believe that the law of evolution controls the advance of social institutions must also acknowledge that this advance will be made in the line of the least resistance, and therein may be found a guide for our actions and a test which will tell us if we are working in the right direction. However it may be doubted by some of our conservative friends, this world moves, and the social institutions move with it. A tremor is running irresistibly through the masses, and a constant effort to gain an easier position. This results in a constant progress, all in the line of the least resistance, which, for man, is in the line of satisfaction of desire, or what sociologists call the achievement of happiness.

The actions of society are only the aggregate of the actions of the individual; and the guide or test of actions in all cases, collective or individual, is the same. All try to move in the direction of the satisfaction of desire, and our failures, collective and individual, are due to our lack of intelligence or foreknowledge, which prevents us from correctly discriminating those actions which will promote from those that will frustrate the desired results.

Individualism, or individual freedom, has been found an important factor in increasing the ability to satisfy desires, and on that account a certain amount of progress has been made in that direction. There is much more personal freedom now than there was ten, five, or even one century ago. But experience shows that individualism alone cannot establish those higher conditions which are necessary to the full development of our faculties and to the attainment of our highest happiness. Co-operation has to be called upon before we can organize society on those bases which we believe to be necessary to our welfare, and its principles are being studied out and are taking shape in what we call socialism. Individualism and socialism are the centripetal and the centrifugal forces of society. Both are necessary to its proper equilibrium. Individual desires are the motive power compelling a constant advance; socialism must rule the individuals whenever their desires become a danger to the whole community. But public intelligence being the aggregate of private intelligence, the more freedom is left to the individuals

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the faster they will gain experience, the greater will be the increase of intelligence, and the more correct the control of the whole.

These facts, if not acknowledged in theory, are accepted in practice, and the evolution of society is resulting in a series of changes taking place in two opposite directions. On one side a steady increase in public and private co-operation, and on the other side an increase in individual control of private actions. Our personal happiness will be best promoted by studying the sphere in which each of these factors accomplishes the best results, and in turning our efforts to the advocacy of their adoption by society, each in the place for which it is intended. It is not, as I look at it, a question of individualism *versus* socialism, but a question of individualism *and* socialism, each controlling harmoniously a different set of actions. We may love comfort, ease, leisure, but many of us love freedom more, and will not barter our liberty for physical ease or enjoyment. We will gladly exchange freedom in those departments which specially concern the whole commonwealth if we can feel certain that we shall gain greater freedom in those things which concern the individual alone.

ALBERT CHAVANNES.

ECONOMIC AXIOMS.

All laborers help to create the product on which society lives.

All laborers — men and women — have a right to pleasant, healthful homes.

All laborers have a right to such returns for their labor as will enable them to give a good education to their children.

All laborers have a right to respectful treatment at the hands of their employers and foremen.

All laborers have a right to live in comfort without being overworked.

All laborers have a duty to combine and obtain these rights. They should make themselves so powerful as to be irresistible.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Questions for this department must be brief, and of some general interest to nationalists.
Replies are solicited and will be noticed when received; they should, in all cases, be introduced by the number of the question answered.
Communications should be received by the 10th day of the month, or insertion in the next following number of the magazine cannot be guaranteed.

QUESTIONS.

22.— In A. Longley's interesting letter in your November number he says that "the voluntary co-operative societies which have not been ruined by internal dissentions have always successfully competed with private enterprise." Will he be kind enough to give, through you, the names of any which have been successful in this way, where they are, and how long they have existed? A COMMUNIST.

23.— If nationalism would do away with competition for physical subsistence, and if, as A. Longley says, voluntary communities, when relieved of outside impediments, "have always successfully *competed* with private enterprise," does not this show that there is at the very foundation a radical difference between the principles of nationalization and communism? IGNORAMUS.

24.— It is not to be expected that nationalistic principles can be carried out except by degrees; perhaps one at a time. Would it not be well, then, to take time by the forelock, and at once begin to organize with other bodies which agree with us upon some one or two points, so as to make ourselves felt as a political power, at any rate by the time of the next presidential election? ACTION.

25.— Which is the most effective motive to bring out the highest results in any work which a human being may undertake,— the desire of material reward, the wish to excel over others, or the love of getting as near perfection as possible, without regard to remuneration or to what others may have accomplished in the same direction? A. M. Y.

26.— I like your ideas about public services being undertaken by public bodies, but I can't quite see how you are going to abolish competition in trade and manufacture. The prices of things, we are told, are regulated by the law of supply and demand. Now, how can we get at this law except by competition in production and distribution? STUDENT.

27.—Will someone please show what justice, or *natural* necessity there is in the accumulation of vast individual fortunes? S. W. M.

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28.—I see that J. J. Martin is again advertised as the secretary of the Kaweah colony. What is the reason that Mr. Grönland left so soon, and Mr. Martin was again made secretary? ALPHA.

29.—How many people belonging to the Farmers' Alliance and other organizations in harmony with it are there in Kansas working for the overthrow of the present great political parties? A. P.

30.—Where exist at present in the United States any co-operative, socialistic, or communistic colonies,— Kaweah, Nehalem, and the communities of Shakers excepted? CHARLES JUNKER.

[Mr. Junker is desirous of obtaining information respecting the history, the number of members, or the present condition of such colonies, and will feel obliged if correspondents will communicate directly with him at Vienna, Austria, III Hauptstrasse, No. 6.—ED.]

ANSWERS.

9.—THE TRUE CONDITION OF KAWEAH.

Concerning the internal affairs of the Kaweah colony, let me give your readers, from the standpoint of fullest knowledge, a few facts for their consideration. The legal form of the colony is that of a joint-stock company; and, as this form of organization is not as yet recognized in the civil code of California, the members have no statutory rights beyond those attaching to an ordinary partnership. By the terms of Kaweah's organic law the rights of the people are carefully protected, but under the present management these safeguards are entirely inoperative. Why? For three reasons which link themselves together like a chain:—

1. It has been the fixed and apparently necessary policy of the managers to build up a large non-resident membership, whose fees should aid in developing the resources of Kaweah.

2. According to the by-laws every general measure, such as changing a by-law or deposing an obnoxious officer, must be passed upon by the entire membership, resident and non-resident.

3. The resident members, who, although a minority of the whole, are alone able to judge fully of the qualifications of an officer or the proper working of the institution, are entirely unable to communicate with the outside majority, whose votes will decide every case of importance.

I have now only to explain the reason for this lack of communication to make the situation clear. The secretary claims that the list of the members' names and addresses is his to control. He is sustained in this

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position by three out of the remaining four of his associates in the board of trustees; and, although he is fully aware that at least a hundred members desire that list in order that they may effectively protest against the present mismanagement, he refuses to yield.

It will perhaps now be understood why the late Act of Congress, which, by one fell swoop, takes away all the timber and marble lands which the colony has considered its own, should be regarded by the road-builders of Kaweah with almost utter indifference. Betrayed by their leaders, why should they care? Let the officers wail, not they?

I have only to add that about twenty of us Kaweans formed a new organization last summer and have selected land about twelve miles from Santa Monica, where half of our number are already at work laying the foundation of a new and better colony than the one which has cost us so dear.

HENRY S. HUBBARD,

In order to understand the true condition of Keweah colony, it ought to be known that the colony actually does not own any land collectively. It was said some time ago that the colony had bought an addition of 240 acres of land; but this land was not purchased, and is not held, by the company but by Mr. Barnard. A circular which was recently sent to the members abroad and signed by four of the trustees is misleading. In it is made known what machinery, etc., the colony has on the ground; and, although it does not say that the colony owns it, people will without question think so. The circular mentions "a shingle-mill, capacity 40,000 shingles per day." The said mill will not cut as many as 2000 shingles a day. The saw-mill, the cattle, and a number of other things are private property, and nearly all the improvements made and work done during the last four months are on private property. The large tract of timber on which the colonists always depended, and on which 17 miles of wagon-road have been built through the roughest kind of mountains, is now set aside as a "forest reservation" by an Act of Congress; and the colonists have nothing to fall back on but a few side-hill claims, which are unsurveyed land and unfit for agriculture. Those claims are squatted by individuals, who declare that they will never turn them into the colony under existing conditions. The colony owns very little beside the road; and, as the timber is reserved, it will not receive much benefit from that.

The circular further speaks of "traitors on the inside and enemies on the outside," who want to ruin the colony. Amongst those so-called

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traitors and enemies are many earnest workers, who broke up their homes and travelled long distances to come here, and after having arrived found that the colony was not what had been represented, and was getting further off from the principle of social democracy every day. At first they tried hard in a peaceful manner, by resolutions, etc., to have the officers stop issuing misleading statements to the world, but present the true condition of the colony and carry into operation the democratic principle as laid down in the deed of settlement; but all resolutions to that effect were either ignored or misconstrued by the management. B. G. Haskell and J. J. Martin have entire control over the colony newspaper and the addresses of members, and use them as they please. No member has the opportunity of getting anything published in the paper or of corresponding with his or her partners without the consent of Messrs. Martin and Haskell, and anyone who expresses disapproval of their actions is denounced as a traitor, enemy, etc. Many families and thoughtful workers have left the colony already, several are getting ready to leave, and others would leave had they only the means to go. The main issue of the present dissension is: shall there be a pure democratic administration, such as was originally intended in the colony, or shall it be an autocracy? DETO TH. HENGST.

18.—BROOK FARM.

"The Brook Farm Institution for Education and Agriculture" was suggested and planned in Boston during the winter of 1840. The farm was occupied in the spring of 1841 by some twenty persons. Mr. George Ripley had charge of it. His sister Marianne had the domestic work, and possibly the school, to supervise and oversee. The deed for the farm was passed October, 1841. Messrs. George Ripley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles A. Dana, and William B. Allen bought the farm as trustees. The institution was then formally transferred by vote to Messrs. Ripley, Dana, and Allen. The capital stock was $12,000; shares $500 each; and the stockholders were George Ripley, Charles A. Dana, Minot Pratt, Marianne Ripley, William B. Allen, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Sophia W. Ripley, Maria T. Pratt, Sarah F. Stearns, Charles O. Whitmore.

The institution was not incorporated until March, 1845. It was then incorporated under the name of the "Brook Farm Phalanx," by an act of the legislature of Massachusetts, with Mr. George Ripley as president. The subject has never had a comprehensive treatment by any of its members or friends. There is in my hands a nearly finished manuscript

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which I trust will see the light at a not very distant day, and of which an able writer says: "If published, all who are interested in the minute circumstances of the undertaking will have their curiosity abundantly gratified." JOHN T. CODMAN.

19.—THE ADVANTAGES OF A BADGE.

The "good a badge will do," such as that of the three stalks of wheat tied with a blade-of-grass ribbon is threefold. 1. It is a perpetual object lesson on our principles to outsiders; the wheat typifying the bread, and the ribbon the springtime which nationalism shall bring to all humanity. 2. The attention which it thus attracts has more than once proved an entering wedge for a little talk on nationalism by the wearer. 3. As an open and perpetual but unobtrusive testimony to our principles it strengthens the bond between nationalists everywhere, enabling us to recognize a co-worker at a glance. If the NATIONALIST can allow me room I shall be pleased to treat the subject of "The Uses of a Badge" more in detail. IDA C. CRADDOCK.

20.—INDUSTRIAL COLONIES.

In answer to question 20 in the November NATIONALIST, and also in connection with the question, now being discussed through your columns, about the propriety of establishing a colony which should be in accord with the views of nationalists, I would say that today every Mormon settlement is virtually such a colony. Their entire system is one of co-operation and united effort. I should be glad to sketch an outline of the general plan and workings of the various Mormon colonies scattered throughout this county. There are many points in their system that would interest and perhaps surprise many people unacquainted with their ways.

Holbrook, Apache Co., Arizona. WILL C. BARNES.

21.—NATIONALISM AND CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

The *Dawn* publishes an admirable digest of "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy himself (price 5 cents), where nationalism is defined as the resolving of the nation into one vast business concern, in which each man and woman is an equal partner. Christian socialism seems to be falling into line with the national reform party, which is seeking (in its own words) "to put God into the Constitution," and "to make Christ the king of nations." In other words, Christian socialists believe in the centralization doctrine of nationalists, but only upon a distinctively religious and churchly basis. IDA C. CRADDOCK.

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THE BEGGAR'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

By Mary B. Hosmer.

What ails the night that it moans so loud,
Moans so loud and drearily?
Doth it moan for the homeless and famished ones
That roam the streets so wearily,
While close to the door I shivering creep?
Wail on, O night! there is cause to weep,
When half God's children are starving and cold,
With never a bed but the earth's brown mould.

"Peace on Earth, and Good Will to Men,"
This was the song the angels sang
Long years ago on Judea's plains.
Yet still the rich want all their gains,
Forgetting that peace can never be
Mid squalor and hunger and poverty.
How long would this doorway a cover be,
If they knew within that it sheltered me?

Oh! ye that prate of "Christian graces,"
And school your sanctimonious faces,
And look on the poor with cold disdain,
Giving your alms "to be seen of men,"
Do ye follow the gentle Nazarene?
In poverty's haunts are ye often seen?
No! you gather your skirts and pass us by,
And look with scorn on such as I.

In yonder princely hall I see
The bending boughs of a Christmas tree;
There all is bright and warm as the sun,
While I sit here on this cold door-stone,
And think myself lucky if those within
Hear not my wail through the wild night's din.
Peace on Earth and good will were sent;
Was *this* the peace the angels meant?

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Good will to men! Doth it come in rags?
Or Peace on Earth to the foot that drags
Its weary way through the filth and dirt
Which sticks not alone to poverty's skirts?
Yes, "Peace on Earth," it is coming now,
I feel its touch on my icy brow;
The only peace to poverty given,
The peace that opens the gates of Heaven.

They are opening wide! My soul, pass in,
Out from these rags so worn and thin,
Into the light and warmth of Heaven.
There shall the peace which I ask be given;
While this poor body, so worn with woe,
They shall find in the morn 'neath the Christmas snow

NO ONE OBJECTS.

By Simon Duret.

No one objects! Let all men have their fill
Of any pleasure,— think, speak, and do their will;
But not while others starve to foot the bill.

No one objects to power! Let men be,
If that 's a pleasure, kings on land and sea;
But not while others slave in misery!

No one objects to riches! Let men hold,
If that 's a pleasure, countless sums of gold;
But not while others die of want and cold.

No one objects to pomp! Let vain men throw,
If that 's a pleasure, gold away for show;
But not while some half-clad or naked go.

No one objects to pride — ancestral pride,
If that 's a pleasure. Let it strut and stride;
But not while common sense must stand aside.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

CURRENT TOPICS.

"In Darkest England and the Way Out."

The scheme of social regeneration, as outlined by General Booth, of the Salvation Army, in his remarkable book with the above title, deserves the consideration of the thoughtful in all parts of the world. The basic doctrine of the writer is, without doubt, the fundamental truth upon which must be established every movement towards the indicated goal. The relief of bodily needs must precede a redemption of the mental, moral, and spiritual nature. The great question is as to the method by which this relief is to be effected. Is it to be a gratuitous donation to the suffering individual, or shall he be directed to the means by which he can work out his own salvation? Shall the prostrate one be for ever carried in a strong man's arms, or shall he be aided to a recovery of his strength, and thus made able to walk alone? In a word, is it through the distribution of charity or the operation of justice that the end is to be reached?

There is no doubt whatever that the horrors which General Booth has found among those whom he is planning to assist have not been in any degree overdrawn, and it is not a pleasant task to criticise a scheme philanthropically designed for diminishing the wretchedness of the most miserable among the comfortless of our fellow-creatures. But what is proposed to be done? In the words of the author himself, the "scheme is three-fold, consisting of (1) the City Colony; (2) the Farm Colony; and (3) the Colony over the Sea." In the city colony are night-shelters, cheap lodging-houses and rescue-homes, whose charitable objects are, for present purposes, sufficiently suggested by their names. Then comes the farm colony to be settled by picked workers from the former establishment, who are to be supplied with implements of labor and, under paternal supervision and strict regulation, to perform their alloted tasks. The final stage is the establishment of the colony over the sea, to which, after the land has been prepared for their reception, those who are considered eligible are to be sent.

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It is a vast and important scheme, of whose magnitude but a small idea can be gained from so scant an outline. It is evident, however, that it does not reach to the root of the matter with which it professes to deal. For those who come within the bounds of its beneficent action it will undoubtedly be a blessing. But it does not touch the social economy which creates and fosters the conditions which have led to the conception of the plan. Indeed, it rather tends to postpone the day of deliverance. It is supported by the royal, the noble, and the rich; it is encouraged by the church and by the state. These realize that the garments of caste and privilege have become so torn and tattered that the rags can scarce conceal the form that they should cover. They see that nought but a patch of immense size, skillfully adjusted, can prevent the full discovery of the nakedness that they wish hidden. This patch the Salvation Army commander has provided, and shown how it may be woven into the garment. The skeleton will be covered up and preserved a little longer, and thus will mankind be injured, instead of benefited, by the well-intentioned plan of a man who does not understand the nature of the evil that he wishes to remove.

Public Control of Natural Monopolies.

In every part of the country much attention is being given to the subject of monopolies. Their control in the interest of *all* the people is rapidly becoming the leading issue of the day, and the few who possess special privileges are putting forth all their power of argument to convince the people that natural monopolies are better managed under private control than could possibly be done under public ownership. To those who have not studied this subject the specious arguments put forth by the monopolists have great weight, but a knowledge of the facts in the case will soon show the desirability of a radical change from present methods. That great changes are impending in our economic system is plainly evident to the most superficial observer, and it is well to consider where a beginning can be made to the best advantage.

It would seem that no better initial step could be recommended than to agitate for municipal ownership of local monopolies, such as street-railways, gas-works, and electric-light plants. Good and comparatively speedy results can be accomplished in this direction, and that would lead to public ownership of larger monopolies, which are equally oppressive and dangerous to the people of the entire country. The enlargement of the powers of municipalities has been found beneficial wherever tried,

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especially in European countries, where it has been carried to a much greater extent than in the United States. Yet we are not without examples here, showing the correctness of the position assumed. While such natural monopolies as gas and electric lighting and street-railways are, as a general thing, owned by private corporations, a very large percentage of the water-works is owned by the public. In the United States 41 7-10 per cent are under public control, and in Canada the proportion is 57 per cent. As having an important bearing upon this subject, a comparison of rates charged for water by public and private corporations will be found interesting, and by investigation we find that the advantage is largely in favor of public ownership.

The comparison given is based upon the average total family rate charged by 748 works in the United States; the average price at all the works is $26.88. At 318 public works the charge is $21.55, and by 430 private companies the rate is $30.82. This shows that the rates charged by private companies are 43 per cent higher than those of the public works. This excess of price is found to be the rate in every part of the country; the same is true in Canada; and in England it is even larger. These figures show that one of the many municipal problems is being satisfactorily solved. We do not hear of any change from public to private ownership, as would be the case if the service were not satisfactory; but we know that changes from private to public ownership are quite frequent, and that improved service at much lower rates is the invariable result.

Prof. R. T. Ely says: "I have made special investigation of water-supply in several towns, and I have yet to find one instance in which municipal self-help did not work better than the beneficent paternalism of private corporations. I have looked into the experience of a whole group of towns in New York state, and they all tell one story." The result in this service under public ownership proving so highly beneficial, it devolves upon the advocates of private monopoly to show that there is any special cause that would produce a different issue in the case of other natural monopolies. If they cannot do this, then their whole theory is without a solid foundation upon which to rest. The system of spoliation of the people by private corporations has been patiently endured for a long time. All that is needed to bring about a healthier condition in these monopolies of service is a thorough knowledge of facts, and, thanks to the reform papers that have sprung up on every hand, these facts can now be placed before the people.

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JUSTICE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF PUBLIC BURDENS.

The brilliant Frenchman, Jacques Necker, in writing upon the administration of the finances of France, some years before the revolution said: "The alteration that may happen in the circumstances of the rich are indifferent to the state, and it is sufficient to subject these variations to the rules of justice and to the empire of the laws; but the diminutions that the moderate incomes of the poor may experience are so nearly allied to the very sources of their existence that they interest everyone, and demand more especially the attention of the sovereign. The man who by his labor gets no more than what is necessary for the subsistence of himself and his family is continually exposed to troubles and anxieties; the least diminution of his earnings, or the smallest augmentation of his expenses, affects him in a very sensible manner, and every unfortunate incident that he cannot foresee must lessen those scanty savings that proceed from his labors, and which were intended to supply his wants in the hours of sickness or repose. A minister cannot impress these truths too deeply on his mind."

Had this celebrated finance-minister of Louis XVI succeeded in establishing the principles of justice in the distribution of the public burdens; had he lightened the load of the laborers, and transferred to the rich their proper share of the burden, France would, in all probability, have been spared the horrors of the revolution. The conditions existent a century ago, in another country, are unpleasantly similar to ours at the present time, and particularly so when we consider the disastrous consequences resulting from them in France. Under our form of government it is possible to right these grievous wrongs without appealing to the bullet. A duty, and one which devolves upon every inhabitant of the land, cannot be safely left undone.

ENTANGLING ALLIANCES.

Washington's wise counsel should never be lost sight of by nationalists. We should be particularly careful to "beware of entangling alliances." We have been fortunate in judiciously avoiding them thus far. As we grow in numbers and influence our aid will be sought; the weight of our name will be coveted for various minor reforms of differing degrees of importance. These may be all very well in themselves perhaps, or may be of doubtful merit. They are, for the most part, one-idea reforms, which their promoters deem all-important, but in which it is hardly possible to persuade the public at large to take an interest. If they

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are based on some real wrong to be righted, the development of nationalism will surely take care of the question. But if they are taken up specifically, the only result will be to create a needless prejudice against our movement and retard its progress. Nationalists should adhere firmly to the definite principles of nationalism, pure and simple, and not permit themselves to dissipate their energies in taking up minor issues. Every great moral movement has a tendency to attract a certain contingent of erratic people, who endeavor to obtain its support in behalf of some pet project of their own. Such persons must be dealt with firmly, though gently. No one who has an adequate conception of what nationalism signifies will be so inconsiderate as to handicap its progress by attempting to make it the vehicle for advancing his opinions on unrelated matters, however earnestly he may hold them. We must keep solely to the plain lines of nationalism, as laid down in the progressive nationalization of industry, together with the municipalization of community services; and also the preliminary work of perfecting the mechanism of government, the protection of the interests of the nation's workers, and the improvement of our system of public education by making it in reality the democratic institution it claims to be. Here, then, is a field broad enough to occupy all our energy, and there is no need of going outside of it.

Advance in England.

The theory of nationalism is making rapid strides in Great Britain. The corporation of London has already given notice of its intention to apply, during the present session of Parliament, for an act to create a London Water Commission as noticed in our last issue. By the intended bill power will be given not only to improve and regulate the water-supply by assuming possession, at a fair valuation, of the rights and properties of the existing companies, but also to secure an independent or alternative supply in case the companies prove unreasonable in their demands. But this is not nearly all. The National Liberal Federation has held its annual meeting. This is the organization which formulates, for the great Liberal party of the British islands, the subjects which are considered ripe for legislation. At a meeting of the council of the federation it was resolved: "That this council declares that the interests of good government urgently demand that the London County Council should without delay be put in possession of full municipal powers, including the control of its own gas and water supplies, markets, and police, and should by taxation of ground values, and by other financial

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reforms, be enabled to govern and improve the metropolis without undue pressure upon the occupying rate-payers; and that the new powers thus asked for should, when they are not already enjoyed, be conferred on all other municipalities." After the passage of this resolution, the council affirmed its former declarations in favor of vesting in town and county councils power to acquire and hold land for allotments and small holdings; the provision of dwellings for the working classes and other purposes; the development of local government by the establishment of district and parish councils; the taxation of mining royalties; and the mending or ending of the House of Lords.

The significance of this action lies in the fact that, from this time, the subjects of these resolutions form a part of the legislative programme of one of the two great parties which at present control the destinies of the nation. As such, it denotes an advance far beyond what we see in our own country. It discloses the power of public opinion, and a readiness to listen to it on the part of political leaders. It shows a disposition to recognize in the *vox populi* an authentic exposition of actual needs, uttered by those who know precisely where the shoe pinches; and a willingness to proceed upon the indicated lines of relief even beyond the point at which the body of the nation has stopped in its demands. In a more general way it emphasizes a much more important truth, namely, that the principles of nationalism are formulated upon the genuine basis of human needs; and that, come in any order that they may, they are nothing but the essential stages in the natural evolution of society until the brotherhood of humanity shall be generally recognized as the only foundation upon which can rest man's intercourse with man throughout the world.

THE TRUE NATIONALIST.

There is a demand for weekly papers in the various cities and states, and we are glad at being able to announce that New York has put into the field the *True* Nationalist, of which the editor is Mr. Stansbury Norse, a writer whose name will, no doubt, be recognized by many of the readers of this magazine. We were somewhat surprised on seeing the name with which our new contemporary had been endowed, and hardly knew whether to regard it as an infringement or as a reflection; but, seeing that the list of secretaries was taken bodily from the NATIONALIST, we considered that the reflection was not intended; that the editor of the TRUE *Nationalist* regarded our columns as containing some truth,

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even though we did not parade the fact in our title. Our friend Norse will therefore, no doubt, see that the style adopted is redundant, and that, by leaving out the superfluous word, he has taken our own name as the designation of his journal. With a change of title, we shall hope to receive the visits of our new friend for many years to come, and heartily wish it long life and prosperity.

NATIONALISM AND EVOLUTION.

Prof. A. E. Dolbeare replies, in the *New Ideal* for December, to our comments upon his article in the September number of that magazine, in which he, by inference, charged nationalists with ignorance of the principles of evolution. It would seem that any student of events ought to see that the tendency is in the direction of the organized form of social co-operation for which nationalism stands. But it is to be feared that Prof. Dolbeare is too closely engaged with the problems of physical science, of which he is so admirable an exponent, to pay such attention to sociology as would entitle him to speak with authority concerning the vital questions of the hour. His remarkable accusation that we evolve our ideals from our consciousness, rather than from adequate knowledge of the factors involved, is a statement directly the reverse of the truth. If Prof. Dolbeare would only be specific in his charges and show wherein lies our error in holding that whatever men can do better by organized effort for their mutual welfare and benefit than by separate action as individuals, that they should do, and ultimately will do, through the most convenient instrumentality, their governmental organization,— and this proposition forms the kernel of nationalism,— if he will only present us with a bill of particulars as to wherein this position comes in conflict with the teachings of evolution, we shall be glad to consider it.

Anent Mr. Bellamy's claim that his book is founded on the principles of evolution, Prof. Dolbeare says: "It is so far removed from what I understand by that term, and from any deduction that I can draw from twenty years' familiarity with the factors, physical and biological, that if he be right, or anywhere near right, then I have my first lessons to learn in physical science."

We have already shown that so eminent an evolutionist as Prof. Huxley has given strong scientific justification for the tendency represented by nationalism. The "twin father of natural selection," Alfred Russel Wallace, has also endorsed Mr. Bellamy's position as scientifically correct and in accordance with the principles of evolution. We fear that

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we shall have to regard the authority of these two gentlemen as superior to the opinion of even so distinguished a physicist as Prof. Dolbeare, his twenty years of evolutionary study to the contrary notwithstanding.

A Governmental Industry Superior to Private.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* gives remarkable testimony to the superior efficiency of an industry conducted by the national government to even old-established private industries of the same class. He says: "Uncle Sam always pays dearly for his work, and only in a few instances, like gun-making and the building of battle-ships, does the government get its work done well and cheaply." He might have elucidated this by saying that "Uncle Sam" pays dearly for what he orders from "private enterprise," and that the things instanced as done well and cheaply are so done because the government does them itself. And if so with those industries, why not others as well?

Less than four years ago the navy-yard at Washington was turned into an establishment for the manufacture of ordnance, and a distinguished British officer and ordnance-expert has lately expressed extreme admiration of the results there achieved. The account, as given by the correspondent, is, in its simple statement of fact, an eloquent argument for nationalism, and needs no further comment. The British expert says that "the guns for the new cruisers and battle-ships are absolutely the finest made,— that Krupp and Sir William Armstrong have been left far behind,— and, when it is remembered that all this has been done inside of four years, it may well cause every American to glow with pride. Four years ago there was not a gun in the United States that was practically worth more than the old smooth bores that were kept as revolutionary relics. There was no machinery to make them with, but under Secretary Whitney the money was got for the plant, and the army and navy ordnance men were set to work, practically inventing guns, because the principles were applied differently. Now all European countries depend more or less on the works at Essen and Elswick and other places, which private capital controls wholly or in part. But the United States makes its own guns, and the very best guns in the world, and depends on no private corporation for its fighting machines. First guns were made that could shoot nine miles. Then they were made to shoot thirteen miles. That's about far enough, we should think; but experiments are still going on. Along with them are experiments in

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armor plate to resist these terrible projectiles, and when the new nickel plates are made the advance in armor will equal the advance in guns."

A Few Words about Influence.

Almost unaccountable as it may appear, there are upon this earth living, breathing, sentient beings who imagine that they can pass through life without exercising any influence upon the thoughts and actions of their fellow-creatures. This is the result of a disease, against whose insidious approach a very close and careful guard should be maintained. It is far less dangerous for one to overestimate one's powers and influence than to underrate these faculties in one's possession. To say that we have no influence would be to acknowledge that we were useless, which could be true only because, by our false notions of the possibility of effect upon others, we have rendered ourselves worthless. Uselessness, however, must not be regarded as merely an absence of usefulness. Some influence we must have. A mere negation of utility has no place in the world's economy. When we are not useful we are hurtful. The rubbing together of two substances must cause a separation of particles. So with two minds, with this difference, that in this case instead of a loss we find a gain occasioned by the attrition. One mind cannot come into contact with another mind, for even one instant, without the rubbing process going on. An influence for good or for evil is exerted.

The courses through which our influence runs may be easily imagined, but they cannot with facility be described. The influence itself will vary in degree according to the quality of the mind and the circumstances under which it is exercised; but, whether small or great, of high degree or low, its effect will be felt as long as the universe endures. The stamp made upon one mind is, by that mind, transmitted to others that come into contact with it, and by these again are other minds impressed. We, therefore, hold within ourselves a responsibility for the welfare of untold generations of our fellow-beings. Men and women in the times to come, beginning at the present moment, will be good or bad, useful or injurious, virtuous or vicious, according to the seed which we now sow. The welfare of the generation which shall immediately follow our own will rest with the children who are now in our midst, and in our hands to train and mould. According to the development of mental and moral attributes in them will be the degree of their happiness or misery, and the good or bad received by them will be transmitted to the young of their time.

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Taking together the direct and the indirect influence which one exerts, it will be seen that, instead of any man or woman being without influence, the responsibility under which we live is so enormous as to be appalling to any but the strongest mind. He who attempts to deny that, for his every action, he is accountable; who strives to think that the indulgence of sensuous and demoralizing pleasures may be pursued without restraint; who endeavors to stifle the consciousness that the influence of his life will extend throughout the everlasting future, is recreant to the high and noble purposes of his existence. He has no fixed principle of action. He is like a seaman who sets sail without chart, compass, or rudder, and hopes that the currents of the ocean may waft him in safety to the port at which he wishes to arrive.

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead." Mark well your goal and go straight for it. Let nothing turn you from the right line. Reputed friends will sneer, cynics will snarl and snap, fools will laugh and jeer. Never mind them. Turn not to the right or the left. Not a hair's breadth from the line of duty must you swerve. Nor must you stop upon your course. Others are on the road; and, while you are waiting, they will push on and overtake you. You must not even hesitate. Behind and about you are numbers pushing close upon one another and upon you. Hesitate a moment, and you are removed from the line of your progress, and possibly, in the scramble and the rush which will be the consequence of your wavering, you may never be able to regain your place. You are lost and your influence has become pernicious. None in the future will bless your name for the benefits inherited from you.

You may possibly not be able to gain the point for which you strive. This, with all your efforts, may be beyond your reach. Never mind. The higher you aspire, the higher will you rise; and, though you do not reach the summit of your ambition, the good effect of your life will not be lessened, if you have done your best. It is, however, necessary that the straight line be followed. If you swerve from this line of duty, honesty, integrity, your influence will be pernicious. However limited your sphere of action, however humble the plane of your life, you must be heard, seen, and felt; you must exercise an influence, and the influence which you exercise can never be lost. Your responsibility is therefore great, and cannot be avoided. Let us all, then, endeavor so to live that mankind, both now and hereafter, may be better for the lives that we are leading.

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ATTITUDE OF THE PRESS.

"The mere conflict of private interests will never produce a well-ordered commonwealth of labor."— William Barry, in the *Dublin Review.*

THE ATTITUDE OF TRADE-UNIONS.— One of the most encouraging signs of the spread of nationalism is the position now being taken by trade-unions in this country and in England, that their mission is to hold the fort for the wage-earners until industrial peace is declared. We illustrate this by the following extracts from leading trade-journals.

"The science of social and economic forces and laws has taught us that the wage-workers can only maintain their position by protective organizations, equipped for aggressive and defensive struggle, and that they must not relax in this struggle until the present system of production shall have been replaced by the co-operative commonwealth."— *Baker's Journal.*

The *Labor Leader* also feels the breeze, as this comment on the Platform of Principles of the Alliance shows: "The Platform of Principles of the Alliance contains many ideas endorsed by progressive trade unionists, although there is room for a difference of opinion as to the expediency of pressing some of these demands in the immediate present. The first and second planks, *i. e.*, government and municipal control of natural monopolies, embody a central position around which, in all probability, will be waged the great political battles of the next generation, and the state of the contest is a question of interest to all citizens."

THE WORK OF MACHINERY UNDER THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM. "It is not because of a desire to shorten hours of labor or lighten the work of the toiler that machinery is purchased, but because so many men will not be needed, so much more can be gotten out of so much less workmen, and so much faster will the employer get rich."— *The Laster.*

"As the case now stands, the machine helps the rich and not the poor. This is wrong from every possible point of view. To inaugurate idleness is a wrong of such colossal proportions that it cannot be contemplated without a shudder. And in proportion as the machine displaces men, the wrong takes deeper root, and extends its cancerous fangs in all directions. The time has already arrived when all the people in the United States who desire work at remunerative wages cannot obtain it. Multiplied thousands cannot find employment at any wages."— *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.*

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"The question of questions is, How are workmen to live above the level of squalor and degradation when 'the inventive power of the era' takes the bread out of his mouth?" Answer: By the nationalization of industry. So that every labor-saving device shall be as welcome to the workman as it is now to the capitalist. For then it would mean to the workman not a loss of employment, but an earning of *his labor*, not a piling up of wealth in the hands of a few, but an increase in the comfort of all.

"Among all the contemptible evils of our present industrial system that of child-labor is the worst. Boys at fourteen or fifteen years of age are eagerly sought for by many of the shoe manufacturers (the editor should have said by all manufacturers, and girls as well as boys) for the following reasons: because they can learn to run or tend a machine in a very few minutes, consequently doing a man's work at about four dollars per week. Until we can change the present contemptible competitive system to that of a co-operative commonwealth, let us raise the school-age up to sixteen years, and make it a punishable offence to employ boys under that age."— *The Haverhill Commonwealth.*

The Creation and Appropriation of Wealth.— "The wharfage of New York City, which, with its reckless lack of prevision, we have allowed to become private property, is valuable solely because of the three million people who live on and about Manhattan Island. Every farmer in Illinois helps to enhance the value of the Illinois Central railroad; every shop-keeper in New York adds to the value of every warehouse. Thus it is clear that our wealth is, in its source and origin, a common wealth. The wealth of every millionaire comes from the resources of the land of which he has gotten control; or from natural forces, the chief gist of which falls into his meal bags; or from public franchises given by the state and created for the state; or from that general advantage which grows spontaneously out of the presence and power of a generally diffused civilization, and an increasing population. The least part of it is that which his own effort has created."— Lyman Abbott, in the *Forum.*

The Nationalization of Railroads.— "If a man's farm may be taken to promote the general welfare, so may a railroad. There are some things which private enterprise has no right to invade. The means by which the necessaries of life are exchanged and carried between different parts of the nation is one of these. The railways, the great lakes,

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and the rivers are the arteries of the country through which traffic and travel must pass. There are as many reasons why the Mississippi river should belong to a corporation of boat owners, as that the iron railways should be committed to the care of individuals. It is time for the people to awake and assert the rights upon which they have been sleeping. And they will arouse themselves. The tide is setting against monopolies, and woe to him who raises his hand against it."— *The Investigator*, Atlanta, Ga.

The direction which public opinion is taking is shown in the tone of a recent editorial in a leading Boston daily; particularly in its practically conceding the ultimate nationalization of railroads.

"The old pooling system has given place to a pool of capitalists, who, it is asserted, propose to run these great railroad systems for their mutual benefit. As this concentrated control has been made possible by the depreciation in value of the railroad shares, it necessarily follows that it implies that an immense number of small shareholders have been compelled to part with their holdings at a loss, in order that a few great capitalists may ultimately reap large profits. The possession and control of the transcontinental routes by the Gould, Huntington, and Rockefeller triumvirate give to them, also, immense power over such roads as the Rock Island, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, the Chicago and Northwestern, and others that are essentially Mississippi valley roads,— indeed, it may rest with the trio named to determine the entire policy to be followed west of Chicago, with not a little influence on roads east of that place. They must, of course, serve the public in order to serve themselves, and by concentrated direction the best ends may be obtained. Yet it is clear that an enormous power for public good or evil will be in the hands of a few private citizens, with no other responsibility than the need of protecting and increasing their wealth. It is to be hoped that they will act wisely, seeing that the only other alternative would seem to be the purchase and control of the railroads by the national government."— *Boston Herald.*

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NEWS OF THE MOVEMENT.

The First Nationalist Club of Boston is doing everything in its power to stir the people up to the importance of matters relating to co-operation in natural monopolies, and their influence is felt throughout the state. Some of the members are good workers, who lecture, write, and issue circulars wherever they think they will do good.

The public meetings, with able speakers engaged for each occasion, so popular last winter, were commenced in October. These meetings are given, as formerly, in the hall of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union on the third Thursday of each month, and the public is cordially invited. A series of social meetings has been inaugurated. Such gatherings will be very useful for creating a better acquaintanceship among the members. The business meetings of the First Club are held on the second Wednesday evening of each month. Since cool weather began, these meetings, for the practical discussion of ways and means, have been well attended.

The Second Nationalist Club of Boston has a large and growing membership of enthusiastic workers. This club meets in a pleasant hall every Monday evening, and once a fortnight a speaker is engaged. These speakers have never failed in drawing a large audience. On Monday evening, Nov. 24th, Mr. Henry R. Legate gave a telling address upon "Economic Facts," showing the wisdom of the public assumption of city, state, and national monopolies. There has been a renewed demand from all points in New England for nationalist speakers, and members of the First Nationalist Club have willingly given their services for this work.

The State League of Massachusetts has been successfully organized; and the executive committee, represented by members elected from all the clubs of the commonwealth, has taken hold in earnest for presenting reforming measures before the state legislature this winter. Especial efforts will be used for obtaining bills in favor of allowing towns and cities the right to assume the gas and electric light business. Strenuous demands for raising the age for compulsory education, and for industrial training schools, will also be made.

The First Boston Club has appointed Mr. Henry R. Legate a committee of one for circulating petitions in favor of different measures, and he is meeting with great success in his labors. Those interested in this

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work can obtain blank petitions by addressing Mr. Legate, at 77 Boylston Street, Boston.

Most of the other nationalist clubs of Massachusetts are in sound condition. The Lynn society is particularly active, and contains in its membership more than the average number of able workers of talent. The Fourth Club of Boston is small in numbers, but active in sincere effort.

The town of Haverhill is agitating the purchase of the water-works from a corporation that has held its charter probably longer than any other corporation in the country, as it dates from 1799. The income of this company since 1884 has doubled without any extra outlay. In the town of Naugatuck, Conn., the citizens are considering the expediency of purchasing the plant that is now furnishing the town with electric light. These are steps in the right direction. Co-operation in these things means economy. Those who have studied the matter know it, and it is for all nationalists to agitate these questions.

The First Club of Somerville, Mass., has rented very pleasant quarters in the Connor Building, which they keep open every afternoon and evening, and where they have plenty of nationalistic literature for those who desire to know about the movement. The Haverhill Club has held some very interesting meetings lately, at one of which Capt. E. S. Huntington, the indefatigable secretary of the First Club of Boston, delivered a lecture. Mr. Sylvester Baxter of the First Club of Boston delivered a lecture in Cambridge on the afternoon of Sunday, December 7th, and greatly interested a large audience. A subsequent discussion was the means of disclosing a greater amount of sympathetic interest in the subject than was expected.

The First Club of Brooklyn opened its second year under very auspicious circumstances on the 10th of November. The following officers were elected; Mr. Cosgrove, president; Mrs. Carter, first vice-president; Mr. Warner, second vice-president; Mr. Kihn, general secretary; Miss Watson, corresponding secretary. The club rooms contain a good library of economic works, a fine piano, and most of the current periodicals. The club meets on the second and fourth Mondays of each month. A series of lectures on "Remedies for Existing Evils" has already been given.

At the annual election of Nationalist Club No. 1, of Minneapolis, the following officers were elected: Dr. E. F. Clark, president (re-elected); Mrs. Kate Buffington Davis, first vice-president; John Gruenberg, second vice-president; A. S. Edwards, recording secretary; Charles

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Evans Holt, corresponding secretary; Mr. Finsterback, treasurer. The club ratified the constitution of the local trades assembly and the state federation of labor, electing delegates to those bodies.

The First Club of Ventura, Cal., has undertaken to supply every voter in the county with nationalistic tracts and papers for educational purposes. The accounts from New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Washington, Kansas, California, and most of the Western states are all of an encouraging nature, the clubs are evidently all settling down to the educational work for the prosecution of which they are established.

In the southern states also the movement is making satisfactory progress, and through the efforts of Dr. Christopher B. Sanders of St. Martinsville, several of the citizens of that city have become interested in the principles which we advocate, and the St. Martinsville Nationalist Club has been organized with the following officers: Max. E. Sanders, president; Jacques Wiltz, vice-president; Daniel Hebert, treasurer; and Chris. B. Sanders, A.M., M.D., secretary.

In Kansas a new club has been formed at Ellinwood, of which Carl Voigt is the president and E. H. Klüber the secretary. The cause appears to be advancing steadily, though somewhat slowly, in this part of Kansas, and now that a newspaper has been started, by which the new ideas may be much more widely promulgated throughout the state, we may look for more satisfactory progress.

At Chandlersville, Ohio, a club has been formed with S. R. Crumbaker, president; Carey Herbert, treasurer; Illion Moore, secretary; and Mary J. Herbert, librarian. This is a section of Ohio in which, while there is a general interest in social questions, the nationalist movement has been slow in obtaining attention. From the character of the people, however, and the unbiassed manner in which they receive and discuss all matters having for their end and aim an improvement of social conditions, we have reason to look for favorable growth, now that the plant has taken root.

The International Labor Congress Association was organized in Chicago, July 8, 1890. It has now issued a circular of invitation to all interested in the labor problem to join the association membership and assist in preparing the way for the Labor Congress. The following extracts from the constitution will explain the terms upon which associate-membership can be had in the association: —

"Any organization or individual in the world endorsing our declaration of principles may acquire membership in this body by application.

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"No financial obligations are incurred by membership, all the expenses necessary to carry out the work being met by voluntary contributions from members and friends."

Applications for information respecting the Association may be made to Corinne S. Brown, Woodlawn Park, Ill., P. O. Box 226.

The following is the text of the Act regulating child-labor in California, for which we were unable to find room in the last number.

SECTION 1. No minor under the age of eighteen shall be employed in laboring in any manufacturing, mechanical, or mercantile establishment, or other place of labor more than ten hours in one day, except when it is necessary to make repairs to prevent the interruption of the ordinary running of the machinery, or when a different apportionment of the hours of labor is made for the sole purpose of making a shorter day's work for one day of the week; and in no case shall the hours of labor exceed sixty hours in a week.

SECTION 2. No child under ten years of age shall be employed in any factory, workshop, or mercantile establishment; and every minor under sixteen years of age when so employed shall be recorded by name in a book kept for the purpose, and a certificate (duly verified by his or her parent or guardian, or, if the minor shall have no parents or guardian, then by such minor, stating age and place of birth of such minor) shall be kept on file by the employer, which book and which certificate shall be produced by him or by his agent at the requirement of the Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

SECTION 3. Every person or corporation employing minors under sixteen years of age in any manufacturing establishment shall post and keep posted in a conspicuous place in every room where such help is employed a printed notice stating the number of hours per day for each day of the week required of such person, and in every room where minors under sixteen years of age are employed a list of their names, with their ages.

SECTION 4. Any person or corporation that knowingly violates or omits to comply with any of the foregoing provisions of this Act, or who knowingly employs, or suffers, or permits any minor to be employed, in violation thereof, shall, on conviction, be punished by a fine of not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars for each and every offense.

SECTION 5. It shall be the duty of the Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics to enforce the provisions of this Act.

SECTION 6. This Act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Editor Nationalist.

The control of railroads by the general government is approaching with greater speed than is probably imagined by ordinary observers. The concentration of the power controlling them in a few hands will, as is being rapidly demonstrated, insure it all the sooner. The men who are exercising the greatest control have discovered that, for the purpose

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of controlling the elections of the officers and directors, it is not necessary to hold a majority of the stock, but that there is a force greater than that, which is financial control through an attack on the credit of the company, or through its floating debt.

Practically, the number of men who control the policy of the railroads of the United States is not over ten, and three of these really have the balance of power. Of course the people will not long submit to that. The question is, shall the railroads be acquired by the government after a great shock and tremendous loss and corresponding suffering, or shall they be acquired peacefully by evolution.

One by one the debts of the railroads could be assumed, and then the government would be the principal creditor, which would naturally bring about a system of control. It would be necessary to create a new cabinet-officer at the head of a department of commerce, or the Postmaster-general could be made the controlling officer of transportation. The powers and the duties of the inter-state commissioner could be extended and increased, and government officers could occupy prominent positions in every railroad. The powers of the stock-holders would gradually be curtailed, and after experience had shown what the equity above the bonded debt was worth, the government could issue its bonds at a fair rate of interest to the stock-holders, and thus acquire entire ownership. The economy of government control is beyond question. The simple consolidation of all the roads into one would result in wonderful economy, but it could not come about without the interposition of the government. Private interests are always a source of great obstruction. The concentration of the rolling stock and motive power into one interest would be of such economic benefit that it must be apparent to the most careless observer. The bonds issued by the government would be the most desirable form of investment; and, if made perpetual annuities, would have a quality that would exercise a great influence on the character of the people. It would be the savings-bank of the people and would have a tendency to knit them together, and give them a common interest.

The control of the railroads of the United States by the government is certain, and it remains to be seen if private interests will endeavor to delay and obstruct it, or if we are to have a peaceful revolution, which, when accomplished, all will accept gladly, as they did the abolition of slavery.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

Every-Day Biography. Containing a collection of brief biographies arranged for every day in the year, as a book of reference for the teacher, student, Chatauquan, and home circles. By AMELIA J. CALVER. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. 1889.

This is a useful collection of names arranged in chronological order according to the days upon which the subjects were born. Conciseness is carried to such an extent that an outline of the careers of a great number of persons is contained within a small compass. The chronological arrangement allows one to observe some peculiarities which are not brought prominently into view by the ordinary compilations. Some of these have been noticed by the compiler in a short miscellany towards the end of the volume. One, which gives rise to a considerable amount of speculative thought, is the similarity or identity of date in the birth of persons distinguished in a particular line of thought or action. Everybody will, of course, be glad to learn the birthday of Adam, which, in an extract from "Quizzism," is given as the 28th day of October, 4004 B. C. Reference to the names given is greatly aided by two indexes — the one alphabetical and the other analytical — which are furnished at the end of the book. The work of collecting and arranging the names as an easy reference for "Author's Days in school, and Memorial Days in the Chatauquan home circle," has been carefully performed, and may be recommended as "of profit to other schools and other home circles."

What is Communism? A narrative of the Relief Community. By ALCANDER LONGLEY. St. Louis: The Altruist Community. 1890.

As the object of this little book is to show how we might make use of the world "so as to greatly increase our riches and our happiness," we have no hesitation in calling attention to it. There is no doubt whatever that the conditions under which people live and associate have much to do in determining questions of individual happiness or misery, and attempts to determine the character of this association are entitled to sympathetic consideration. The author in this book has honestly and earnestly striven to give a reason for the faith that is in him, and although we cannot agree with the conclusions at which he arrives, we do not desire to deprive him of the opportunity of being read by those who are investigating the great social problem that is before us. It is only by *intelligent* co-operation that any movement can be effectively supported; and intelligence can only come by studying a question in its varying aspects. Although it seems to us that, instead of a few hundred enthusiasts shutting themselves up in a community, it would be better that they should remain outside among their fellow-men, and all together render organized help in bringing in the era of universal human brotherhood, through the unbounded nationalization of industries,

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still we have no word of discouragement to those who think otherwise. We desire that all sides of the question may be studied, and we hope that Mr. Longley may have a large number of readers.

Toil. By COUNT LEO TOLSTOI and TIMOTHY BONDAREFF. Translated from the Russian by B. TSEYTLINE and A. PAGES; and from the French, by JAMES A. ALVORD. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.

This book of the count and the peasant is not a novel. It is not even a story, but much more an appeal. It is an appeal to the rich and influential of Russia; a cry for help for the poor and down-trodden of that country and of all the world. That there is no thought of asking for charity is evident at once from the text that the peasant, Bondareff, has chosen for his theme. "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt knead thy bread" clearly means that only the result of effort, either of brain or of muscle, deserves reward. If nothing else received reward, then would equality of opportunity be established throughout the world, which would at once burst out into such glorious leaf and bloom of happiness and healthful living that paradise regained would be man's lot. So thinks our Bondareff, who is undoubtedly a thinker and philospher, for whom Tolstoi has an unbounded admiration. The book is strongly yet plainly written, and sublime in its pathos; teaching the great lesson that we should do unto others as we would that others should do unto us, and that we should refrain from doing to others what we would not have done to us. It is true that Bondareff repeats himself, sometimes to such an extent as to become almost wearisome, but when consideration is had to the fact that he is a peasant of sixty-five years of age, who acquired the art of reading and writing late in life, in order that he might help to bring about the realization of his cherished dream, and that what he here presents to us is written by the light of a candle after a hard day's work in the fields, sustained only by the hope of helping his fellow-sufferers, we cannot but pause in admiration of a courage so resolute, and a patience so enduring. His theories are grand and, although not new to our readers generally, will be found interesting in the new garb in which they are presented. It is a book well worth reading, and suggestive of fresh thought from the beginning to the end, where one will probably come, without hesitation to our author's conclusion, that the impulse of evolution asserts its presence, and in that is the sole hope of deliverance. It is mighty enough to accomplish all we can hope for, it will steadily push the race on and on, and up and up, until it reaches little by little all that its prophets, poets, and reformers have ever hoped for.

Mechanical Drawing. Prepared for the use of the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass. By LINUS FAUNCE. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Institute of Technology. 1890.

The aids to learning, in the shape of books, which have to be waded through by the pupils in our schools and the students in our colleges, are numerous enough, but of very few can it be said that they are useful. The

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one before us comes decidedly within the latter category, and for that reason we are glad to know that it is in use in many institutions of learning beside that for whose service it was primarily intended. The first good thing about it is that it begins at the beginning; and the second, that it continues, in easy gradations, to elucidate its subject in a way which can be understood. Another is that, while useless detail is omitted, everything, however apparently trivial, which is necessary to a thorough comprehension of the matter in hand, is treated in such a way as to show that the author is one who thoroughly enters into the nature of the student's difficulties, and knows how to help him over them. To one who wishes to master the principles of mechanical drawing, we have no hesitation in recommending this book as one of the best and simplest that we have seen.

Brain and Mind. Or, Mental Science considered in accordance with the principles of Phrenology and in relation to Modern Physiology. By HENRY S. DRAYTON, A.M., M.D., and JAMES MCNEILL, A.M. Illustrated. Sixth edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

The authors of this book say very truly, in their preface, that "the value of a science consists mainly in its subservience to general application in the common affairs of life." No branch of knowledge, however important, can be of service to the world so long as its principles are formulated in language that cannot be understood by the ordinary mind. We are not afraid of estimating too highly the value of a correct system of mental philosophy, a subject which has engaged the attention of the greatest thinkers of our earth, most likely since the day that the thinking power was first evolved upon the planet. Phrenology finds the subject in about the same condition as when it first troubled the brain of man, and here steps into the breach, with the hope and, indeed, the expectation that it will be able to solve the riddle. Locating, in the brain, the various mental faculties, it professes to show one, as upon a chart, the spheres of activity in which one can achieve the best success. It defines the organs of the mind and explains its dependence upon physical organization. The subject is exhaustively and carefully treated, and if the lesson be learned that, because one fails in a certain walk of life, one is not therefore doomed to uselessness but may achieve success in another sphere, our authors will not have labored in vain.

The Irish Land and Labour Question, illustrated in the History of Ralahine and Co-operative Farming. By E. T. CRAIG, secretary and trustee of the association. London: Trübner & Co. Manchester; A. Heywood & Son.

This book has been well described by the *Spectator* as "a romance of facts and figures," and for those who are interested in the settlement of the land question we know of no more interesting romance of the kind. We are not quite sure that we can endorse the opinion of the *Literary World*, that, if the great landlords of Ireland will adopt the system, the great reproach of that nation will be taken away, and that in half a century everything will have become changed. We are tolerably well assured, however, that the troubles

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of that land, like those of every other land, have causes which appear to be entirely overlooked in all the accepted attempts to remove them. English rule, instead of a blessing, has been a curse to the island, and every manifestation of feeling which that rule has engendered has been met with cruel repression and barbarous infliction. The evils themselves are beyond the ability of political treatment to cure, and it was the realization of this that led Mr. Craig to co-operate with the owner of the Ralahine estate in trying the experiment which is here described. Its effect was decidedly good so far as the particular locality is concerned, and every intelligent person will be able, by reading the book, to judge whether it contains within it the germs of a remedy for all the evils which the inhabitants of the land are suffering.

Master-pieces. With notes and illustrations. Edited by H. S. DRAYTON. New York: Fowler & Wells Company. 1889.

This contains five separate publications bound into one handy and useful volume. We have first Pope's "Essay on Man," then the people's edition of Æsop's Fables, after which come, in the order indicated, Milton's Cosmos"; "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," by Samuel T. Coleridge, with new illustrations by Chapman; and three gems from Goldsmith, viz., "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," and "The Hermit." Each selection is prefaced with a biographical sketch of the author, liberally illustrated, and well printed, so that this book as a whole will be found an acquisition to one who desires an acquaintance with these master-pieces of English literature. Æsop can perhaps be scarcely regarded as an English writer, but his fables have obtained so wide a reputation in their English garb that we class all these selections together as examples of English literature. Our mention of "The Deserted Village" reminds us of a few lines of Goldsmith, which seem almost prophetic of present social conditions, and will bear quoting here.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldly wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose.

* * * * *

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

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News from Nowhere; or, an Epoch of Rest. Being some chapters from a Utopian Romance. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1890.

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THE NATIONALIST.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1891. No. 7.

THE CREDIT FONCIER OF SINALOA.

BY W. SHERMAN FELT.

Nationalism is making giant strides. We are beginning to see that that glittering deception, the Past, which we have so long cherished as the mirror of the future, is becoming a deception, and is presenting distorted images in its worthless face. A new era is just beyond the clouds. We are finding it out, and preparing for the mighty commotion which shall roll the clouds away.

The field of literature is constantly producing something on the great subject; imaginations seem to have broken loose and joined in a wild mêlée to see which can produce the strongest, most vivid, and most startling picture of the future. Yet how many readers are aware that, for nearly four years past, a noble band of men and women have been struggling to carry into practice principles almost identical with those of which these writings treat. Comparatively few know of the existence of the Credit Foncier Company, and fewer still of the practical work that has been and is being done at its colony in Mexico.

This colony is located on Topolobampo bay (a part of the gulf of California), and in the valley of the Fuerte River, in the western part of the state of Sinaloa, Mexico. Mr. Albert K. Owen, the founder of the colony and the president of the company, discovered the bay about sixteen years ago. Seeing magnificent possibilities for it as a harbor, perceiving the resources of the Fuerte River valley, and recognizing the rich

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mineral deposits of the mountains which are about one hundred miles back from the coast, he organized a railroad company to develop the country. This company failing, he published in 1883 his first plan of integral co-operation and began taking active steps toward founding a colony. Valuable concessions were granted to Mr. Owen by the Mexican government, and in 1886 the Credit Foncier Company was chartered under the laws of the state of Colorado. The company then had a membership roll of five thousand, and a subscribed capital of half a million dollars. In October of the same year Mr. Owen went to Sinaloa to start the railroad survey and to arrange the necessary preliminaries for bringing out the first colonists. While he was engaged in this work, and cut off from communication with the outside world, some members of the board of directors, without his knowledge and against his wishes, precipitated five hundred people upon him. These people landed at Topolobampo November 17, 1886. They were without provisions, many also without money, and even those who had private means were little better off than the others, for provisions were very scarce. The best was done that could be done under the circumstances, but of course there were great hardships and much suffering.

The land at the bay is rocky and unfit for cultivation, and the only food of the colonists was musty corn meal and such fish as they could catch. The coming of these people at that time was a mistake and a serious injury to the colony, for many of them were naturally disappointed and discontented. Some of them were undoubtedly the hired agents of capitalists who desired to see the colony fail, so that they might secure the valuable concessions which Mr. Owen had received from the Mexican government, and most of them, on returning to the United States, spread abroad concerning the colony evil reports, of which but a very few had any foundation in fact.

In December, 1886, camps were established at Vegaton, Sufragio, and Cahuinahui, adjacent places in the Fuerte valley; a part of the colonists remaining at the bay. At these camps

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the colonists did some gardening and opened a machine shop. This land had been purchased without Mr. Owen's authority, and, owing to some flaw in the title, had to be given up after the colonists had resided there about eighteen months. In the autumn of 1887 the company purchased a farm at La Logia, about thirty miles down the river from Vegaton and about the same distance from Topolobampo bay. There were about one hundred and fifty people left at this time, and all but a few who remained at the bay moved to La Logia, which has been the home of the colony ever since.

This farm of La Logia contains four hundred acres, half bottom land and half upland. Extensive improvements have been made. The greater part of the land has been cleared of its heavy growth of mesquite cactus and other trees and shrubs, and thirteen acres have been planted with orange trees, which are now three years old, and in a thriving condition. Besides these there is a large number of fig trees and grape vines, and in the nursery are many thousand more trees and vines of various kinds to be set out the coming year. There is a magnificent garden in which all varieties of vegetables grow wonderfully well. The colony is now practically self-supporting, *i. e.*, while as yet there are no luxuries to be obtained, there is no further danger of suffering from lack of sufficient food.

For three years past colonists have occasionally gone back to the United States; but others coming in have taken their places, and the number has remained about the same. Each colonist is expected to work, theoretically at what he or she is best fitted for and finds most agreeable; practically this theory cannot be carried out while there is still pioneer work to do, but that it will be followed when success is achieved is sure.

The working day is eight hours, for which the worker receives three dollars in credits, against which he or she draws what the company has to furnish,— not much at the present time, but more each year.

Here it would, perhaps, be well to mention the paper which has been identified with the colony as its official organ,— *The*

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Credit Foncier of Sinaloa. It has for its motto the basic principle of Integral co-operation, viz.: "Collective Ownership and Management for Public Utilities and Conveniences,—the Community Responsible for the Health, Usefulness, Individuality, and Security of Each." The first issue appeared in 1886, and from that time until the summer of 1888 it was published as a weekly at Hammonton, New Jersey. In the summer of 1888 it was discontinued for three months during the removal to Mexico, and the publication was again resumed at Topolobampo, September 15, 1888, since which time it has been regularly published as a semi-monthly. It has been ably managed and edited throughout by Mrs. Marie Howland, one of the directors of the colony, and the author of "Papa's Own Girl," a book which every socialist and nationalist should read.

In the summer of 1889 an auxiliary to the Credit Foncier Company was organized in Kansas, and is known as the Kansas-Sinaloa investment Company. Its object is to buy lands in Sinaloa for the use of its members. Its principles are the same as those of the Credit Foncier Company, and ultimately they will be merged into one association. The Kansas company has purchased one piece of land, known as the Mochis tract, containing eighty thousand acres. Partial payment has been made on this tract, and enough of the capital stock of the company has been paid up to pay for it in full. The contract for this land is so made that, in case of failure to make full payments, those already made are not lost but the company receives title to such percentage of the land as is paid for. Negotiations for other lands are being made, and the company will continue to buy until sufficient for its purposes has been acquired.

The original concessions granted to the colony were allowed to lapse through non-compliance with the conditions. Mr. Owen spent several months of the past year in the city of Mexico, and new concessions, more valuable than the old ones, have been granted, and all the papers signed. These concessions are divided into two classes, and are spoken of as the Railroad Concessions and the Colony Concessions.

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The railroad concessions are briefly as follows: the road is to be built from Topolobampo bay to Presidio De Rio Grande on the Rio Bravo Del Norte, or some equally available point, and a strip of land seventy metres in width is granted along the entire length of the road. The company has the right to use any materials necessary for construction that can be found on the national lands and rivers. All mineral or metallic deposits on the line are to become the property of the company. The road is subsidized for eight thousand dollars per kilometre ($12,900 per mile), and the subsidy is to be paid for each one hundred kilometres as completed. Construction must be begun within one year, and at least four hundred kilometres must be built each two years. The entire road must be completed within six years. Every thing needed for construction and equipment is to be admitted duty free for fifteen years, and the property of the company is to be exempt from taxes for twenty years.

The chief points of the colony concession are that it shall survey a belt sixty kilometres (37.2 miles) in width on each side of the line of railroad in the states of Sinaloa and Sonora, and a belt of half that width through the states of Chihuahua and Coahuiala. This belt is to be divided into three equal zones, one to be granted to the colony in payment for the work of surveying, one to be sold to the colony at government prices, and the third to remain with the government. There are also grants of land near Topolobampo bay and in the islands in the bay. The conditions imposed are that on the lands adjacent to the bay five hundred families shall be settled within two years, and fifteen hundred more families within the ensuing five years. And within two years after the receipt of title to other lands at least one family must be settled for every one thousand hectares (2470 acres) of land. The use of the waters of the Fuerte and Sinaloa rivers for irrigation, manufacturing, and other purposes is granted, as well as, for ten years, the free importation of machinery for agriculture and manufacturing industries, and all household effects; exemption from taxes; and the free exportation of all products.

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The climate of Sinaloa is delightful. In winter it is never cold enough to freeze water. In summer the thermometer ranges high, but, as there is nearly always a breeze, it is easy to keep cool in the house, and the inconvenience of working out of doors is not great. The suffering from heat is as nothing when compared with that endured every year by the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley.

Topolobampo harbor is the only one between San Diego, California, and Acapulco, and is pronounced by engineers to be the finest on the western coast of America, not even excepting that of San Francisco. It is completely land-locked; it is deep enough for the largest vessels to anchor; it is large enough to hold the navies of the world; it is two days' travel to Japan and Australia nearer than San Francisco; it is seven hundred and ninety-two miles nearer to New York City, in a direct line, than San Francisco; and it will ultimately be the most important harbor on the Pacific coast. Back of it are the fertile valleys of the Fuerte and Sinaloa rivers, capable of supporting in comfort five millions of people. Adjacent are magnificent mountain ranges, rich in timber and mineral.

Such is the site of a future co-operative empire, the Mecca of the progress-loving pilgrim. Thousands are ready to come when the colony is ready for them. Success is certain. Already the reward is in sight of the noble band of heroic men and women who, for nearly four long years, have endured disappointments and sufferings, hardships and fears, and whose names will pass into history as a part of the van-guard of the noble army which has won the great fight for progress and reform, for liberty and happiness, for life and hope; for the time when man can look at man as a brother and a friend, and when crime and punishment shall be no more; for the perfect equality and financial independence of woman; for the time when poverty shall have vanished and want shall be unknown, and when sin and ignorance and degradation shall be but bywords of the past; for the time of happy homes and a contented people, when life shall be free from terrors and the future void of fear.

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THE BIRTH OF FREEDOM.

By H. B. Salisbury.

CHAPTER X.

THE RED-CROSS HOSPITAL.

As Cecil Lord told his story the officers listened with incredulous smiles and contemptuous interruptions. He told them of the desperate men behind the barricade and warned them against attempting to carry it.

At this point, the Colonel, a dark, savage-looking man, broke in fiercely: "This is a ruse to gain time. Away with him to the fort. We will listen to his tale when we have more leisure."—"Attention. — Fix bayonets. — Forward! Double quick.— March."

Lord was seized and hustled on board the ferry-boat. The quick tread of the troops behind him grew fainter, telling him that, although he might not see it, the awful carnage would soon begin. A few shells from the cannon on the boats, mingling with the rattle of the gatlings, told him of the bombardment of the barricade. He knew they could make no impression upon the twisted rails and iron work of the wrecked railroad.

He was bound hand and foot, and laid upon the floor of the ladies' cabin. Over him stood a soldier on guard, while at the door another soldier was posted. His guard wore the uniform of the regular army, and his face was bronzed by sun and wind, showing him a trained soldier. Lord surmised that he was of some regiment stationed at Fort Columbus, but his accent, as he spoke to one of his comrades, revealed a western origin. Smooth-shaven and grim, he stood gazing eagerly out of the window toward the barricade; not deigning to glance at his captive except from one corner of his eye, to make sure he was still there. A restless, inward chafing betrayed his disappoint-

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ment at not being able to charge with his fellows. All these years he had been training for the combat, it was his trade, and now this worthless prisoner, dust-covered, begrimed, and bloody, was the cause of his absence from the front.

Suddenly the bombardment from the boats ceased. Lord knew that the troops must have nearly reached the barricade; that they were now between the guns and Conrad's force. It was a moment of suspense. Oh, how he wished to rise and look from that window!

His guard seemed to forget his captive; beckoning the other soldier to the window he cried: "See; the devils have mounted the barricade! They mean to show fight. *By heavens, look!*

The roar of those awful concussions which Lord had learned to recognize so well came rolling nearer. The sharp crack of a hundred muskets, followed by the "boom" of exploding dynamite, told how fiercely the battle waged.

Some of the guns on the boats again opened fire. The noise of battle drew nearer. "They are on the retreat,—they are half of them down," exclaimed the excited guard.

The wounded came trooping on board until the boat was filled. Slowly it moved out of the slip, that another might take its place. The remnant of brave men left upon the dock were caring for the fallen. The fighting seemed transferred to other boats farther along the sea-wall. It seemed to grow less and less.

Lord surmised that the troops must have been driven back, and that Conrad had withdrawn behind the barricade to avoid the fire of the gatlings. Then the boats began to move. They were going back for reinforcements perhaps. Suddenly there was a hoarse whistle from the ferry-boat, answered by another from a steam-tug,—a slight collision as the tug made fast to the boat; the crack of a revolver from almost the only uninjured man on the deck; then Conrad with five of his men rushed through the cabin. Lord's soldier-guard raised his musket. "Hold!" cried Conrad. "You have a prisoner here, taken by treachery. Give him up, and you are safe. Refuse,

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and you go to the bottom with all on board. Choose, his life, or a hundred,— which?"

For answer, the crack of the guard's musket rang out. Conrad fell to his knees, then springing up before a second charge could be fired, he sent the guard sprawling across the row of wounded men. Seizing Lord under one mighty arm, and brandishing the musket of the fallen guard with the other, they were out of the cabin and on the tug. Lord saw the blood trickle from the face of Conrad. "Are you hurt?" he asked. "Only a scratch, but he made his mark," said Conrad, with a savage smile. Lord became unconscious from loss of blood. He had been cut by flying splinters; but in the excitement he had not felt his weakness until now.

At times he would seem to hear voices, in that far-away uncertain manner in which voices come to the deathly sick. He was sure he heard some one say: "That was a foolish venture for one life among so many. He would have fared better with them than we shall."

"They would have hung him as soon as he told his story. I could see that by the way he was seized," replied Conrad's voice. "They respect no truce; it is evident they will show no mercy."

"Yes," replied the other voice, "they will hang us all if we fail now." "Our only hope," replied Conrad, "is to restore order, and hold the city until they will treat with us on fair terms."

Then Lord heard some directions given about himself. He was to be taken to some hospital. Soon after, all again became a blank to him.

When Lord next opened his eyes, his wandering senses failed to realize all that had happened. He lay upon a cot, one of hundreds that stretched along in rows on both sides of him.

Overhead, more than a hundred feet above his head, stretched a vaulted, carved, granite and marble ceiling. On the right and left the same vast arch; all in the form of a cross; the whole supported by massive corrugated pillars of white marble.

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Away in the distance was an organ loft. Shining, blended colors rested his weary eyes; they seemed so heavy. He closed them but for a moment, and was lost in slumber again. Faint visions of the Owl Club floated through his mind, and he awoke again to find the kindly face of a physician bending over him. "He 'll do now, I think," said the doctor, speaking to some one on the other side of the cot. "It was more the nervous shock than loss of blood. He will be weak for some time, but there is no danger if he is quiet."

Lord felt the impulse to turn and see the listener, but that languor of sickness that makes an effort so hard, if one is only partially comfortable, kept him unmoved.

The voice that answered thrilled him strangely. It seemed a link carrying him back to the peaceful past, before that storm of fire and destruction came so suddenly upon him. "Have you any directions to leave, Doctor?" "They are written here," he said, tearing a leaf from a pad. "I will see him again in a few hours," and handing over the slip, he passed on to another cot.

Lord would have turned now; he made a slight motion to do so, when the invisible speaker came around in front. He would have spoken, but Miss Worden, for it was she, placed her finger upon her lips as a signal of silence. "You must not talk or ask questions," she said, "until you are given permission. I will tell you where you are and what is happening." Lord gazed at the uniform dress which Miss Worden, in common with many other attendants, had adopted. It bore the badge of the "Red Cross," and Lord remembered the society by that name, whose members were ever to be found where war, or pestilence, or flood, wrought havoc or misery for them to relieve.

"You are in St. Patrick's Cathedral," she said. "They bring those here who have a chance of recovery. The worst cases are in other churches on the avenue. The hospitals near the river are all abandoned, as they are too much exposed."

Lord struggled to speak; she checked him again. "No, I

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will tell you as fast as you ought to listen. The city is quieting down. The fires have been mostly extinguished; some one has control. They expect heavy fighting in a day or two, for many troops can be seen from the tower. In Brooklyn and across the Hudson are great camps, while away down the harbor are warships and gunboats. Cannon are being placed in position all around the city. It can't last long, but it will be terrible."

Miss Worden nearly broke down as she thought of the coming terror; then, recovering herself with an effort, she said: "We are all safe here. The red-cross flag flies above our hospital. I must go to others now"; and giving him some potion that the doctor had left, she flitted away to other patients; not without throwing back at him a look which he would have given much to be able to interpret. It had much of that saucy look with which she used to turn his earnest arguments at the Owl Club, but below the laughing eyes he saw a new expression, —was it sorrow for all the suffering around her? Was it in any way related to his particular case? How could she smile in such an atmosphere of groans as he heard all about him? Finally with the sage remark — thought rather than uttered —"Cecil Lord, you are making a fool of yourself," he again dozed off in slumber.

When he again awoke he found himself much stronger. As the doctor stopped and read the record of his case, number 408, he asked if he might have his head raised higher. Two attendants fixed him comfortably. The doctor told him, Lord thought rather brusquely, that he must soon get out of the way to give some other man a chance. "We expect another batch any day," he added. Lord was only hurt upon the shoulder and arm, with a cut upon the head, and he began to feel contempt for himself for being so weak when men around him, whose wounds and bruises were so much worse, seemed much stronger. They brought him food, then he lay for some time looking about him.

Dozens of nurses with red-cross badges were flitting about the aisles. He watched them come and go. He seemed a little

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disappointed that he recognized none of them, but then he knew so few people. He did not allow himself to think that he expected to see any particular face; any familiar one would be welcome. Then he was vexed with himself for feeling disappointed, and began to study the windows.

The setting sun sent slanting rays across the city, lighting up the great south transept window, where was the legend of Saint Patrick in eighteen separate views; blending the rich colors in that artistic beauty so admired in the French cathedral of Chartres, under whose shadow this window had been designed.

"How beautiful as a legend, a work of art; how debasing as a superstition," thought Lord, and he turned to view the opposite transept. The great carved altars were veiled from view by curtains.

The heavy ash pews were just wide enough to admit hospital cots, which rested partly upon the seat. Each alternate pew contained a cot. As they were below the surface of the pew railing, only those whose heads were raised as Lord's was could see each other. Here and there a bandaged head or a pale face showed above the railings. Across the aisle, as he turned himself slowly toward the north transept, he saw a face that struck him as familiar. Diagonally around the head, covering one eye and ear, was a bandage. The nervous twitch of the mouth, the thin cadaverous countenance, and the unmistakable desire, showing itself by restless movement and appealing look, to call somebody's attention, revealed none other than the slim man of the club.

Lord had never spoken with him; even now he was glad that he was not within reach of the ready elbow, but sense of fellowship in misery led him to watch with interest an attendant who, attracted by the man's motions, came to his side and explained to him the story of the window that had attracted his attention. It was that of Paul saying to the Athenians: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things you are too superstitious."

Lord lay near the pulpit. From this point of view he could

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see the nave and both transepts, with the greater number of the seventy stained windows. His artist soul admired, while his mind rebelled against much that he saw tended to deceive the mind while gratifying the sense. He lay musing, gazing at the windows, until suddenly he became aware that Miss Worden stood watching him. Attendants were lighting the candles; for, since the fury of destruction had not spared the gas, these were the only substitute.

"I am no longer bound to silence," said Lord, smiling at her grave face, "but you seem to be. Why did you not speak and break my reverie?"

"Oh, I would not disturb your devotions. I saw you were gazing at the Madonna," she replied, a roguish look lighting up her face.

"Were I able to kneel, I would now make my devotions before a living saint," said Lord gallantly, inwardly astonished at his own boldness.

Miss Worden looked at him with a puzzling smile. "Your convalescence is very rapid, Mr. Lord," she said.

Then they both laughed, and she leaned against a great marble pillar while she told him of the events since he was hurt, and he related his experience up to that time.

The smiles faded from their lips as they recalled the scenes of horror. Miss Worden's lips quivered and her bosom heaved with suppressed emotion as she listened to Lord's account.

"What a mixture of hero and demon that Conrad is," she said. "I cannot understand it all, but I see there has been some awful mistake somewhere. If Conrad and his men did not begin the revolution, why don't they let in the troops at once and save further bloodshed? I think they must be altogether to blame, or they would do so and end the fighting."

"But," said Lord, "Conrad and his men want to be assured of a fair trial and a chance to prove their innocence. That would be very hard to do as things look. Unless they are granted amnesty, they will prefer to die fighting rather than surrender."

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"Oh, they will sacrifice so many lives beside their own," cried Miss Worden, wringing her hands, "and it is all so horrible. Perhaps," she said, her face brightening, "this Conrad may be killed, then they would stop fighting. They surely cannot hope to hold the city?" she said doubtfully.

"Conrad saved my life by risking his own, Miss Worden," said Lord reproachfully. "I would most surely have been hung by the troops." Miss Worden trembled. "Has he never been to the hospital?" he asked.

"I have never seen him, nor could I bear to see him; yet, for your sake, I hope he may escape," she replied. "He has sent a messenger every day to enquire about you," she faltered.

For his own part Lord welcomed the wounds which gave him such an attendant; but, knowing better than she, that his danger might come after the troops had won the city, he said no more of his hopes and fears.

At this moment a messenger was admitted bringing a sealed note for Cecil Lord. On delivering it, he turned without a word and disappeared.

Excusing himself, Lord opened the note. His hands trembled as he read, but not from fear.

"Miss Worden, I can trust you to read that," he said, with unsteady voice as he handed her the note. It read:

"Cecil Lord, Dear Sir,— Do not mention ever having met me. Keep within the hospital on any pretext for the next few days. The end is soon, and awful vengeance will be taken upon our poor fellows. We have driven back every attack, but the water has been cut off and the supply of provisions will last but another day. Should you be spared until a calmer time, let our story be told. Till then silence. Destroy this and write no answer. Conrad."

A heart-breaking sob burst from Miss Worden. "Oh, it must be true," she cried. "And he so noble. And you are still in danger." She gave him a startled look.

"Hush!" he said. "Give me a match."

She handed him one of the burning candles near and watched with glistening eyes as he lighted one corner of the note, held

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it until it burned to his fingers, then dropped it in the aisle beside the cot. They watched it in silence to the very last spark. Then, catching a sob, Miss Worden said: "Forgive me for doubting Conrad. I must go to other patients now. Good night. See," she said, turning suddenly, her beautiful face again brightened with hope, and pointing her finger to the window called, 'The Sacrifice of Noe.'"

The wonderful effect seen in that window, only when lighted from the inside and at a certain angle, now flashed upon them. The rainbow seemed to stand out from the window, clear and beautiful. Miss Worden looked upon this as an omen of hope, but Lord, who believed not in omens, only shook his head sadly.

For the next two days little change took place in the situation outside. Several attacks had been made, but all repulsed. The policy of the troops was to worry the undisciplined forces inside the city, while famine made them more hopeless and desperate. Commanders did not care to expose their troops to the terrible dynamite if they might win by waiting; besides, word had been sent out that a thousand leading bankers, brokers, and landlords were confined in one of the armories as hostages. At the first onslaught they would be all blown up, unless general amnesty was guaranteed. Both sides recognized that the end was at hand. It was only a question of terms. The troops demanded unconditional surrender.

Starvation began to show its effect. The mobs became more lawless. Many wealthy people, who had been confined within their own homes, were now seized by mobs and carried into river tenements where occasional shells from the batteries were dropped in just to keep the range. Lack of restraint grew more apparent. Lord, as soon as able to move about, took the position of lookout from the tower. On the third night he called Miss Worden up to see the final act. The end was at hand.

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CHAPTER XI.

A HAIR FROM THE DOG THAT BIT HIM.

As night drew on all restraint seemed cast away. The mob surged up and down the avenue, sacking residences and destroying what they could not carry away. They would have destroyed the churches but for their being hospitals. Leaderless and mad as they were, they were careful not to injure *them*. Thousands of men and women, the most wretched in the city, realizing that the revolution was doomed, determined to perish with it rather than return to the condition of their former life, and their last orgies had begun.

Satisfied that the hospital was safe, after caring for all who needed care, a few who were also convalescent joined the look-out in the tower.

No one thought of sleep for that night. Tenement after tenement was fired along the rivers without releasing the unfortunate prisoners who had been held there. The wall of flame came sweeping up from every river front, steadily eating its way into the very heart of the city. It might even reach the hospitals. The more active men went down to prepare for moving the wounded if need be. Lord remained at the watch-tower sending down frequent messages. Large tracts on both sides of the city had been burned at the first outbreak. These now lay between the hospital and the fires, besides, the fireproof character of the cathedral seemed to insure their safety. The heat became stifling. The atmosphere seemed robbed of all its oxygen.

At three o'clock the batteries and gunboats opened fire, dropping their shells within the ring of fire, and, sometimes overshooting the mark, dropped them far up the city. From the tower the spectacle was an awful one. The screaming shells

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circling high in the air, to drop and explode; the roaring flames, almost drowning the frantic yells of the maddened crowd; the distant flash and boom of the guns, mingling with the nearer explosions, completed a pandemonium beyond description, and almost beyond imagination.

The people, having conjured up a fiend they could not banish, gradually withdrew from the lower city and gathered in Central Park. Soldiers and sailors with fire-tugs and hose took posession of the ruins and did what they could to stay the flames at the river front. Seeing that all was over, the opposing forces gave way, and without further fighting the troops entered the city on all sides. What was left of New York was again under their control. It was dawning daylight as Lord ended his long vigil. Glancing over the ruined city where many fires still burned, one consoling thought came to his mind,—most of its vilest plague-spots had been wiped out. But at what a cost! Could not foresight and justice have righted the wrongs of society without destroying it?

In the succeeding days, while the city was under martial law, spies and detectives who had escaped the vengeance of Conrad and his fellows crept out of their hiding places and gave their testimony against the revolutionists. They carefully withheld account of their personal agency in precipitating the conflict, but dwelt upon the manner in which they had gained the confidence and been admitted to the councils of the anarchists. Describing the preparations and secret signal, they claimed to have been taken by complete surprise at its final outcome. They furnished lists of the members, and these were at once arrested. All testimony on behalf of the prisoners was discredited. At sunrise they were marched up in companies of fifties and hundreds. The decree of the court-martial was read. They were shackled wrist to wrist, and placed upon an insulating rubber cloth. A current of electricity that never failed to kill was then sent through the line.

This new method of execution was much praised by the public press,—several journals having resumed publication,—

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as it was so much more humane than the former method of shooting or beheading.

Lord testified before the tribunal as to what he knew of the outbreak. He only succeeded in casting suspicion upon himself, and he was a marked man from that time. A charge was lodged against him; and, while he was allowed a parole within the limits of the city, any attempt to leave it would, he knew, be followed by immediate arrest.

The morning for the execution of the leaders arrived. Lord could not, until the very last, learn whether Conrad was among them. Hoping that he might have escaped, he, in company with two young graduates of the medical college, went at an early hour to the place of execution in Union Square.

Thousands of troops with glistening bayonets were ranged about the square. No one might pass through that cordon of steel. Lord and his companions elbowed their way through the throngs upon the sidewalks until they reached the side where it was expected the doomed men would pass. The long row of gas lamps facing the parade ground had been extinguished. It still lacked a little of sunrise, when away up the street came the notes of that solemn Dead-March with which it is considered proper to escort condemned prisoners. Broadway was cleared for a considerable distance, and a line of soldiers extended along the curb. Lord and his companions climbed some steps from which they could see the prisoners as they passed. The solemn tones of the Dead-March drew nearer.

Lord overheard the students talking. They had secured a permit for one of the bodies for the purpose of experiment, and had a conveyance in waiting, as soon as the chief medical officer should surrender it, to hurry away to their laboratory. Lord recoiled from them in horror. In the revulsion of feeling he would have sprung upon them with rage at such heartlessness had he not caught a sentence that gave him a wild hope.

"It has been tried in France," said the elder of the two students, "and, while the result is kept a profound secret, I believe the secret of life has been found,—at least, those who

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have been pronounced dead have been restored by this method after lying untouched for hours."

"Yes," replied the younger. "And that case we had last,—the body had been buried, yet we might have succeeded but for—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the elder, "but look, there is the subject we must get. See, how powerful he looks! Zounds, what a triumph of science if we succeed!"

Lord, who had been listening breathlessly, now turned to see the passing prisoner spoken of. There, in the midst of a squad of hatless men, chained together and surrounded by a hollow square of soldiers, was Conrad. His head was erect, his eyes were flashing that awful light Lord had seen in them before,—their eyes met,—the light softened for a moment, but no sign of recognition did Conrad give.

"Gracious, did you see that look? I think we had better have another subject, Percy," remarked the younger student. "That one would be too much for us if—"

"Gentlemen, that man once saved my life," said Lord quickly. "If you can by your skill save his, and get him from the country, there is no ransom too great, there is no service—"

"Hush!" said the one called Percy, "my uncle is upon the staff of physicians; I will go at once to him with my pass and permit and tell him our wish. Be ready with the carriages at the corner."

Leaving the scene of coming execution with wildly beating hearts, and widely differing emotions, Lord and the younger student worked their way around to the carriages, two of which were waiting in care of another student. Within one were pails of water and some medical apparatus. This one was like an ambulance or small delivery wagon. In this only Percy and George, the younger student, would accompany the body.

Lord gave one glance of horror toward the Plaza where a row of men, stripped to the waist, were being ranged in line. Then he plunged into the other waiting carriage and sat with his face between his hands in terrible suspense.

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Soon he heard the hurried orders of Percy: "Go. Take separate routes"; and the carriage whirled away. The other student and a heavy-built dark man rode upon the top.

The carriage drove into the rear court-yard of a private house. The horses were taken by a waiting hostler. Lord followed the dark man and student up a broad back stairway to a large room occupying nearly half the upper floor.

Implements of surgery, batteries, and retorts proclaimed this a laboratory. Two broad marble slabs in the centre of the room, raised upon solid oak panels, showed that it was also designed for clinics and experiments such as they were about to perform.

Around the further table, Percy and George, with their coats off, were actively engaged. Lord knew what was upon that table; but, accustomed as he had become to horror, he could not trust himself to look. Percy passed him. "Is it he?" asked Lord.

"Yes; I had hard work to get him, but uncle helped me. That is my uncle," pointing to the dark man, "and you will have to get the body from him. He is held responsible."

"Is — is there any hope?" faltered Lord.

"A splendid subject. If we fail this time, I shall give up trying," said Percy, enthusiastically thinking only of the scientific phase. "The burns are only superficial; I believe none of the organs are destroyed."

"How long before —"

"Oh, we shall work all day before we give it up. Would you like to see —"

"No, no. At least, not until all hope is gone."

"Then you had better take my room across the hall. I will tell you, it may be hours, if —"

"And if you succeed, can I see your uncle before anyone knows of it?"

"Certainly. It must be kept secret in any event. Hundreds have been executed, and if it were known —"

"I understand," said Lord. "Your uncle is beckoning you."

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Then seeing that no immediate change was apparent he crossed the hall and entered the room of Percy.

The hours dragged by. Like years they seemed to Lord as he sat in dread suspense. Percy's uncle came in, and after long and earnest discussion Lord won him to consent to Conrad's escape, in case it were possible to revive him. It seemed a useless discussion when Percy, tired and dejected, joined them.

"We will give him another hair from the dog that bit him, Percy," said the tired uncle, and they returned to relieve the others, who had alternated with them in the treatment. Lord understood the reference to the battery, but with a heavy heart he began to realize how groundless had been his hope. After all, why should he wish to call him back? Had he not already suffered the pain of death, and what was there to live for even if he could have recovered? Already an exile and nameless —

"Mr. Lord,— come,— he lives!" rang out the voice of Percy; and Lord bounded into the laboratory. Upon the slab, wrapped in blankets, Conrad lay with closed eyes. The awful pallor was gone, but only by the twitching eyelids and a growing expression of pain was life apparent. It was unmistakable, natural life, for the blood began flowing from a vein in the arm under the elder surgeon's skillful manipulation.

Three days later Cecil Lord sat in an upper room, a temporary office. The publication of the paper would be resumed; and, although a strict censorship of the press was exercised, he hoped by very conservative articles to combat the fierce denunciations visited indiscriminately upon all workingmen's societies, and to mildly protest against the harsh measures which were being adopted against all unions or meetings from which the police were excluded.

A bill had been passed making it a misdemeanor to hold any meeting whatsoever without the consent of the Chief of Police. The bill awaited the signature of the Governor. His signature was expected hourly. Lord had just finished an editorial pointing out the danger to all future liberty of such an act when two men entered.

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"Is this Mr. Lord?" asked the foremost man.

"That is my name, gentlemen. What can I do for you?"

"Come along with us and make no disturbance," said the leader, showing a badge inside his coat.

"By whose orders is this?" asked Lord.

At this moment a sound of scuffling in the room below showed him that the raid was general upon the whole office.

"I demand to know your authority," said Lord. "Your warrant."

"It 's the orders of the chief," said the man doggedly. "Just slip the bracelets on him, Jim."

Lord felt himself seized from behind as he turned to avoid the first officer. The irons were clasped upon his wrists and he was helpless. Other officers came in and secured the editorial and other papers. He, with the other editors, was hustled into the prison van that waited before the door, and they were driven to the ferry. When taken from the van at the other side, he recognized Fort Columbus as his place of confinement. Then he knew he was a prisoner of the United States Government. Hundreds were added in the next few days, and they were tried in batches of a dozen or more.

The usual sentence was: "The mines of Alaska,"—for a long term of years,—or for life.

Lord received a life sentence, as did his chief editor and a few others whom he recognized. The charges being "fomenting discontent," and "publishing articles against the government." The conservative articles they wrote were construed as hints of returning revolution, and as such became their condemnation. Then they were loaded upon a transport ship, and they left New York behind them. As they were passing down the bay, Lord was moved to a new position, and found himself the elbow companion of the slim man of the club.

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CHAPTER XII.

MINES OF ALASKA. (EXILE'S REST.)

That poor dejected fellow beside him led Lord to forget in part his own misery. Each prisoner was ironed, hand and foot, and to move unaided was impossible, but, had this man been free, there no longer seemed any disposition on his part to call anyone's attention to anything.

Lord pitied him as he sat with bowed head and trembling fingers, and whispered: "I seem to meet you often, Mr.—"

"Jinkins is my name, Mr. Lord, Jinkins," said he, looking up.

"Yes, Mr. Jenkins. For what are you condemned?"

"As a sympathizer, Mr. Lord, a sympathizer," and the head dropped again upon his breast.

"But did they prove anything?— Any act of violence?"

"No, but on gineral principles they thought I orter go," and again he subsided into a melancholy silence.

Some horrible days and nights followed. One after another died and were thrown overboard to feed the sharks. The crew was brutal, and laughed at the misery below deck. Once, when they came below to carry out the dead, they stopped before Jenkins wondering who would be next to feed the fish. Some one suggested, pointing at him, "that fellow might as well go over, he 's as good as dead anyhow." He could not repress a gentle pressure of the elbow upon Lord, who gave him an answering nudge of sympathy.

From conversations overheard, they learned that there had been revolts in several cities, but they had been at once suppressed; and, as the government seized the telegraph, nothing was known of it on board until the ship exchanged news with a north-bound vessel off the Carolinas. This, then, was the reason of transporting prisoners by the Isthmus rather than by rail to California. The government feared a rescue.

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It was also learned by some broken words dropped by the rough sailors, some of whom secretly pitied the prisoners, that great power had been assumed by the government, and a constitutional amendment was being prepared, limiting the ballot to land-owners only. It seemed to the crushed spirit of Cecil Lord that all hope of liberty in America was forever lost.

During the transfer at the Isthmus and re-embarking on the other side, Lord saw no more of Jenkins. It was always a question whether he had been brought across, or left a victim to the Isthmus fever. As for himself, he preferred the prospect of exile to remaining in a country so cursed with despotism as his own America had become.

That long sea journey became almost a blank to Lord. He sank into that stoical indifference to suffering that enables the exile to retain some of his mental faculties and endure untold hardships. He dimly understood that they stopped at Sitka for coal and provisions. He heard the men who distributed food speak of the Yukon, and he knew they must be upon the river of that name, whose navigable waters extend some fifteen hundred miles inland. He realized how hopelessly he was being buried alive in this wilderness, where only for one or two short months in all the year would there be communication with the outside world, even by the river. All else was so bound by the ice-king that no other route would ever be opened. Dimly in his mind remained the impressions of disembarking. They reached Alaska,—some of them. No one may know of the weary travellers who succumbed to the hardship of that voyage. The landing was a thousand miles or more above the mouth of the mighty Yukon, whose broad bosom, free of ice for a few weeks of almost tropical heat, would soon congeal in the long winter nights that, shutting down upon the land, would leave no trace of summer's verdure.

The landing was at the time of the "little fishing," as the natives call it. Thousands of native Indians swarmed upon the banks, and the stench of drying fish was almost intolorable. The convicts were numbered. Each man receiving a number,

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by which he would hereafter be known. Receipts were signed by the contractors to whom this exile-labor was farmed out; and, after being loaded by the natives, the transports sailed away, leaving their human freight dead to the world, and nameless even to their masters.

The strangeness of their situation, the awfulness of their fate, made no impression upon the victims. The same dull, dogged indifference possessed them. They beheld the sun alike at noon or at midnight, and made no comment. Its heat was unbearable. Thirsty mosquitoes tortured them, but an impatient murmur only brought a crack of the overseer's whip.

As for Lord, he once had hopes, ambitions, friendships; but they all lay buried under the tangled wreck of the fatal revolution. One state of torture was as good as another now.

The exiles were set to clean and dry the fish which the natives caught, then to transport them to the mines, some three miles from the river, bringing in return a back-load of ore to the river bank. In the winter months this might be brought in sledges, but now another transport might come before the river closed; a load must be made ready.

Then came the final entombment in the mines. Down into the depths they went. Interminable galleries. Awful, hollow-sounding caverns. Horrible, slimy pits. There, through summer sun or winter night, it was all the same.

In most of the mines the air was dry, and in winter free from the bitter cold, which none but native slaves of the company could withstand in the outer air, but dreary monotony drove men mad, or sank them in utter imbecility.

Fastened to the rock, with sufficient length of chain to permit them to reach the ore, with no break in the darkness except the flickering miner's lamp, or the ration-bearer's torch. The cruel task-master's goading lash compelling the full amount of labor. Such life was fit to drive the calmest mind to madness.

Beside these, Lord saw no one for long, weary years. How long he could not tell. In the numbness of the senses he forgot to speak even his mother's name, nor could he remember his

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own. He was number 912, as the tag upon his chain would indicate. He abhorred his rations. Fish, fish, eternal fish, until to his disordered fancy it seemed that scales and fins were growing on his flesh.

There came a time when Cecil Lord's mind utterly gave way. Huge monsters grinned at him in the ore. He fought them furiously with his pick. Then when the ration-bearer came he seemed distorted to a demon, and Lord sprang upon him. He felt himself overpowered, and then again all was blank.

Many days after 912 was found raving mad and was overpowered by the help of the native torch-bearers a strange vessel arrived at the river dock. It was earlier than the expected boat which once a year came up the river to receive the product of the mines, with the furs that the trading company secured from the natives. The river had been free from ice for several days. What is called the second rise, in which the lordly salmon yearly visits this distant region, was close at hand. Hundreds of natives had gathered for the annual fish harvest.

The vessel was made fast, and the agents of the company went on board, expecting a new cargo of convicts to replenish the wasting numbers in the mines. Their surprise was great to learn that their company had been dissolved, and that all property was now the property of the whole people. As agents of the people these had come empowered to release all exiles, to return all who wished to go back, and to establish a co-operative community of those who wished to remain.

Among those who seemed most anxious to visit the mines was a man by the name of Sanford. He had a friend who, years before, had been transported to this mine, and he eagerly asked each grizzly exile who was unchained and brought to the great upper chamber of the mine if he had known, or had seen, Cecil Lord. But no one knew. The agent never had the names of exiles. They were numbered as they arrived, and as the number became vacant by death, a new arrival was given the same tag. These were all life-exiles at this mine, and there had never been any occasion to identify any of them.

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The ship remained until the dipping of the sun below the horizon gave warning that the summer was about closing, and they must return or suffer the imprisonment of winter with the exiles. New clothing, soft, warm blankets, every comfort possible was provided for those who chose to stay. Several who had come with the ship decided to remain in order to make scientific observations and instruct exiles, who wished to remain, in the use of new machinery and the art of getting the greatest result from the least labor.

Sadly Sanford sailed away, his errand unaccomplished. The ship's barbers, new clothing, and restored hope transformed the appearance of many exiles. A larger number, especially of the younger ones, chose to return, but among the older, who had no ties to draw them back, there was a shrinking dislike of ever returning to the busy world. They decided to remain at least another year, and so was founded the co-operative colony known ever after as "Exile's Rest."

Several times Sanford stopped with pitying glances by the bedside of 912, little thinking that this man with hair prematurely white was the one he sought. When, after many months, Lord's reason returned with his gaining strength, no one ever thought of mentioning Sanford or his unsuccessful errand.

Lord entered with enthusiasm into the plans of the co-operative colony. Labor was sub-divided so that no heavy burden fell upon any. Many of the natives became members. Excursions by sledges into unknown regions. Finishing the dry upper chambers of the mine into comfortable homes, lighted by electricity. The new machinery brought by the scientific party who remained with them. The planning of a great smelting furnace that might reduce the mountain of coarser ore, rejected hitherto, because not worth carrying to the coast; all these things so fastened Lord's interest at Exile's Rest that, when the annual boat came, and brought new adventurers who wished to remain for a year of experience, taking away those who had been left the year before, Lord decided to still remain and finish some uncompleted work.

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So year after year passed by. Lord's friends believed him dead, and he believed himself forgotten. Feeling that he was more useful and happy in this colony, where his judgment and advice were highly esteemed, than he could possibly be in a busy world of strangers, where he must shrink from curious eyes, he stayed on. He always meant to make one visit to the States, but at each recurring summer some important plan unfinished led him to postpone if not altogether abandon it.

It was the first day of the midnight sun. For days past the sun had but dipped behind the northern horizon for a short twilight. This day, on which he only touched the rim of his disk to the far away icy plain, was always a festival day in Exile's Rest. The river had burst its icy bonds and the schools of salmon might now be expected to appear. For many years all sorts of canned delicacies, from Boston's baked beans to England's plum pudding, had been provided from the States by the yearly steamer. Lord's aversion to fish had been in a measure overcome. He had become the manager of the great salmon-canning factory of the colony. A feast of good things was now spread in the canning room before preparing it for the annual rush so soon expected. Ere the hour for the feast arrived, hundreds of excited natives came rushing to the village about the factory, shouting that the smoke of a steamer had been seen from the highlands. In the excitement that followed the feast was almost forgotten. In another half hour the whistle could be heard reverberating in the stillness of that lonely country, and the boom of a signal gun assured them they were not deceived. They were not expecting the steamer for two weeks yet, for the ice still floated in heavy masses in some parts of the river. On the arrival of the steamer it was explained that a party of geologists wished to spend the utmost of their time in the interior without having to remain all winter, so they braved the danger of floating ice to gain the two weeks' time.

Lord stepped across the gang-plank to greet the unexpected guests. His silver-white hair glistened in the light as he removed his hat to give the formal welcome. His bronzed face

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was aglow with pleasure. One might have thought the weight of seventy years sat lightly upon him.

The party of scientists, whose errand had been partly explained to Lord while the boat was making fast, stood in a semi-circle upon the deck. Lord, advancing a few steps toward them, said heartily: "Gentlemen, for this unexpected pleasure, I learn we are indebted to the zeal of your party. Every provision is rapidly being made for everyone on board at the feast we this day celebrate. I beg as an especial favor you will accompany me to our banquet-hall, where I trust no cold hospitality awaits you."

At the close of this invitation a man of commanding figure, piercing eye, and brawny hand, who had been watching Lord with a startled look, stepped quickly forward. "If I had not believed him dead these thirty years I could almost swear that this was Cecil Lord," and he shook his iron-grey locks with mingled grief and hope struggling for mastery.

"Conrad!" gasped Lord, and he would have fallen but for the strong arm that held him.

"Gentlemen," said Conrad, turning to his astonished companions, while his arm rested about the shoulders of Cecil Lord, "after what I have told you of the past, you need no further introduction to my friend of long ago, Cecil Lord."

It is astonishing how the necessary civilities, the little things that must be done, break the force of either grief or joy, that it may neither crush us with its weight nor overpower us with gladness.

The acceptance of the general invitation to all the new-comers taxed the resources of the colony to the utmost, but the grand success of that banquet was a topic for conversation long after. Lord's personal duties as host forbade anything like private conversation, or a full realization of all the change this sudden meeting had caused in his future plans and thoughts.

(To be continued.)

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PUBLIC WORKS AND NATIONALISM.

By Edward H. Rogers.

In the August number of the NATIONALIST, I was privileged with the insertion of a note in which an outline was given of the present injurious exposures of public employ so far as the naval stations are concerned. In attempting now to comply with the proposal then offered, I find it impossible to make, in the limits of a single article, a detailed development of the themes there presented and have room left for a statement of the underlying moral and economic advantages which attach to the public works of the general government. This is a matter of such importance as to justify a change of plan.

In entering upon my statement, I remark that the naval stations, even as at present conducted, are a visible embodiment, on a great and very beneficial scale, of one of the most impressive elements of natural ethics, namely, that of sacrifice. In their normal operation no workingman is harassed with the perpetual obtrusion of the offensive commercial vulgarism, so characteristic of private employ, to "hurry up." In the yards, as they have been conducted, men are enjoined to take sufficient time and material to build secure stages, or to handle safely molten metals or other dangerous articles. "The slain of the market-place are greater than those of the battlefield," but their number is not necessarily increased from public employ. The railroads are killing brakemen by thousands annually, in order that dividends may be paid to idle stockholders, but the property of the government is the servant, not the master, of all the people, down to its humblest employee, free from charge. In this respect it absolutely reverses the present ethics of society, which always and everywhere exacts a toll from the great body of the working people for the use — usury — of the thing which they have themselves made. This burden is not limited to its money cost; it changes generically all the conditions of employment; the wishes, and the rights even, of the toilers must give way to the demands of capitalists.

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Here, however, I must discriminate between the navy-yards and the arsenals of the country. The labor of the first is paid entirely by the day, that of the last largely by the piece. Some of the influences which bear upon piece-work are of such an injurious character that it ought really to be called "task-work." They suggest vividly the bondage of Egypt rather than the freedom of America. The managers of labor, whether in public or private employ, have it in their power to secure the large product of piece-work at a price but little, if any, above what they would be obliged to pay as wages. It is a matter of common observation and remark that the great body of the piece-working operatives of the mills are not allowed to receive, on the average, more than the necessary demands of their daily living. The frequent "cuts" in price are due to the above cause; they make strikes unavoidable, and they account for their prevalence. It is not an edifying comparison to use, but it is the truth to assert that all piece-workers are morally in the situation of a hungry donkey who chases, for the amusement of a jeering crowd, a cabbage held by his rider on the end of a pole a few feet in advance of his nose.

This brings me to a pointed recognition of the freedom of public employ from "strike-wars." I use this term deliberately, because I believe that the danger is imminent that the prevailing injustice to labor may develop into evil convulsion. The germs of future strife are already in existence in several of the northern states even, in odious conspiracy laws, and in the usurpation by corporate capitalists of public functions in the organization of armed bands of detectives. Public employ bases itself so firmly upon natural social equities that strikes are almost unknown. The few instances in which they have happened have been from exceptional causes, and in nearly all of them the government itself has yielded the point in dispute. In concluding what I have to say in respect to civil corporations doing their own work, I will say that the ample resources of the government enables it to locate upon comparatively small areas of space all the various "plants" needed for extensive opera-

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tions, thus making a great saving in the items of transportation, and in time.

In addition to this the foremen are free from selfish personal limitations in employing men, so much so that it is a noticeable feature of the situation that, in a given number of men in the yards, there is always a greater proportion of superior mechanics than is usually found in private employ. This happens in spite of some tendencies to crowd inefficient or unfaithful men upon the government, to which I will allude later.

In coming now to the disadvantages to which national works for production are at present exposed, I place first, in respect to exterior influence, the interference of subordinate naval and military officers with the civil officers and with workmen. It would appear to be sufficiently evident that the details of mechanical work ought to be lodged exclusively in the control of the master-workmen. Under the present mixed system the discipline of the trades is comparatively ineffective, and the yards are more liable to the inroads of politics than would be the case under a single set of officials.

I now pass to another influence for evil which is mainly subjective in its nature, and comparatively recent in its development, but which is already dominating public labor with disastrous power. The commercial spirit of the age is resisting with its whole force the equitable control by the nature of its own proper industries. Its first step was the attempt to nullify the eight-hour law; defeated in this, its next movement has been to close the yards, in whole or in part, and to extend the contract system as widely as possible by building in private yards. Finally, it has made a further advance upon the same line by attempting to place the foremen of the yards as nearly as possible on the base of contract for piece or job work, instead of salary or wage. The effort has been made at Washington to use an undue element of moral force in the allotment of work to the yards by requiring estimates of cost from the various foremen, and then, when, as is almost always the case,— in repairs at least,— the money fails before the work is done, to

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bring official authority and discipline to bear in such a way as to be, in an extraordinary degree, unjust and demoralizing, not only to the foremen, but to all under their control. We have all of us heard of a certain statesman who, in the discussion of a public question, once put his hand into his pocket and declared that, if the cost was an objection, he would pay the deficit himself. This is practically what the government has required of its foremen.

The incoming spirit of commercialism has also been unpleasantly and even dangerously apparent in other ways to the workmen. A man-of-war, in course of construction or repair, is usually packed as full of men as a hive is of bees, and many of them must do their work under similar circumstances of darkness and partial isolation from the direct observation of their fellows. It has been a time-honored custom of the yards for men to work in pairs; the tendency now is to abolish this, and a man might bleed or burn to death in a shaft-alley or a magazine without the knowledge or aid of his associates.

In conclusion I reach the remedies for whatever prevents the harmonious operation of the elevated natural forces which have been shown to underlie the public works. They are to be found, as I judge, in the co-operation of the national civil service with the local central trade-unions. It is in the power of these bodies, aided by the nationalists, to develop an intelligent public opinion on these topics, which would call effectively for some changes in the following direction. We have seen that naval and army officers, as well as congressmen and politicians, have the power at present to lower somewhat the high mechanical morals of the public institutions. It is not at all necessary to assume that any of the parties act corruptly. It follows, almost unavoidably, from the present conflict of authority and from certain weaknesses of human nature which are in the main to be commended. These can be brought into better relation with each other by a more comprehensive organization. If the National Civil Service Board should appoint, at proper intervals, temporary commissions composed of disinterested

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men, and these commissioners should place themselves in friendly personal relations with the officers of the central trade-unions, they could get the names of the dishonest or incompetent men in public employ, and bring them to inquiry before the commissioners on their merits, as ascertained from foremen or quartermen. So far as competency is concerned, all who rest under doubt in that respect should have an opportunity to clear themselves by specimen jobs. These commissioners should be composed of men chosen for each occasion somewhat as a jury is. I have, as I trust, relieved the public works from the prevailing error that they are failures, and pointed out as fully as possible in the present circumstances the true principles for their control.

STATE OWNERSHIP OF INDUSTRIES.

By Max Georgii.

"There has arisen recently — since Bismarck has dealt in the nationalization of industries — a certain bogus socialism, degenerated here and there into sycophancy, which presumes to label each and every act of nationalization, even that of Bismarck, as socialism. If indeed the governmental monopoly of tobacco were socialistic, then Napoleon and Metternich would be numbered among the founders of socialism. When the Belgian state, for purely political and financial reasons, built its own main railroads, when Bismarck nationalized the main railroads of Prussia, not from economical necessity, but simply to gain complete control thereof in case of war and to educate the road officials into governmental voting cattle, and principally to create a new source of revenue independent of parliamentary action,— these steps were by no means socialistic, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously."

"And the modern state is merely an organization, originated by plutocratic society, to maintain the general external con-

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ditions of capitalistic production against the attacks of the wage-workers as well as individual capitalists. The modern state, whatever its form, is essentially a capitalistic machine, the state of the capitalist, the ideal capitalistic unit. The more the means of production become its property, the more it assumes this character of a capitalistic unit, and the more state citizens it exploits. The workman remains wage-slave, proletarian. The capitalistic relation is not abolished, but rather pushed to its extreme. But at its extreme it turns the scales. The state ownership of the means of production is not the solution of the conflict (between capital and labor), but it gives us the formal means, the lever to the solution."— F. Engels, in *The Development of Socialism from Utopia to Science.*

The above words, by one of the founders of modern socialism, are quoted for the benefit of those optimistic nationalists who think they discover evidences of nationalism and a realization of their ideals in every step or effort of governments — whether American or foreign, national or municipal — to assume ownership of one or the other industries. They are cited for those to ponder on who hail in every advocate of the nationalization or municipalization of this or that industry a brother nationalist, and especially for those who are inflated with the belief that in the nationalization of what they term "natural monopolies" (whatever that may mean) lies the whole solution of the stupendous social problem.

A half-knowledge is more useless than complete ignorance. Those who would solve the problem must survey the situation in its entirety. They must recognize the fact that the social powers act like all other powers of nature; that to wield these powers and make them subservient to our will we must understand the laws under which they act. We must seek to fathom their central principles, and not attempt to control them by attacking one or the other of their thousand manifestations. Now the modern state is intimately bound up in the modern system of production,— the competitive system. It is the paramount expression of the ruling class, the capitalists. Should

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we not pause, therefore, and investigate its mode of action before intrusting to it, as guardian, our breath of life, the tools of production and service.

Since the dawn of history, since men emerged from the democratic, though crude, institution of the gens and phratry, the state has existed. It was originated by the dominant class to protect itself in the exploitation of the other classes,— first chattel-slave, then serf, then wage-slave. It has always remained in the hands of a class, though the dominant classes have changed from slaveholder to feudal lord, from feudal lord to capitalist, bourgeois or monopolist, as you choose. It has always preserved its traditions in the exaltation of a class at the cost of all other classes; it has maintained its usurped prerogatives at the expense of millions of slaughtered victims; it has quieted the ever-rising protest of the starved and exploited multitudes with the javelin, the sword, the cross, and the gallows; it has allayed the pangs of hunger of the starving weaver with the cartridge, of the railroad employee with Tom Scott's famous "rifle diet." It has led the hewers of wood and drawers of water from the Appian Way lined with 6000 crucified workmen to the "bloody week" of Paris, to the crime of Chicago.

This being its history and genesis, is it not well to ask, when we place these additional means, the railroads, the telegraph, in the hands of this class-state, are we not placing a dangerous weapon in the hands of the representative of our enemies? Is it not true that the agencies of service and production thus far under the control of the class-state have been the mere hand-maids of the money-kings? Is the treasury not used to abet Wall Street in its gambling enterprises? Are the army and the police not employed to intimidate workmen instead of to protect them against capitalistic pirates? Would the railroad and telegraph, in the hands of this class-state, not form a very potent means of counteracting the efforts of the wage-workers to emancipate themselves by interfering with their powers of locomotion and inter-communication, and by creating a vast army of satisfied prætorians ready to turn on the rest of

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the workers when they sought to obtain their rights? Is it not a waste of force to cut off one or several of the feelers of the octopus of capitalism instead of devoting all our efforts of agitation and education to strike the monster in the heart, by abolishing the private ownership of *all* the means of production through the assumption by the wage-workers themselves of the political power, and thereby abolishing the wage-system itself and with it the distinction of classes upon which the state, as it now exists, is based?

The capitalist cares very little what means of exploitation you leave in his hands, provided always you leave in his grip the state to whose custody you transfer those means. You take his railways and his coal mines and his land (by which I mean complete nationalization and not the single-tax will-o'-the-wisp) and he will turn it all into a galling delusion. For when you can obtain coal and transportation cheaper, your decreased cost of living will enable you to work cheaper, and the competition with the reserve army of the unemployed, which, under more systematic management, the capitalistic state would rather recruit, would force you to accept wages whose *buying power* would be no greater than before.

The capitalistic class would moreover turn such state conquests into effective weapons to tighten your shackles. And if all the producing and serving agencies were thus transferred to this class-state, think you that such class would not find in it the amplest means of riveting your fetters still closer?

They would, indeed, unless you, the toilers, assume *your* inheritance, which includes not only the means of production but the state itself. Yes, and until you are ready to grasp the political power through your own representatives, and for your sole purpose, nationalized industries will be but tantalizing torments. But when you, as a united wage-working class, recognizing the war that exists between you and the capitalist, and realizing also that the control of the means of production can be secured only through your complete possession of the state or government, when you combine the economical fight with the

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political, then, indeed, the knell of capitalism and the competitive system will have tolled. For, to repeat the words of Engels: —

"*The state ownership of the means of production is not the solution of the conflict, but it gives us the formal means, the lever, to the solution.*"

OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND INTO THE DARKNESS.

AN EXPERIENCE.

By William Schuyler.

One very hot day, as I was walking home, a man stepped up to me and, touching his cap in a most deferential manner, said: "Would you please be so good as to give me some work to do, and let me have an old coat in payment? Ive been all over town for the last week looking for work; but nobody will give a regular job to such a looking chap as me, and I dont blame em much either. Havent you got anything about your house that I could do?"

I did not doubt his statement, for, in truth, he was an unpleasant looking object. The remnants of a pair of shoes clung to his filthy feet, which showed through the ragged "lacework" of the upper leathers: greasy jeans trousers, supported by one suspender, flapped about his legs; a shirt, which had not seen water for weeks, stuck tightly to his muscular body, while a shapeless black cloth cap rested on his unkempt hair and shaded a face whose features, seen through the dirt which encrusted them, were regular and well modelled. I saw that he was about my size, remembered that I had some cast-off garments, and knew that my back-yard was overgrown with weeds, and so I said: "Come along with me; I guess that I have something that may suit you."

As we walked along he told me in a few words the same old tale,— loss of his job, small savings quickly exhausted, good

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clothes pawned, increasing disreputableness of appearance, almost hopeless search for work,—work of any kind and anywhere; in short, the regular preliminary history of a tramp. A few days more of this experience and he would be "on the road," having learned how little it takes to keep body and soul together, and how easy it is to get that little out of charitable or timorous people. In our present state of society, miscalled civilization, we support two classes of paupers,—those who, by the legal means of rent, interest, and profits, live on the proceeds of the labor of the poor, forced from them by their necessities; and those who, by the illegal means of begging and intimidation, live on the alms of the well-to-do. As for my companion, he had not yet entirely given up the hope of being able to live by honest labor,—that would have been evident to anyone who had had experience with those in need. When we reached my house I showed him what I wished him to do; and, going to the wardrobe, found a fairly respectable looking suit of clothes, which I of course was above wearing, but quite good enough for the unfortunate brother who was toiling in the back-yard. Then, lighting my pipe, I sat down at the window to oversee the work and to contemplate my own goodness.

But as the wreaths of smoke floated off on the gentle breeze which blew through the open window where I sat so coolly and comfortably watching my brother, who was sweltering in the blazing sun as he cut the weeds and stacked them, the contemplation of my own goodness did not satisfy me so fully as I had expected. Several most uncomfortable thoughts thrust themselves into my consciousness, and would not be put down. Here that poor fellow was joyfully doing hard work for me who sat there so lazily, and I would give him in payment a lot of old clothes and shoe leather for which I had no possible use, and which only encumbered my wardrobe. In truth, he was doing me a real service by relieving me of them. I had often inveighed against the methods of the "heartless capitalist," and here I was doing the same thing in getting a man to do my work, not for what it was worth, but for what his necessities

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obliged him to take. The more I thought of it the worse it grew. At one time I felt like running out and working with him, but the thought of my clean collar and the comfort of my pipe and the refreshing feeling of the cool breeze kept me back. I took up my book, trying to forget the dirty, sweltering fellow in the back-yard. It was no use; his ragged garments fluttered before the page and prevented my reading. What an everlasting imposter I was!

"Well, sir, I'm through."

I looked up. My dirty brother stood beneath the window, still dirtier from the work he had done for me. Without a word, I gave him the clothes and shoes. As he had only asked for a coat and now received a whole suit he burst into profuse thanks. I could bear it no longer.

"See here!" I cried almost harshly, "do n't thank me for these things; they are worth nothing to me. You are really obliging me by taking them away from here. Thank you for relieving me of them. As for the work you have done, here is your pay. You have earned it." And I gave him a coin, the smallness of which makes me blush, even now, whenever I think of it.

He looked at me blankly for a moment, then, standing more erect, and looking me square in the eyes, he said: —

"Might I ask you for some soap and water and an old rag to wipe on. I would feel much better if I could clean up a little."

I got a tin basin full of water, a piece of soap, and a clean towel, and took them to the out-house.

"You may use this for a dressing-room."

"Thank you, sir," he said as he entered.

I hurried back to the house and shut myself up in my room, so that I might not see him any more. The very thought of that man was a reproach to me and my pretensions.

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A COMMON STORY.

By Ada C. Stoddard.

Down in a dark, damp cellar a baby cries for bread;
A wan-faced wife and mother pillows the tiny head
On a breast which cold and hunger have robbed of nature's store;
Over a heart, slow-beating, where hope died long before.

Where is the husband, the father,— he who should care for these?
Give not a hasty verdict; wait, ere you judge him, please.
Out in the city highways, drenched by the driving rain,
He is begging the chance to labor,— to toil for the merest gain.

One in that great, sad army — the unemployed — that waits,
Thronging the narrow byways, haunting the rich man's gates,
He asks, not charity, mind you! but his heritage, as a man,—
The right to live, and of earning his living as best he can.

Out since the early morning, wandering here and there,
He claims but a place to labor, no matter how or where,—
Begs but the chance of earning (obeying the old behest)
Bread by the sweat of his face, for the ones he loves the best.

Sick with despair and hunger, out in the pouring rain,
He sues for the right, God-given; but his pleading is all in vain.
Home to his dark, dank cellar he goes, as the hours drag by,
To hear through the gathering shadows his baby's wailing cry.

Can he go to them empty-handed,— to his starving wife and child?
Back to the street he staggers, through desperation wild;
Ah! is he less than human that he takes two cakes — no more —
After his long day's fasting, from a baker's goodly store?

When tortured by woe and craving, begging the chance to slave,
Society passed unheeding and naught to the famished gave;
But now Society's safeguard, the Law, in an instant's time,
Lays a heavy hand upon him who has dared to commit a crime.

Brought into court next morning, branded "a common thief,"
He serves his weary sentence, haunted by awful grief,
To find, when the days are numbered, how real was the phantom dread.
Long since, in the chill, dark basement, his wife and child lay dead.

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"Died of neglect and hunger," the papers told the tale,
"While the husband was serving a sentence for petty theft, in jail."
Buried at cost of the city, granted a pauper's grave,
They whom the one who loved them would have given his life to save.

Murdered? Aye, just as surely as though the blade of a knife
Had taken from child and mother their sorrowful heritance, life.
Is the hand of Justice palsied, that things like this can be
In this land of boasted plenty,—in a country that men call free?

Think of it, fathers, mothers; think of it, husbands, wives,
Living, in homes of comfort, carefully nurtured lives.
Think of it, men and women; when it is asked of thee,
"Where is thy brother Abel?" what can the answer be?

WINTER WHEAT.

By Ida Whipple Benham.

Oh, not for today and not for tomorrow alone
Is the sod upturned on the heath and the good seed sown!
Oft shall the blasts of the mountains bring the snow
Ere the green of the blade to the gold of the harvest grow.
Sharpen your shining sickles and put them away
Till the harvest come,—we are sowing the seed today.

Oh, blind and slow to believe! when the seed is sown
Men sleep and waken, and lo! the blade hath grown.
But the snow comes down and the cavillers scoff and cry:
"Ye have sown to the winds, and the hope of your hearts shall die!"
Yet the snow will melt and the sun outride the gale,—
But the promise hid in the seed-corn shall not fail!

O thou who goest afield with the seed in hand,
Thou art spreading a table abroad in the open land!
Thou sowest the seed that shall rise in a wide increase,
Food for the nations and honor and joy and peace;
And the birds of the air and the scoffer shall gladly come
And eat of thy bread at last in the harvest home.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Communications for this department must be as short and concise as possible, and upon some subject of general interest to nationalists.
Unless received before the 10th day of the month, it is impossible to promise the insertion of any letter in the next following number of the magazine.
Correspondents are requested not to write on both sides of the paper.

LOCAL CO-OPERATIVE ENTERPRISE.

I wish to contribute some words to the discussion concerning co-operative colonies or communities in your magazine. While it is true that we must labor for the dissemination of our doctrines, it is also true that we must, in the mean time, live. As a producer of food-products, I have come to believe that there is little show for me to do much else than work for my living while I continue to raise produce for market. Such is the rapacity of the monopolies which buy and carry my produce.

I have also come to believe that men might join together in communities and carry on a variety of industries, so as to avoid patronizing these monopolies, and be able by this means, together with the advantages of united labor and better methods not only to acquire a living, but to advocate the doctrines of nationalism as well. Neither would we be working outside of society, for society would be all around us, noting the results of our system, and comparing them with its own. Nationalists are certainly not a class of paupers. Many possess some means, but still are poor, for they lose the enjoyment of life in the struggle to keep what they have. If all such would combine into several colonies, one in each of the great natural divisions of the United States, it seems to me that these colonies would be large enough to be successful.

To be successful, they must manufacture goods of several different kinds for their own use and to sell, the articles sold going to pay for such articles as the colonies cannot, to advantage, manufacture for themselves, and to meet such other expenses as cannot be escaped, of which taxes would be one. It would not be necessary for the treasurer of the colony to have large sums of money in his hands at one time, for as fast as received for goods it could be expended for others, and the colonists could be secured against loss of money through dishonesty on the part of that officer by his share in the property of the colony.

What will be thought of us by those who are not nationalists, what will we think of ourselves, if we go on advocating our doctrines but refuse to put them into practice as well as we can; if we go on in the

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same old way, contributing a large portion of our toil to the future upbuilding of our oppressors, when we might leave them, and gain by it, and so induce others to leave them, until, by the combined influence of preaching and practice, they will find their wealth not only useless in their hands, but a burden, rendered so by taxation?

As those desirous of forming colonies cannot do so unless they become known to each other, all living in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota, who are desirous of forming a large colony in some desirable locality, are invited to communicate with me by letter, expressing their views, and giving such information as they may possess in regard to desirable localities, etc.

J. Q. HARRIS.

TOBIAS, NEB.

I notice with approval Brother Wooldridge's letter in the December NATIONALIST, and would like to hear the facts about the real situation at Kaweah. I saw in one paper that the lands were reserved by the government as "big tree lands." Then in the December *Anthropologist* the editor says the colony is in disorder and likely to go to pieces.

If five hundred persons cannot be found to work together in harmony, I can see no hope for nationalism for a thousand years to come.

I very much desire to see one or more townships of government land secured for a trial of co-operation upon a little different plan, though practically embodying the real life-principles of nationalism. I would require a pledge of honor from all the members that they would try to do as they would be done by in all their social, business, and political relations. I would have no other test for membership.

I mean to make an effort to get Congress to permit a considerable quantity of land to be set apart for co-operative colony work. I would have it paid for at $1.25 per acre and deeded to trustees, with full power to lease to actual residents, subject to proper regulations, so as to prevent speculation, wrong use, or one person's getting possession of too much. The rents I would have used for the general good. Parties putting on their own improvements to have the free use thereof, and if they wished to leave the same, the trustees to have the privilege of paying cost of the improvements. This would secure the individual development of homes, and practical ownership, so as to give more scope for variety of individuality. I would make business matters co-operative as far as best. Upon this plan, rents in towns would be based upon cost and not upon speculative values. Money-booms and their resulting panics would not

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be possible. I have thought for twenty years or more that the re-organization of human society upon the brotherhood of man would not come until after another deluge of blood, yet I believe that we should work for it just the same; because all these efforts will help to hasten the re-organization nationally, when the time comes for it. Women and ballots may prevent the necessity of men and bullets under an intelligent change of naturalization and suffrage laws, and under a new and radical system of voting which will prevent fraud and ignorance, and do away with the two main objections to woman-suffrage. With this, aided by the hearty co-operation of capitalists, with their brains and money to aid labor to do its best, the irrepressible conflict can be settled without bullets now.

W. M. EVANS.

NATIONALISM AND THE SINGLE-TAX.

Would the adoption of the single-tax be a step toward or in line with nationalism? Can one be "a single-tax nationalist?" These questions must, in my opinion, be answered in the negative.

What is the single-tax? A proposal to tax land to its full rental value, irrespective of improvements, and the abolition of all other taxes, including internal revenue and import duties. It will of course be readily understood that to confiscate rent is equivalent to confiscating the land. Its advocates admit this and justify it. Now land, in this country at least, has been acquired on equitable and agreed terms. Its ownership has not been confined to a class. If private ownership of land is wrong, it is a wrong to which the whole nation has contributed; therefore, to confiscate from the present owners that "unearned increment," which has been widely diffused among all classes, would be an act of injustice to which certainly nationalists could not be a party.

2. The single-tax would destroy all security of tenure. Improvements adequate at one stage of a city's growth would be totally inadequate at another, and as rental values would increase without reference to incomes derived from improvements, the improvements might become worthless and have to be abandoned. Farms adjoining growing towns would be needed for suburban residences, factories, etc., and increase of rental values would force the owners to "move on" to less desirable localities.

3. The single-tax would afford no relief to the man without capital. Farming is now nearly the only industry not monopolized by trusts, but

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the results of bonanza farming presage the rapid extinction of the small farm. The cost of producing wheat in this state (California) varies from 50 cents per cental on ranches of 50,000 acres to $1.20 per cental on ranches of 200 acres. These facts to nationalists are too suggestive to need comment.

4. A single-tax on land will not produce sufficient revenue to defray the cost of government. The contrary opinion is based on a curious economic fallacy, viz., that under the operation of the single-tax rental values will not decrease. The site-values of cities and towns, from which single-taxers expect to raise the bulk of their revenues, are now owned by landholders who keep up the price or rental value of property, knowing that the increase in population will enable them in time to realize interest on their investment. The reason why a single-taxer advocates the imposition of the same tax on vacant land, as upon adjacent improved land, is because he assumes fallaciously that some one stands ready to improve the vacant lot if he did not have to purchase it outright. Even in New York City there is enough vacant land which, if built upon, would support double its present population. Now, imagine the single-tax in effect. Unless the vacant landholders of New York City could find tenants for double the present number of banks, hotels, stores, and residences (to state the case is to show its absurdity) they would be compelled to abandon their lands. Vacant land now held at immense prices would have no rental value; therefore, vacant land being plentiful, rental values would decrease from perhaps half the present values to nothing, and the single-tax would in some way have to be doubled if we depended on it alone for revenue. Both on ethical and economic grounds the single-tax is discredited.

While nationalists will co-operate cordially with our single-tax friends in the effort to obtain control of railroads, telegraphs, and other public utilities they will not stop there, but continue the process until all industry is conducted by the commonwealth, and private ownership of land and the tools of production shall entirely cease.

W. H. STUART.

HELP YOURSELVES.

Wm. Harrison Riley hits the nail on the head when he says: "Whatever is *right* surely must be practical. Have we been doubting the *rightness* of our principles?"

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When I subscribed for the California *Nationalist* I wrote: One object lesson is worth all the preaching that can be done in a generation; therefore, do not fail to put your principles into practice.

The rich will not take into partnership the middle class, and it is this class that is preaching nationalism. Now, "what are you going to do about it?" Are you going to wait, Micawber-like, until something turns up? Mayhap something may turn down. The people who are supporting the preaching will not always go into the pocket-book; and, under our present form of society, preaching must be paid for. All institutions, except those founded on mystery,—and they are growing weaker and consequently more corrupt,—must return a material equivalent if they expect to be supported. The time for the return of the equivalent is not when the preaching becomes stale and the principle on the wane. It is now. Therefore, I vote to strike while the iron is hot. Plant a colony somewhere within the present year, and a large vote may be looked for in 1892. Unless you do so, nationalism, as a factor in advancement, will hardly be heard from as a popular or political movement.

It may be well to modify somewhat in accordance with the Godin plan. This would be more likely to induce capital to invest; and, as the people interested became better acquainted and humanized through education and prosperity, there would be less objection to the adoption of the more humane method as proposed by nationalism.

W. H. HANNA.

DIVERSITY IN UNITY.

It is curious what diverse views of things, or squints at things, we get as we look at them from our differing standpoints and through our varying previous notions.

I am prompted to this remark by H. M. Scott's item regarding the single-tax as common ground, in the December NATIONALIST.

It is admitted, he says, that the nationalization of the land is the first step. By whom is this admitted?

I thought that, by common consent, the nationalization of the railroads was the first step; and, because less exclusively appropriated by monopolies than most of the essentials to industry, the nationalization of the land was about the last step.

I, too, have a squint at things which makes me see them differently from many. I am totally unable, for example, to see how the free-trade idea and nationalism can exist in the same mind. Nationalism is

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opposed to the principle of industrial competition, while free-trade seeks to remove all restraint from competition and make it world-wide. Also, nationalism requires that the people shall be so distributed and their industries so adjusted and varied that supply and demand shall lie side by side with the least possible call for the transfer of goods over long distances, while free-trade tends to put an ocean's breadth between supply and demand and make of one nation a farm and of another a workshop. This I know is not a vital issue, we cannot turn aside to contend over it among ourselves. It is probable that a mistake on this subject will bring its own antidote with it, though it might be a costly one.

Yet, if the opposite view from mine prevails among nationalists, I hope they will not make the mistake of thinking that all are agreed on that view, or that those who hold the opposite can give no reason for the faith that is in them. C. W. WOOLDRIDGE.

THE KAWEAH COLONY.

Being neither directly nor indirectly interested in the success or failure of Kaweah, but having carefully read both sides of the controversy, it seems to me, as it must to every outsider, that Kaweah resembles a certain colony that John Milton tells about. In this there seems to have been little if any dissatisfaction until an ambitious and talented fellow became aggrieved on account of the "despotic" rule of the managers; but, instead of availing himself of the privilege of withdrawing quietly, although he had but little to take with him beside his horns, hoofs, and caudle appendage, he did considerable missionary work among his confreres, and succeeded in drawing after him a third part of Heaven's sons, whom the management very properly and promptly kicked out. That ended the trouble *in* the colony so far as ascertained, but our discomfited friend has been "howling" like a "roaring lion" ever since.

Messrs. Hubbard and Hengst must have been aggrieved in purse or principles. If in the latter there ought to be some corner of this great United States of America where they can practice their principles without interference. If in the former, and the Kaweans are unable to meet their obligation, I for one will be glad to assist in contributing financial aid. It seems a significant fact that on the statement of the "true condition of Kaweah" they should hang a transparent advertising tag of their Santa Monica colony.

Again, if it be true that the government of the United States has a virtuous paroxysm of serving the public interests by reserving the

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Sequoia forests, why will it not extend its protecting ægis to the coal lands of Alabama, and the phosphate beds of Florida, which are now being transferred at a nominal price into the hands of capitalistic monopolies, which are thus able to levy on the mechanical and agricultural industries a tax such as the framers of the McKinley bill never dreamed of?

S. A. FELTER.

On behalf of the Eastern Group of the Kaweah Colony Company, I ask a portion of your space to inform your readers more fully regarding the situation of affairs at the colony.

When reading the installment of "The Birth of Freedom" in the January NATIONALIST, it occurred to me that some would regard it as incredible that capitalists should introduce spies into labor organizations to precipitate conflict; but, on the best of authority, I know that the Pinkertons made their reputation that way, and I have no doubt that their testimony, to which no well-informed business man of New York City would give the least weight, sent the alleged train-wreckers of the late N. Y. C. and H. R. R. Cos. to prison.

Our experience with the Kaweah Colony shows that the capitalists of California have learned the same lesson well, and have succeeded in introducing into and finding tools in the colony.

We who are conversant with the facts, and have carefully investigated the grievances of the opposition, know that no credence whatever can be given to any statement they make. Without burdening your columns with many instances, we will simply state that they admit that they issued a circular attacking the trustees, in the name of the San Francisco Group, although such circular had never been brought before the group, and represented the views of only fourteen members of the one hundred and seven belonging to that group. The late recording secretary of our group pursued similar tactics, and was censured therefor. In their organ, the *Kaweah Socialist*, they say that they did not consider it necessary to submit every paper purporting to emanate from the group to the "Haskell Group," although the "Haskell Group" consists of ninety-three members. These people have refused to work; have attempted to place a construction of their own on the deed of settlement, which is a contract, and should be held sacred by honorable men; have disabled the printing press; have attempted to publish atheistic articles in the colony organ, thereby necessitating the suppression of one week's issue, as the colony does not countenance any meddling with religious

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controversies. They have made affidavits charging the trustees with cutting lumber on government reservations, of which more anon, and have finally squatted, as Deto Hengst says, on the colony lands, and, armed with Winchesters, as he does not tell you, hold possession of hay belonging to the colony; and this in the name of "democracy," when they are a minority of the resident members.

You will also notice that Mr. Hubbard says they selected land near Santa Monica. He might have added that he bought it, and did not offer to turn it over to the new colony. However, this is ancient history now; but the point to which attention should be called is that during all of this time they have held their membership in the K. C. C. Co., and have done everything in their power to embarrass the colony.

By Act of Congress, Public — No. 349, approved Oct. 1, 1890, certain lands were reserved by an added section, undoubtedly intended to annoy the colony; but the colonists had already filed their claims and complied with all legal requirements, as certified to by special agent, B. F. Allen, who wrote Mr. Martin, under date of March 13, 1890, that "said entries were made in good faith, ... and that all legal requirements had been fulfilled by the filers"; and much more to the same purport. This, however, did not prevent the opposition from having the trustees indicted. From a copy of the act, which find enclosed, I quote (lines 31 to 36, 7, 8): "That nothing in this act shall be construed . . . as affecting any bona-fide entry of land made within the limits above described under any of the laws of the United States prior to the approval of this act." Again, the laws of California do recognize joint-stock companies; but, taking the view of Mr. Hubbard that the colony is an ordinary partnership, the articles of co-partnership, that is the deed of settlement, will commend themselves to anyone who will take the trouble to read them carefully. This Mr. Hubbard seems not to have done, or he would not make such careless statements, as section 12 of the by-laws, which are printed with the deed of settlement, says: "Officers of departments may be removed by the *workers* of that department." In no case have non-resident members been asked to vote upon the removal of "obnoxious officers." If he means by that term to designate the trustees and superintendent of education, he has signed a contract giving the power to elect those officers to all the members, resident and non-resident, and that contract cannot be abrogated without the consent of each of the contracting parties.

The resolution to withhold the list of members from the membership

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was adopted, with the concurrence of many, if not all, of those now in opposition, to prevent the list being used by the capitalistic press to make covert attacks calculated to cripple the colony, a list having already been furnished to San Francisco papers for that purpose. The land called the Barnard addition *does* belong to comrade Barnard, who holds it for the colony until such time as we shall be able to pay what it cost him. Much of the plant is held in the same way, as the trustees are by the deed of settlement debarred from incurring any debt whatever in the name of the colony, and the revenues have been effected by the attacks on the colony, as no doubt was intended, and by the consequent expense of defending actions brought.

But the opposition is already defeated. Mr. W. C. Owen who was their proposed candidate for secretary, admits that the colony's title to the lands cannot successfully be impeached, and although ten per cent of the membership can call, and have called for a new election, they will find that they will be overwhelmingly defeated in this last resort, some of the signers to the call having become disgusted at their reckless attacks, and will vote for the present administration. But space will not permit us to refute all the misstatements. Suffice it to say, reports from Ralph W. Pope, our corresponding secretary, who visited the colony in August last; from Rev. H. H. Brown of Salem, Oregon, and others personally known to us, have convinced us of the good faith of comrades Haskell, Martin, and the others in charge, and we have responded and will respond to the best of our ability to their calls for help to establish an object lesson, which we believe will prove a standing argument in favor of the practicability of co-operation in public as well as in private enterprises; and we feel that every intelligent nationalist, when fully informed as to the situation, will accord us that moral support which will check the attempts of insidious foes to accomplish a failure to which they can point and say: "You see these reformers cannot agree among themselves. The thing won't work. It is impracticable," and so forth. You know the stock phrases.

I forgot to state in the proper place that the colonists who have filed claims have all bound themselves to contribute their claims to the colony, but cannot effect the transfer until they receive their final papers, which takes some years from date of original entry.

On behalf of the Eastern Group, K. C. C. Co.,

G. W. Hopping.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Questions for this department must be brief, and of some general interest to nationalists. Replies are solicited and will be noticed when received; they should, in all cases, be introduced by the number of the question answered.

Communications should be received by the 10th day of the month, or insertion in the next following number of the magazine cannot be guaranteed.

QUESTIONS.

31.—Will some reader please tell me through your publication just where the farm co-operative institutions are, and the conditions upon which one could connect himself with any one of them? Have they such a thing as a prospectus? I would like to become a stockholder and resident upon such a colony if it would bear investigation, was a pleasant, orderly place, and not a mere scheme for taking advantage of the nationalist interest in order to dispose of lands or push some merely personal interest. M. Cook.

32.—A subscriber who endorses the position of Mr Longley, sustaining the establishment of co-operative colonies, wishes for himself and others thoughtful answers to the following:—

1. What is thought of the foundation, framework, prospects, etc. of the Credit Foncier Colony of Sinaloa, Mexico?

2. Would there be a fair chance for the members to secure congenial companionship, if co-operative colonies started with less than say five hundred adult members?

3. Can results worth any considerable efforts be secured if the colony is not co-operative in all directions necessary to make it independent of outside supplies of articles in every day demand?

4. In view of the probable formation of co-operative colonies in the near future, would it not be desirable to have selected without delay a committee of unquestioned integrity and ability which, on invitation of its trustees or directors, would examine the claims, inquire into the status and prospects of any colony whose members may seek their approval or invite investigation?

5. Would it not be better to unite in a few large colonies, thereby securing more adequate financial support, diversity of occupations, etc., than scatter the forces, even of some desirable advantages be secured thereby?

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ANSWERS.

14.—STRIKES AND THEIR SUBSTITUTE.

That strikes are, at times, justifiable, and have in some instances been of benefit to those engaged in them, no one can deny; but, upon general grounds, I think that they should not be encouraged. As to other means of obtaining a redress of grievances, I should say destroy an industrial and economic system that places the capitalist and the laborer in antagonism. Not by violence, but peaceably by the ballot. If the true wealth-producers of the country would act in unison in political affairs, every wrong now endured by them could be easily and speedily remedied, and all necessity for strikes would cease. The Australian system of voting renders all fear of coercion on account of political action impossible. Let the workers, then, in all departments of human activity cease to heed the effusions of demagogues, whose sole aim is personal advancement, and act as a unit in resolutely demanding the recognition of their own rights. In this they would find a solution of the problem which is perplexing "a sufferer." A FELLOW-SUFFERER.

28.—THE KAWEAH SECRETARYSHIP.

In consequence of the discontent manifested by a few members of the community, who expressed themselves as generally dissatisfied with the manner in which the affairs of the colony were being conducted, Mr. J. J. Martin, for the sake of peace, and animated by a high opinion of Mr. Grönlund's ability, urged his election as secretary. This being the choice of the opposition, Mr. Martin hoped that the result would be harmony, an expectation that was destined not to be realized. Mr. Grönlund's fare to California was to be paid by the members as individuals, but upon Mr. Haskell's publishing extracts from the *Co-operative Commonwealth*, to which the opposition were continually appealing, they discovered that Mr. Grönlund's ideas did not suit their plans, as, in the words of one of their number, they did "not believe in the rule of the competent." They therefore did not raise sufficient funds to meet Mr. Grönlund's requirements, and the Eastern Group, not being so favorably impressed with his business ability as to furnish the amount needed, Mr. Grönlund accepted a position in the Labor Bureau in Washington, and will, no doubt, add to his high reputation as a writer by good work in that line. G. W. H.

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30.— COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

[In reply to question No. 30 in the January number, Mr. Charles E. Buell addressed a letter enclosing the following list to Mr. Charles Junker in accordance with his request. Thinking that the communication would be of interest to other readers, Mr. Buell has forwarded it to the NATIONALIST, with permission for its publication.—ED.]

First on the list are the Shakers; these were established in 1792. They practice celibacy, keeping their numbers up by adopting orphan children; they are good people, and have accumulated a large property by economy, and without painful toil. Their church property alone was valued at $90,000 in 1870. There are eighteen communities of Shakers.

The Harmony Society, founded in 1805, is at Economy, Penn. Although these people have practiced celibacy for years they are distinct from the Shakers; but like them they are wealthy and long-lived.

The Zoar Community is at Zoar, Ohio. This community was established in the year 1817.

Bethel Community, at Bethel, Shelby County, Missouri, and the Aurora Community, at Aurora, Oregon, are offshoots of older communities.

The Amana Community, at Amana, Iowa, was organized in 1842. This is the largest of the communities. They are said to cultivate 50,000 acres of land. This, the *Scientific American* claims, is the largest effort at agriculture under one management in this country. This community honors the family relation, but does not encourage it. Men are allowed their own families and their own homes, the property being owned in common, and the product of their labor being common wealth.

In 1874 there were communities at Bishop Hill, Henry County, Illinois; at Cedar Vale, Howard County, Kansas; and at Chesterfield County, in Virginia. There was also a thriving community at Lenox, Madison County, N. Y.,— the Oneida Community. This was the most prosperous of the communities, but by state laws it was compelled to give up some of its practices relating to marriage, and to avoid this they removed to Canada. It is stated that this community began with a debt of forty thousand dollars, and became worth more than a million dollars.

In all these communities the bond of brotherhood has been some religious notion fanatically held; but the ideal social state has not been realized by these religious communists, who, in their peculiar way, have tried to equalize the burden and advantages of life; yet they have demonstrated the possibilities of communistic effort, for they have had

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no painful toil in the years during which they have amassed large properties without trying to do so. During these years they have had security against want, and a sure provision for old age; while they have enjoyed greater social privileges than the isolated farmer and his family enjoy.

The Icarian Community, at Cloverdale, California, is really the only democratic community that has had a life in this country. This community is not founded on a religious belief, and none is demanded of the members. It first settled in Texas, in 1848, the members coming from France. They were defrauded by persons who acted for them in the purchase of a tract of land in Texas. Sickness came, and many died; they had no knowledge of agriculture, and after a year abandoned. Texas, and went to New Orleans, possibly to re-embark for France. A gentleman in New Orleans suggested to them that they go to Nauvoo, Illinois, and occupy the lands and buildings then just vacated by the Mormons. This they did, renting the place of the agent left in charge of the property. It was also suggested that they employ some skilled person to direct their labor, which they did. As a result, they cleared sixty-five thousand dollars the first year. This is a very important fact in connection with such an effort; the manager should be skilled, and should be an employed person. There was another important fact in connection with their experience at Nauvoo; they found that those who owned the soil owned the occupants. When these people embarked for Nauvoo, they had it is said only a *per capita* wealth of $38.

In all those communities that have succeeded the members have been people with honest hearts, but not people of education and refinement; they have been composed of the English weaver, the German peasant, and the French mechanic. These were brought together, and have been held together by their necessities.

There have been forty-seven communities in the United States that have disorganized. These in every instance have been composed of those who were well off, educated, and even refined. They were not brought together by their necessities, but with the motive "to lead a better life." These proved the saying: "They that are whole need not a physician."

The Icarian Community, after living in Iowa, removed to the more agreeable climate of Califoruia, and are said to be happily situated.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Practical Progress.

The way in which nationalistic ideas are taking practical hold in public affairs is given striking and gratifying proof in the inaugural addresses of the two chief executive officers in Massachusetts,— the governor of the Commonwealth and the mayor of Boston. Mayor Matthews, indeed, was accused by some of his hostile critics in the press of indulging in "rank" nationalism, and one of the Boston dailies printed a caricature representing the mayor blowing soap bubbles, one of which, just emerging from his pipe, was marked "nationalism."

His address was a liberal and progressive document,— the work of a broad-minded man with the faculty of looking beyond the mere routine of city affairs.

Here is one of his most important recommendations: —

"It seems to me that the city should have the right to undertake for itself, if financial and other conditions permit, all functions of a public character now commonly instrusted to private enterprise. It would doubtless generally be the case that these rights would not be exercised, but the possession of them would put the city in a better position to make terms with individuals and corporations seeking municipal privileges than is now the case."

On the question of local rapid transit be said: —

"Many schemes have been suggested during the past few years; none of which, it is safe to say, are entirely satisfactory. On the other hand, the demand for rapid transit is a genuine one, and should be met at an early date. I believe that the city government itself should grapple with this problem and endeavor to settle it to the satisfaction of the people rather than leave the matter entirely to the interested action of private corporations. I recommend, therefore, the appointment of a commission of experts, consisting of five persons, to be appointed by the mayor, and to receive a sufficient compensation and an appropriation for clerical, travelling, and other expenses, whose duty it shall be to consider

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the whole subject of rapid transit, including elevated roads, tunnels, routes, systems, damages, companies, and in particular the best means of protecting the financial interests of the city as a corporation. While the latest plan presented by the West End Railway Company contains features of merit, and while this company can alone furnish to the people the benefit of a continuous trip on both elevated and surface systems for a single fare, yet the present financial condition of the city precludes, in my opinion, the consideration of this proposition. On the other hand, the company has no right to condemn land for the purpose of building an elevated road on the route proposed. As matters stand, there can be no rapid transit road across the city until the state legislature or the city government shall act. I believe the proper course to pursue, both in the interest of the city treasury and of the citizens at large, is for the city government to take the whole matter into its own hands, and without attempting to interfere with the charter rights of existing corporations, proceed, by means of a special commission, to devise a plan for rapid transit that shall be permanently useful to the people and profitable to the city. Any such plan thus reported and adopted by the city government would undoubtedly receive the sanction of the legislature."

Mayor Matthews was inaugurated on Monday, Jan. 5th. On Jan. 8th came Governor Russell's inauguration. His address was a statesmanlike document, full of advanced ideas. Concerning municipal administration of public services he said: "In my opinion, greater powers can be given to cities and towns with safety and advantage, not only as a relief to the legislature, but as a just and proper extension of local self-government. I therefore commend to your consideration the subject of enlarging their powers by general laws, especially in matters of taxation, franchises, municipal control of municipal work, and ownership of the instrumentalities for its performance. The exercise of such powers can well be left as a question of expediency for each community to determine for itself."

On the educational question he planted himself squarely on the nationalist platform as follows: —

"From the earliest days Massachusetts has generously provided for the education of her children, and maintained with jealous care her public school system. She has wisely deemed it essential to the preservation of her institutions and our liberties, and so the concern of all her citizens. It is certainly our desire, and plainly our duty, not only to uphold this system in its full vigor, but also to provide for its progres-

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sive development. Its special aim should be to furnish an education beneficial to the many rather than exceptional privileges to the few; to equalize for all, as far as practicable, the opportunity for education, by providing ampler means in many places now poorly circumstanced, and thus placed at a great comparative disadvantage; to have its course of study practical, adapted to the condition and occupations of our people, recognizing such new methods and courses of instruction as after thorough trial have proved to be useful educationally and of immediate benefit in the work of later life; and to keep its control clear of any spirit of intolerance, which cannot but weaken its influence and limit its work."

"In my judgment, industrial education and manual training have been so successful where tried, and are of such practical benefit, that I recommend to your favorable consideration their adoption as part of the system of instruction in our public schools, at least in some communities. There exists in this state a great difference and inequality in the character and efficiency of the public schools in different places; also in the amount spent upon them for each pupil, and in the burden of taxation for such expenditure. Almost invariably the burden is heaviest where the amount raised and spent is least,—due to the vast difference in the wealth and valuation of respective places."

"How far this condition ought to be and can be remedied by legislation is a matter worthy of your serious consideration. The state has always recognized the education of her children as a matter of state concern. She has compelled the establishment of public schools of various grades, prescribed the courses of study, enforced the attendance of the children, exercised state supervision over the public schools, appropriated money in various ways to assist in their maintenance, and required an educational qualification for the franchise. This she has done while properly recognizing the right of each locality to control the expenditure of its school money, and the right of every parent to determine what school his children shall attend. Her interference is based upon the just assumption that every citizen is interested in the proper education of all her children, and that such education is necessary for her own safety and prosperity. I ask you to consider whether she cannot properly go further, and not only provide for the education of all, but strive for the equal education of all to a certain standard, and whether the richer localities ought not to contribute something for the public schools of the poorer, upon the ground that the interest of every locality in

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public education is not limited to the education of its own children. Such action would do much to equalize educational advantages throughout the state, generally improve the condition of the public schools, do something to correct the gross inequality in general taxation that now exists between different places, and make every tax-payer bear a fairer proportion of the cost of educating all the children in this state."

THE AUTHOR OF "SIMILAR CASES."

In an article on "The Literary Development of California" in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for January, by Gertrude Franklin Atherton, there is an interesting account of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, the author of the brilliant poem "Similar Cases," which attracted so much attention in the issue of the NATIONALIST for last April. As our readers will be glad to learn something of the personality of a young author who has rendered such service to the cause of nationalism, we reproduce what is there said: —

"Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson and Miss Grace Ellery Channing are just beginning to win recognition in the East. These two girls are intimate friends and work alone or together, amidst the everlasting roses of southern California. Neither was born in the state, but both have done their first work in it. They have recently had a play accepted by Frohmann, and others ordered. Of 'Similar Cases,' which appeared in a recent number of the NATIONALIST, W. D. Howells said: 'We have had nothing since the Biglow Papers half so good in a good cause. It is a brilliant satire on the racial opposition to new ideas. The scene is laid in the geologic ages, and the humor is so sharp and the satire so keen that any member of that sex which claims humor as its special prerogative would be glad to have written it.' Her 'Women of Today,' published in the *Woman's Journal*, also won from Howells the comment that it was 'dreadfully true.' Mrs. Stetson is a daughter of C. T. Perkins, librarian of the Bohemian Club, great grand-daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and niece of Edward Everett Hale. [Of Mrs. Hale.—Ed.] She is married to a rising artist, and lives in a tiny rose-covered cottage in Passadena, devoting most of her time to the literary work which is in increasing demand."

COMMERCIAL FAILURES.

A striking commentary upon the glorious results of the competitive system of trade and commerce is furnished by the record of failures during the year 1890. Of these there were no fewer than 10,907 in

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the United States alone, which, with 1847 reported from Canada, make the very respectable total of 12,754 for the North American continent. The total liabilities of these bankrupts, who were compelled to relinquish the struggle for their own subsistence and the ruin of their fellow-strugglers, is $207,000,000. During the year 1889 there were 12,659 failures, with $162,000,000 liabilities. These figures speak for themselves, and will we presume be largely quoted by the orthodox defenders of the present system, as showing in a clear and forcible manner the beauties of the business methods which they advocate, and whose retention they consider essential to the true spiritual and intellectual development of the human race. If we could have a statement of the failures of those who have been compelled to relinquish the life-struggle through inability to find a proper market for their muscle capital, as well as of those who have been disappointed of such outlet for their money capital, the beneficent operation of the system would become more glaringly apparent, and we should be able to see much more clearly how important a factor it is in the evolution of human individuality.

Public Control Superior to Private.

Last month we called attention to a striking instance, in our own country, showing the superiority of an industry under public control and direction to one under private ownership and management. Of the conclusions at which we then arrived we have an emphatic confirmation from England. The Director-General of Ordnance Factories in that country has been making an investigation into the working of his department, and has reported that, in all instances in which a comparison had been made between the two systems, public execution had shown itself superior to private, both as regards the quality of the manufactured articles and the cost of their production; and the latter without diminution of the wages of the producer. Particularly was the advantage shown in the manufacture of gunpowder and the implements issued by the Royal Small Arms factory. It is well known that the members of our governments, both at home and abroad, are, as a rule, chosen from the moneyed portion of the population; and that a considerable share of the luxuries of life which they enjoy is procured through the proceeds of private investments. We are not at all astonished, therefore, to hear that in England, as elsewhere, the governmental policy is to encourage private enterprise. Notwithstanding our faith in the principle here indicated, we are somewhat surprised to find that, in despite of this

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encouragement to private competition, the royal factory had furnished the entire equipment of arms for the household troops, and that the trade had not been able to issue a single weapon. Paying the ordinary wages and working an industry controlled by men whose personal advantage was opposed to the success of the undertaking, the government had driven its competitors from the field, by producing goods of equal quality at a less cost, simply because of simplicity in the arrangement. The private concern has a duplex end to serve, and duplicity is always costly. Its subjects of production are in all cases two, and the foremost of these — the manufacture of dividends — is never the ostensible purpose of its existence. The government has no profit to pay to shareholders, and can thus manufacture at lower cost without diminishing the remuneration of the worker. These instances are it is true confined to the production of munitions of war, a commodity for which there would be no demand whatever in a reasonably constructed order of society; but unless the contrary be demonstrated beyond possibility of refutation, we consider ourselves justified in maintaining that the public organization of industry may, with equally satisfactory results, be extended to the production of the necessaries of life.

PROGRESS ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Comment has been made in several of our later issues upon the advance which is being made upon the nationalist lines of industrial operation and control in England. It is but a short time since the entrance of the wedge into the compact mass of private monopolistic ownership and rule was noticed. Every week and almost every day since that time has seen the hammer fall and the ingress thereby deepened, until now the weapon has become so firmly imbedded that there is scarcely a possibility of its withdrawal, however great may be the force that is exerted to that end. A very persistent effort is being made to ensure the adoption of a scheme by which the government shall become the owners of all the railways within the kingdom. The many anomalies in the charges and in the general management of these public (in all senses but one) highways have become a burden too great to be longer passively borne, and an important body of the citizens of London has taken the matter in hand with a view to the transference of control from the various companies into the hands of the government. It appears that it is not necessary to seek parliamentary sanction or aid, but that the needed legislative authority is conferred by an act passed

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forty years ago. At a meeting recently held to consider the matter the first resolution that was passed stated that "the time has now arrived when the railways of the United Kingdom should be bought up by the government, according to the act passed 7 and 8 Victoria, cap. 85, sec. 2, and worked by a government department for the benefit of the nation." Utterance was given to considerable criticism of existing methods, and many recommendations were made by which it was considered that the service could be improved if placed under public supervision and control. In the discussion of the matter it was stated that, in some instances, the cost of transporting merchandise from the south of England into Scotland equalled the original value of the articles conveyed.

This agitation is not confined to England. The colonies are nearly all working in the same direction, and the time is evidently not far distant when, in various parts of the world, important changes will be made in the conduct of enterprises which have been originated most ostensibly for the benefit of entire communities, and have no semblance of a reason for existence as a means of the individual enrichment of any of the factors which make up those communities. It is a noteworthy fact that even in distant India, where English rule has been until recently of a purely military order, the leaven is working, and that the natives of that interesting land are seriously considering social questions in the national congress which now assembles year by year. All roads lead to Rome, and the travellers upon them are becoming numerous.

Distress in England.

The weather throughout the whole of western and central Europe has been, this winter, of a severity such as has not been experienced for a great number of years, and from all quarters come accounts of the distress which the poor are compelled to suffer on account of the cold and the absence of necessary means for averting its consequences on the human constitution. The *Daily News* of London has sent out a special investigator to report upon the condition of the various portions of that huge metropolis, and the tale which he has to tell is indeed a terrible commentary upon a civilization in which such misery can be found to exist. "Poverty and misery," he says, "hang over lower London just now like the chill depressing fogs that are blinding and choking us, and which, together with the frost and snow, intensify the misery of the miserable. Over a vast area of the metropolis at this moment the very air is as heavy with suffering and sadness as it is with fog. Dreary

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misery seems written on the house-fronts, want and worry mark the people's faces, and their homes are darkened by the dread shadows of sickness and death, or, what with many of them seems even worse, the shadow of the workhouse." He then proceeds to draw a picture of some of the scenes which it had been his lot to witness, and no one who is at all acquainted with the quarters that he describes will doubt the accuracy of the tale which he tells. In one instance he found a family living on four shillings a week, the product of a sickly girl's work at a match factory. Every member of this family was reported as honest and willing to work, yet the only chance of industry was given to the poor, sickly girl, who, amidst unhealthy surroundings, breathing daily an atmosphere that must still further weaken her vitality, was able to earn a paltry dollar a week for the whole family's sustenance. From this place he goes to the room of a poor fellow who was once a shoemaker but is now bed-ridden and without fire or food in the room in which he is compelled to lie day and night. His support has for some time been a wife, who has gone out day after day to sort rags, amid the frost and snow and fog, in an open yard. Now she too is disabled through rheumatism and bronchitis, and is compelled to keep her husband company in his wretchedness, without food or fire or clothing sufficient to cover them properly. His next visit is to a poor woman who, though she has been compelled to do without food for whole days at a time, has yet managed to keep her fire burning. In how short a time this too would have to be dispensed with could not be told with accuracy, though it was evident that the supply of fuel would not last very long, for the last article of furniture — a bureau — was being chopped up as the visitor entered.

Next day the investigation was carried on upon the other side of the river, among the population of South London. Here matters were not in any better condition. Our inquirer joins the clergyman who has charge of one of the parishes, and almost the first thing discovered is that a family to which a visit had been intended cannot be found. The father is described as a Christian man and a teetotaller,— a good, sober, hard-working, upright man. He struggles and strives to support his family, and a portion of the time not occupied with this struggle and strife he spends in trying to help, as well as he can, the world around him. A frost comes on and work stops. Two or three weeks pass on and the rent cannot be paid. The family is sought, but the rooms are empty, and no one can tell whither the inmates have gone. Then comes a little boy with a pinched and bloodless face and says simply: "Please,

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sir, I ain't ad no dinner." Enquiry elicits the fact that here too the father is out of work, and all — father, mother, and children — are in a state of semi-starvation. Next is found a boy whose entire clothing consists of an old shawl. They take him to a place and try to dress him. Beginning with an endeavor to place a shirt upon the little body, they meet with violent resistance, which leads the clergyman to imagine that he has found an illustration of the doctrine of innate human depravity. It turns out, however, to be a case of sheer fright. The little fellow had never had a white article of clothing on him, and had never seen such an article used at home, so that when they tried to put a clean white shirt upon him, the purpose of it was quite beyond his comprehension. Fully one-half of the people on that side of the water, the reporter was told, were out of work, and this was verified by enquiry in a small section, in which it was found, out of 630 able-bodied men, the number of those who had succeeded in finding employment was not 300. "Thousands upon thousands of homes are without a decent chair, without a bedstead, without a sheet or a blanket that you would care to touch without a pair of tongs." And in these homes cannot be found a scrap of carpet nor a book nor a picture; no clothes whatever but the rags upon the backs that wear them; and, what is even worse, no food in the cupboard, and no fuel with which to warm the cheerless dens or cook the food if there were any. There is plenty of work waiting to be done, and these people are waiting and willing to do it, yet starving to death for the need of it. A remedy must be found. We must enlarge our conceptions either of the duty of the state or of private charitable organizations. Justice or charity must solve the problem.

Nor is all this wretchedness confined to what are regarded as the poorer quarters of the city. In the West End the same condition of things exists upon a necessarily smaller scale. But here it is nearer to the abodes of wealth, and consequently comes more readily to the notice of the rich, who have organized a movement for the alleviation of the misery to be met with every day at the doors of their luxurious mansions. Even in Kensington, out of 1934 houses, over one thousand contain families who are so poor as to be liable, after a week or two of severe winter weather, to become unable to sustain life without extraneous help. The principal feature of the relief-scheme set on foot in this district appears to be the division into very small sections, and the employment of such a number of "visitors" that each one shall have only three or four families to look after. By this means each becomes familiar

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with the homes and the special circumstances of each family, and almost of each person, in his or her charge, and is enabled, without delay or routine, to lay these circumstances before the committee from which the relief emanates.

Thus it may be said of the masses of London — and, in proportion to size, of almost every city whether in Europe or in America — that they are chronically miserable. Cold weather augments their wretchedness, and necessity compels them to make it known. But that misery is always there. They are continually eking out a wretched existence on the border-land of destitution. No wonder that he who has put himself in personal contact with this desolation asks if anybody can be found to look these circumstances in the face and say that they are inevitable. And yet they *are* inevitable. Their very existence shows that they are the unavoidable consequences of the present system of industrial economy. It is well to relieve the distress, but we may also do well to bear in mind that while we are doing this we are leaving untouched the machinery by which this destitution is manufactured. We may cart them off, as General Booth would do, to other lands, and find them work when there; but even then we leave in full operation the system which has made them what they are, and which, when they are gone, will speedily supply their places with others equally wretched. Be he rich or be he poor, the most dangerous and the most unprofitable person in a community is a man without work. And the system which produces and maintains these workless peoples in both classes is that which our political economists regard as sacred, and call upon us to fall down and worship. Relief is not enough; the means of prevention must be sought, even while a cure is being employed, and not until the prevention is found in the equitable relations of a just industrial economy will order take the place of the chaos that now obtains.

ATTITUDE OF THE PRESS.

The addresses of several of our recently elected mayors show how prominent the principles of nationalism have become in the realm of practical politics. In commenting upon the message of Mayor Sargent of New Haven, Conn., the New Haven *Journal and Courier* says: "The socialists will claim a notable ally in our mayor, but that will not disturb him.

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He believes in such socialism as he recommends, and he sets forth the argument for it very forcibly."

The address of the new mayor of Boston, Nathan Matthews, Jr., is equally outspoken in its advocacy of the practical measures which nationalists believe to be the first steps out of our present chaotic industrial system into a better and more equitable system of economic activity. He says: "It seems to me that the city should have the right to undertake for itself, if financial and other conditions permit, all functions of a public character now commonly intrusted to private enterprise." Making a particular application of this comprehensive principle, he says of the problem of rapid transit: "I believe that the city government itself should grapple with this problem and endeavor to settle it to the satisfaction of the people rather than leave the matter entirely to the interested action of private corporations. I recommend, therefore, the appointment of a commission of experts, consisting of five persons to be appointed by the mayor, and to receive a sufficient compensation and an appropriation for clerical, travelling, and other expenses, whose duty it shall be to consider the whole subject of rapid transit, including elevated roads, tunnels, routes, systems, damages, companies, and in particular the best means of protecting the financial interests of the city as a corporation.

"I believe the proper course to pursue, both in the interest of the city treasury and of the citizens at large, is for the city government to take the whole matter into its own hands, and without attempting to interfere with the charter rights of existing corporations, proceed, by means of a special commission, to devise a plan for rapid transit that shall be permanently useful to the people, and profitable to the city. Any such plan thus reported and adopted by the city government would undoubtedly receive the sanction of the legislature."

This attitude of the new mayor has excited much comment. An editorial from the Boston *Herald* is as fair a statement as has appeared. Among other things it says: "Another criticism that has been made is the intensely nationalistic character of Mayor Matthews' propositions. We believe it is a fact that, until recently, the city of Boston has had the right to build surface street railways for the accommodation of its people. It has not availed itself of this right, but that is no reason why it should be deprived of the perogative, especially as it is conceivable that it might be of benefit in defending the public rights as opposed to those of private corporations. At the present time the city runs a ferry, and procures

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and introduces water functions, which in a number of American cities are undertaken only by private corporations. On the other hand, other American cities manufacture and supply their citizens with gas and electric lights, the only other functions that are suggested in the mayor's address. Surely, if this is 'sheer nationalism, suited to the pages of some periodical devoted to the promulgation of visionary ideas,' as one of our contemporaries asserts, then the opinions of the great majority of our people, as to the proper duties of local governments, must be much nearer in line with Mr. Bellamy's views than we had supposed. We believe that experience will show that the right of cities and towns to undertake certain classes of public work, from which they are now excluded, will be found to be a most popular demand, and that during the present session of our legislature the request for such rights will come from all over the state with a force and emphasis which will compel their admission."

The *Record* says: "The striking thing about Mayor Matthews' inaugural is his recommendation that the city should be allowed to assume 'all functions of a public character now commonly intrusted to private enterprise.' This means city control of gas, electric light, and other enterprises of that character. It is the line which the nationalists desire to have the legislature adopt, and Mr. Matthews is early in the field." Again, and facetiously this time, it says: "The latest theoretical notions regarding the administration of state and municipal affairs are now on top. Mr. Matthews spread out on his counter a large variety, and Mr. Russell will undoubtedly do the same Thursday, when he makes his inaugural address. Mr. Matthews practically adopted the theories of nationalism in his utterance. Mr. Russell is quite likely to do the same."

The *Labor Leader* has a short but comprehensive editorial, and justly gives the nationalists credit for good work in arousing public sentiment on these lines; it says: "The inaugural of Mayor Matthews claims for the city 'the right to undertake for itself, if financial and other conditions permit, all functions of a public character now commonly intrusted to private enterprise.' These rights, his honor claims, would probably not be generally exercised, but 'the possession of them would put the city in a better position to make terms with individuals and corporations seeking municipal privileges than is now the case.' This is the most pronounced position in favor of municipalization ever taken, we believe, by a mayor of Boston, and it is an indication of the drift of opinion among students of the science of municipal government not to be misunderstood. That

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the profits now pocketed by gas, electric, and street railway companies, if diverted into the city treasury, would materially aid in making Boston a better and cheaper place to live in is self-evident. Even the individualist recognizes the fact that in these public monopolies the element of competition is absent, and that the city may fittingly assume the function of the corporation. The wide-spread discussion inaugurated by the nationalist clubs has done much to prepare the public mind for changes of this kind, and sooner or later the city government will be forced to accept the suggestion of his honor, and to demand and carry out the rights contained in it."

NEWS OF THE MOVEMENT.

A sure indication of the trend of general opinion toward the acknowledgement and acceptance of the principles which, for the want of a better word, are somewhat clumsily called "nationalistic" is furnished by various of the inaugural messages which have been recently delivered by our state and city magistrates. In many of them the extension of governmental control over public industries is so plainly advocated that one cannot wonder at finding the average journal trembling with fear at the prospect which is thus opened to its gaze, or indulging in expressions of anger at the sacrilegious hand which it imagines is about to be placed upon the wealth of its owners and patrons. Our excellent contemporaries, however, need be under no apprehensions. The maintenance of a municipality's right to own and manage such industries as exist for the purpose of supplying the inhabitants with the daily requirements of civilized life, or the advocacy of the passage of such laws as shall confer upon the cities within a given commonwealth the undoubted authority to exercise this right, does not signify that the people's choice for mayor or governor has fallen upon a free-booter, who will be organizing midnight raids upon the banks or residences of the over-rich. It merely indicates that the equity of the people's demands is being felt, because the people themselves have united and made themselves a recognized power in the determination of political life and supremacy. If the day of enactment-manufacturing for the benefit of a privileged class be not yet passed, it is certainly passing, and the day is fast approaching when the fact will be recognized that *every* industry has its only reason for existence in the needs of the whole people, and that it is nothing but

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confiscation and robbery that any one of them should be carried on for the special benefit of an individual or of a class of individuals.

It would seem to be only in accordance with reason that towns and cities should, without any special act of authorization, possess the right of supplying their inhabitants with whatever is necessary to their well-being and convenience. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has, however, decided that this is not an inherent right of municipalities within this commonwealth. It had been even asserted by high legal authority that the legislature could not confer the right, and that there was no means by which it could be obtained. This the court refutes in the case of "Spaulding vs. Peabody." "We assume," says the court, "that the legislature can, by statute, confer upon towns authority to construct and maintain such industries; but, in the absence of any such act, the voters of Peabody had gone beyond the legal right and power of the town in voting for the erection and maintenance of electric works for the purpose of lighting its streets." This decision will but strengthen the determination of the nationalists of Massachusetts to effect, as speedily as possible, the passage of a general enabling act. The signatures to petitions for such legislation are being received in numbers which leave no doubt as to current opinion upon the subject; and this fact, together with the inaugural recommendation of Governor Russell, leaves but little doubt that the present legislature will not draw its labors to a conclusion without showing its respect for public opinion by removing these municipal disabilities.

This activity is not confined to Massachusetts. From every state in the Union have been received most gratifying records of progress, for the details of which we regret being unable to find room. New organizations are being projected and formed in various states, and the ramifications of the tree are so spreading themselves throughout the land that in a short time it will be scarcely possible to find a spot, however retired, which is not in direct communication with a club from which will emanate an educational influence for good. The oppression of industrial slavery is generally felt, and a determination to effect emancipation from such slavery has been generally engendered. It is only by the educational influences of our clubs and kindred associations that the true method of emancipation can be arrived at, and physicial violence averted. That there is a common ground upon which we can all stand and focalize our influence there can be no doubt, and it is to be hoped that every means will be taken to find it. To this end is published the following: —

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CALL FOR A NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

Whereas, in unity there is strength, therefore it is desirable that there should be a union of all the variously named organizations that stand on common ground.

To this end, and, in accordance with recent suggestions of the general assembly of the Knights of Labor, and the general wish of all progressive reformers, this call is made for a national conference to be composed of delegates from the following organizations, namely: The Independent Party; the People's Party, by its representatives; the Union Labor Party, by its representatives; the late Federal and Confederate soldiers, by their representatives; the Farmers' Alliance; the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association; the Citizens' Alliance; the Knights of Labor; the Colored Farmers' Alliance; and all other organizations that support the principles of the St. Louis agreement of December, 1889. Each state organization to send one delegate from each congressional district, and two from the state at large; and each district organization to send not less than three delegates, and each county organization not less than one delegate,— to be chosen according to the custom of each respective organization, during the month of January, 1891; also that the editor of each newspaper is hereby invited as a delegate that has advocated the principles of the St. Louis agreement and supported the candidates nominated thereon in 1890.

The delegates to meet in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, on Monday, the 23rd day of February, 1891, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of forming a NATIONAL UNION PARTY, based upon the fundamental ideas of finance, transportation, labor, and land, and the transaction of other legitimate business in the furtherance of the work already begun by these organizations, preparatory to the united struggle for country and home, in the great political conflict now pending, that must decide who, in this country, is sovereign,—"the citizen or the dollar."

NEW PERIODICALS.— Among the indications of life and progress in our ranks is the increase in the number of periodicals devoted more or less completely to an exposition of our principles, and a record of the proceedings in the various associations. The latest addition of this kind is the *American Nationalist*, a monthly journal devoted to universal reform. It is published and edited by James T. L. Macdonald, at Las Vegas, New Mexico, and at Chicago, Illinois. It is a clean, well-printed paper, and in every way reflects credit upon its founder and proprietor, who, seeing something to live for beyond the mere endeavor to obtain a living, has relinquished a profitable business to help disseminate trnths by which he believes his fellows on the earth will be benefited. He deserves support in his endeavor, and we hope that he will receive it, and will have no reason to say that the world is ungrateful to those who devote themselves to its interests.

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Boston is also coming into the field shortly with a weekly, Mr. Edward Ballamy having decided to make this city the place from which to issue the journal which he has for some time been thinking of conducting, and which will be called the NEW NATION. It is not necessary, at the present time, to give any lengthened statement respecting the programme to be followed in our forthcoming contemporary, as all our readers will probably have seen a prospectus before receiving this announcement. It is well to call attention to the fact that a thorough reform of the civil-service will be strenuously advocated. In this line it will advocate much more radical changes than are commonly urged even by the most ardent of the present civil-service reformers. It will also seek a close union between nationalist and other organizations, so as to bring their combined influence to bear upon the removal of the reactionary influences which retard progress and tend to postpone the humanizing of existing social conditions. The name of Mr. Bellamy as editor-in-chief, with that of Mr. Mason A. Green, of the *Springfield Republican* as managing editor, is a guarantee that the *New Nation* will be ably conducted, and there can be no doubt that it will enjoy a large circulation and wield a powerful and widely extended influence.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION. — To the catechism which was inserted in our November issue we have, up to the present time, received but two answers. The first of these is received from Rhode Island, and bears the official signature of John H. Davis, chief clerk of the Bureau of Industrial Statistics, who courteously complied with the request of Franklin Burton, secretary of the Providence Club, No. 1, that he would furnish the information desired. The following are the replies furnished, preceded by the numbers of the questions.

1. The compulsory education laws were passed in 1887.

2. Children are not compelled to attend the entire year.

3. Children are compelled to attend school at least twelve weeks in the year; six at least shall be consecutive.

4. All children between the ages of seven (7) and fifteen (15) shall conform to the law, except those provided for in question 6.

5. The laws provide for day-school, and attendance at night-school is not recognized by the law.

6. "If the child shall have attended for a like period (12 weeks) of time a private day-school, approved by the school committee of such town or the superintendent of public school of such city, or if such child shall have been otherwise furnished for a like period of time with the means of education, or shall have already acquired the elementary branches of learning taught in

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the public schools, or if his physical or mental condition was such as to render such attendance inexpedient or impracticable, or has been excused by the school committee of the town in which such child resides," such child does not come within the law, and need not attend the public schools.

7. Practically the law is a dead letter. In large manufacturing towns with a few exceptions the percentage of absentees is from 10 to 40.

8. Local officers are appointed to enforce the law.

9. The law provides that the proper authorities shall fix the compensation of the truant officers, and they appropriate in the towns from $15 to $800 per year to pay said officers.

10. No provisions made in the law for women truant officers, and none have ever been appointed.

11. The Commissioner of Public Schools calls attention in his annual report to the benefits derived from the compulsory education laws.

13. A school census of the children of the state is made annually in the month of January.

14. The Bureau of Labor has not made a complete investigation of child-labor. Every year the bureau has investigated the school attendance and absentees for every city and town in the state and published the same in its annual report.

15. The fifth report of the Bureau of Labor will contain a complete investigation of child-labor of the state, viz., number, sex, occupations, wages, etc., and the moral, educational, and physical conditions of the children employed in the state.

16. There are not sufficient school-houses to accommodate all the children that wish and ought to attend school in most of the larger towns and cities.

17. In most of the cities and towns that lack school accommodations places have been provided for children that wish to attend school, although there are some exceptions to this rule.

The second set of answers relates to Connecticut, and is furnished by Miss Ella Ormsby, secretary to the Hartford Club, upon the authority of Mr. Hine, secretary to the State Board of Education. These replies run thus: 1.—Yes. 2.—Yes. 3.—36 weeks.* 4.—8–113. 5.—No. 6.—All. 7.—Efficiently enforced. 8.—Both. 9.—Of the state officers, yes. 10.—No. 11.—Yes. 13.—Yes. 20.—Yes. 21.—Yes.

* The number of weeks was raised from 30 to 36 by the last legislature.

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THE NATIONALIST.

"Est quoddam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra."

VOL. III. MARCH, APRIL, 1891. NOS. 8, 9.

EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

BY THE REV. L. H. SQUIRES.

The strength and safety of a republic are in the education of its people. A monarchy may well be content with ignorance, dependence, and submission; for, where one man governs, it is not essential that the people understand the science of government. Principles, politics, and methods are provided for them. General information is unnecessary. In fact, the ignorance of the people will render their dependence upon the ruling power more binding, and their obedience more unquestioning.

We may well understand why Russia, where monarchy is most firmly established and the tradition of the "divine right of kings" most strongly entrenched by union of church and state, should endeavor to suppress freedom of speech and of the press, as well as free schools and free churches. The monarch's fear of these things is natural and logical. Ignorance and superstition are the servitors of the throne. We can well understand also that, where the people are ignorant, superstitious, and undisciplined, rulers who are strong, wise, and able should believe in the wisdom and welfare of their own sovereignty. Julius Cæsar may well have aspired to place his own incomparable personality above an intriguing senate. The reign of a Napoleon is better than the riot of a mob. Monarchy is better than anarchy, for "order is Heaven's first law."

But in a republic the people are their own rulers; and this method of government necessarily demands widespread intelli-

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gence, independence of character, honor among the people, and a generous regard of each for the welfare of all. Furthermore, this necessitates general education, a free press, free speech, free church, free intercourse among the people, and the utmost possible knowledge of public affairs; for where all are rulers, all should be fitted to rule. We have entered wholly upon this plan of self-government. We have nationalized the business of sovereignty, and have bidden the masses to come in as equal rulers, entrusting to their hands the most precious national heritage the world has ever seen.

At this point appears a matter for serious consideration. Are the masses being fitted to maintain the character and administer the sovereignty of a great republic? We boast of a free and enlightened people; but are the masses being enlightened commensurately with their responsibilities? Are the poor of our land being properly educated? And can freedom long survive if the people lack wisdom?

The problem of the education of the poor confronts us. It is not enough to dismiss the subject with the assertion that we have a free common-school system designed to meet this need. The fact is that, with all our common-school advantages, the poverty of a large part of our population is preventing its attaining an adequate education. It is estimated that the average age at which the children of the poor leave school is under fourteen years. Necessity drives them early from school to shop or factory, for self-preservation is the first law of life, and bread must precede books. But perhaps they are worse off than if in the factory. It is the children of the poor almost exclusively who play truant. They form the hoodlum element and organize the street "gangs," and grow up in ignorance and vice to become a positive menace to society.

Again, few comparatively of the children of the poor pursue the higher education. Academic, collegiate, and professional training are practically denied them. While there are brilliant examples of poor boys and girls who work their way through colleges and attain high rank in the literary world, yet they are

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exceptions; and the number who can do this is limited otherwise than by the spirit of the student.

A Garfield may serve as janitor in a college, and ring and sweep his way up to its presidency, and we honor him for it, and perhaps say to other young men: "Go and do likewise." But we forget that the college may not want a hundred janitors. One Garfield can light its fires and ring its bell, but the ninety-nine other Garfields must get there some other way. One Miss Smith may sew buttons on the shoes of Vassar girls and work her way through a four years' course to graduation, but Vassar girls have a limited number of feet, and three hundred other Misses Smith must find this footpath to the Pierian spring closed, and must go thirsty or pay for the draught.

With all our free schools and generous college endowments it costs something to get an education. The minimum cost of a full course in a college for men or women cannot safely be estimated at less than one thousand dollars, while the average is much higher. The simple fact is that, with all our aids and endowments for institutions of learning, thousands of worthy young men and women cannot afford the education they desire and need. The comparatively rich can avail themselves of the privileges of the higher education, but the children of the poor must early turn into other paths with that "little learning" which may sometimes prove "a dangerous thing."

This inequality is aggravated and widened by the lack of means for self-culture in the homes of the poor. The whole of life may be a school if one has only the time for study; but time and books are just what is lacking for many. The struggle for existence, especially in our great cities, is growing more and more severe. Human wants are multiplying. Competition is cutting down the wages of labor and the profits of trade. It becomes necessary for vast numbers of families to practice the most rigid economy, and even then a rapidly increasing number find self-support impossible, and take their places among the defective and dependent classes.

In the *Arena* for December, 1889, Helen Campbell says:

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"Without child-labor ten per cent of the laboring class, with the present relation of wages to the cost of living, would be in a state of debt or pauperism. With child-labor competition is constantly increasing and wages are still suffering reduction." In this condition multitudes cannot procure the means of self-improvement. Few books or papers can be enjoyed, few lectures or concerts attended, and many cannot afford to go to church to receive the blessings of a free gospel. The gospel may be nominally free, but clothing, decency, self-respect, and manhood cost something. All these things are keeping the masses of the poor in comparative ignorance, and rendering them unfit for the duties of self-government.

But another important consideration confronts us in this connection. If the illiterate were to remain in their past or present ratio of population, no great danger might be apprehended. *But population is increasing from below.* The New York *World* took a census of the children living on Fifth Avenue, and also on Cherry Hill. Fifth Avenue represents the wealth and culture of New York City, and Cherry Hill the poverty. The result was "three hundred Fifth Avenue families with ninety-one children under ten years of age, and only six born within the past twelve months; three hundred Cherry Hill families with *six hundred and sixty children* under ten years, and one hundred and eleven born within twelve months."

Seven times as many children on Cherry Hill as on Fifth Avenue, and the proportion increasing! As a Cherry Hill ballot counts as much as a Fifth Avenue ballot, it is easy to see that the government of the country is destined to fall more and more into the control of the masses as represented by Cherry Hill, and out of the hands of the classes as represented by Fifth Avenue. It is already becoming evident that political power in our great cities is largely in the control of the "great unwashed." The saloon is the seat of government. Its satellites become the ward workers and run the political machines, and they wield the masses of ignorant voters as they will.

Now put these facts together: the lack of culture and educa-

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tion among the masses of the poor, and the fact that it is from this class most largely that our population is increasing, and we have the serious question: "What of the future?" Is our country tending toward the unintelligent, undisciplined, unsafe rule of the proletariat, or shall we be wise enough to adequately prepare the masses for their coming sovereignty? We hope for the latter; but to accomplish it certain things are imperatively demanded. The poor must be educated not simply in the bare rudiments of our common schools, but they must have time and means to acquire that more thorough mental and moral discipline which is essential to good citizenship. Their children must remain in school not until twelve or fourteen years, but until twenty years. They must be maintained so that the homes from which they come shall not suffer from the loss of their productive labor. And further than this, the families of the poor must have adequate means for that continued enlightenment and self-culture in the home which shall keep their capabilities somewhat up to the measure of their responsibilities.

How can this be done? There are two ways. Either the rich and intelligent must give their time and money to the assistance and education of the poor, or the state must enlarge its functions and do the work.

The first proposition we dismiss as most unlikely, and certainly undesirable. We do not want our poor to be made paupers, objects of almsgiving, dependents upon some more favored person. That would intensify rather than relieve human inequality. It would degrade their sense of manhood and deepen class distinctions. We have already quite enough individual almsgiving for the country's good; or, rather, we have quite enough of that unfortunate industrial and social condition which compels multitudes to become the recipients of alms.

There seems but one practical conclusion. The state must enlarge its functions and take in hand the care and education of its people. Our progress already in this direction indicates that it is the right solution of the problem. Already we have provided a common school education free to all alike, and the

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course of instruction has been gradually extended, giving to the children of the poor more and more opportunity to approach the higher education. In our cities especially much that was once the privilege of the few is now free to all, such as music, drawing, cooking, sewing, and manual training. Also in some cities, as in New Haven, Conn., school supplies of every kind, including text-books, are supplied free to all in every grade.

Furthermore, realizing the importance of having the people educated, we have passed compulsory education laws, and assumed the right to control the children of the people in this respect. Now, what is the logic of our position? Rights imply duties. We must go forward. If the state would compel its children to attend school, it must needs supply them with the means of doing so. The same principle that demands free text-books for the poor also demands wholesome food and decent clothing for them. And the right to take the productive capacity of child-labor from the home for the sake of education implies the duty of seeing that no family shall suffer for want of the labor thus withdrawn. Hence, the state must guarantee a sufficient support to the families of the poor to make possible the education of their children. How can it do this? Not by almsgiving, which makes a dependent class; not by class legislation, which always leads to greater evils than those it seeks to cure. There is but one way,— the nationalization of education. Let the state assume the whole burden, or rather duty of educating the children of the state. Not the partial education of the poor, beyond which the rich and favored are permitted to go, but that full period of training to mature years and advanced schools which will secure that intelligent and disciplined citizenship on which the welfare of the republic depends. If this policy seems to tend towards ultimate nationalism, then so be it. A nationalism which secures an educated and disciplined people is far better than the present individualism which leaves vast numbers in hopeless poverty and ignorance. Let the nation educate its people, and the wisdom of the people will be the strength of the nation.

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THE BIRTH OF FREEDOM.

By H. B. Salisbury.

CHAPTER XIII.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Seated upon the deck of a steamer passing rapidly down the mighty Yukon sat two friends talking earnestly together and glancing at the scenery with its ever-changing panorama.

The short, hot summer had changed the icy slopes and bare patches that greeted the upward voyage into emerald green speckled with bright flowers; while an occasional ravine, stretching away in the blue, dim distance, was the bed of an eternal glacier, whose bosom was only softened in the summer sun, to congeal into more flinty hardness under the darkness and chill of winter's breath.

"These glaciers are very like mankind," remarked the larger of the two men, who was known as Mr. Karl Conrad Müller, and in whom we recognize the Conrad of former years.

"How so?" queried Cecil Lord, the man with silvery-white hair, who sat beside him.

"When the sun shines under conditions of universal prosperity, they give of their abundance. Trickling streams unite their forces to make the mighty river a common highway, a home for finny thousands. The hard heart softens until it seems about to release the earth from its frozen touch."

"Yes," replied Lord, "but they soon repent."

"Human nature again," said Conrad. "As the chill blast of selfishness and the darkness of avarice strikes them, they tightly clutch all they can reach. All progress stops until they can be warmed up again."

"You choose a chilly subject," laughed Lord. "I much prefer yonder sun. I remember, when I first recovered from my sickness, I had been for years in that mine, and had almost forgotten how the sun might look. When I recovered, there were many days before my eyes could bear the light."

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"And what was your first impression when you saw it?" asked Conrad.

"I think I realized the spirit of devotion in which the pagan worshipped it. I felt the impulse myself. I never before realized how beautiful sunlight was."

"You did n't have to pay extra rent for sunlight there," said Conrad. "That degradation the Alaskans escaped."

"By the way," said Lord, changing the subject, "you never fully explained the reaction that has caused the new system of society."

"It needs no explanation; it was only the working out of inevitable law. It had to come, in spite of all the precautions of the ruling class."

"But I supposed the revolution had made such a result impossible for generations," said Lord, his eye meanwhile following the flight of a flock of wild geese which, spread out in a gigantic V, were flying southward. "I feared that henceforth men would blindly follow, like yonder birds, the motions of the most powerful among them."

"The plan of the birds we have now adopted,— the system of voluntary association and perfect organization," smiled Conrad at the turn of the illustration.

"I suppose I shall not know my native land," mused Lord. "If you had not come, I should never have returned. I never learned that Sanford tried to find me, and supposed my friends all dead. You have no idea how completely my world had become limited to Exile's Rest."

"Sanford will be greatly grieved when he learns the story. I fear he will never forgive himself for overlooking you," said Conrad. "He came on purpose, and has often spoken of the disappointment and grief he felt on finding no trace of you. I will telegraph him from Portland."

"I beg you will not," said Lord. "Let me tell him myself how much more useful my life has been among our people at the Rest than it could have been anywhere else." He heaved a sigh at some unspoken memory.

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"You, at least, have the stimulating motive of the new society," smiled Conrad.

"What is that?"

"Unselfishness," replied Conrad. "I will respect your wishes, and tell no one of your coming," he added, as they parted to go to their rooms before dinner.

At dinner Conrad resumed the conversation. "I should like to give you the reception due to the prodigal son. I assure you no envious elder brother would begrudge you the return to your inheritance. Were I but to speak of you, the fatted calf would be ready in a dozen cities as we pass."

"I should feel too much like a museum freak on exhibition," laughed Lord. "You must help me to choose the most commonplace attire when we reach Portland. It will become me better and be more comfortable than the ring and robe which you suggest."

"I shall feel that I am concealing the lost heir; still I shall take great pleasure in showing you the farm."

"What!"

"Oh," laughed Conrad, "America is now one vast garden, in which we are all equal owners. We call it Uncle Sam's Farm."

"That will indeed interest me," said Lord. "I know it theoretically only. Our co-operative work at Exile's Rest was easily managed, but I felt that taking a hundred million partners might complicate the matter, and I shall be glad to see its practical working."

"You, of course, know our plan of co-operative nationalism thoroughly?" queried Conrad.

"Oh, yes; it is a standard study at the Rest. But you have modified the system somewhat?" replied Lord with a questioning glance.

"Not materially. That expresses the system as well as it could be explained. The difference now is that association is perfectly voluntary. If any man or company of men choose to practice competition by themselves, and among themselves, they are perfectly free to do so. Their products are accepted

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by the storehouses at the average price that such products are costing by co-operation, and any other products are given them in exchange."

"But do many try it?" asked Lord with great interest.

"Oh, there are always some dissatisfied ones, and always will be, I presume," replied Conrad; "but, after trying the old method a while, they generally volunteer into the regular ranks of industry where they can accomplish more. As no one is compelled, there can be no great dissatisfaction with the system."

"But if they are not compelled to work, how do you prevent laziness?" asked Lord.

"There is no way of procuring anything other than by producing its equivalent. All must either join the regular ranks of workers or go upon some vacant land and produce for himself. One or the other he must do or starve, for nothing is bought or sold or begged. As he can produce more in the co-operative way, he soon prefers it."

"Yet you claim that the man is free," said Lord, with the old-time twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, free to choose starvation if he likes that better than work. I do n't hear of many such cases however," said Conrad.

After dinner they walked upon the deck and watched the varying scene as they passed through the Highlands, which much resembled the scenery of the Hudson.

Thus passed the days upon the steamer. The scenes were new to Lord, who had passed them but once before, and that in the darkness of the hold long years ago.

Some days after the stop at Sitka, when they were nearing the mouth of the Columbia, the two friends were walking upon the deck. The constancy of these two old men to each other was remarked in jest by many of the younger passengers; yet, but for the white hair of the one, and the iron-grey of the other, they might not have been considered old. Their step was as elastic as that of many younger fellows whose hair showed no touch of time's finger.

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"You appear nervous today," said Conrad. "Do you dread the ordeal?"

"Well, somewhat," said Lord laughing. "I feel like the freshman as he climbs the chapel stairs for the first time. I have a horror of appearing green, at my age, you know."

"Well, after all my attempts to pony you, that is discouraging," said Conrad with a whimsical laugh; "but, as my big brother told me when I first went from home, you must n't be surprised at anything."

"I suppose my Alaska tickets will cause people to look at me, and I shall blush like a school-boy if I am awkward at anything," said Lord ruefully.

"Oh, we will change those at Portland for certified travellers' credits," said Conrad, "and, as for the rest, 'watch what others do, then imitate them.' That was another piece of my brother's advice, and, although it got me into one or two scrapes, I soon got the hang of things, as you will. I 'm sorry we are not going by Puget Sound," he added thoughtfully. "I would like to show you the wonderful harbors, and the magnificent cities that have been built there in the last twenty-five years. We used to boast of the growth of Chicago and Denver, but the twenty-five years just passed have seen greater marvels than they."

"But Portland is no mean city by your description," said Lord.

"It is a magnificent place, far beyond the dreams of forty or even thirty years ago," answered Conrad; "and, now I think of it, I believe you will enjoy the valley of the Columbia even better than the Sound."

While they were talking a pilot-boat was making its signals, answered by a hoarse whistle from the steamer, and soon the pilot at the wheel was ready to guide them over the bar, which at the mouth of the Columbia still requires a skillful hand and practiced eye to make the passage safely.

Lord resumed the conversation. "I have but little interest in cities, except New York, my old home. But I am anxious to see the country, and the mining districts. Those centres of poverty in my day are now so prosperous and happy, you say."

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"Yes," said Conrad, "I fancy a country of a hundred million people, and without a pauper, is something you Alaskans can hardly comprehend. There is still some poverty among the natives there."

"Yes," said Lord, "but hardly to be called so when you consider their former condition. They used to send them missionaries to teach them to be contented with poverty, now they send teachers to show them how to conquer it."

"That was of a piece with the religious teaching of the time, that damned the heathen and most of the Christian world, but forgot all about the sick-and-in-prison clause," said Conrad.

"'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these' seemed to be a less crime in those days than ignorance of doctrine. Bah,— we were only half civilized any way," and Lord vented his disgust by kicking the toe of his boot against the railing.

The stop at Portland and the incidents of the starting upon the long railway journey must be passed over. Lord's impatience to see New York again had lain dormant for many years. Now the prospect seemed so near it hurried him forward, and he could not take interest in anything that might delay that event. Securing a section in the continental express, the two friends whirled up the valley of the Columbia from Portland by rail.

Lord's attention was divided between studying the passengers and watching the scenery. "I really begin to feel quite at home," he said. "I imagined that I should find myself so much of a barbarian as to feel uncomfortable in a car filled with modern people."

"Do you notice much change in the people?" asked Conrad.

"Not so much in the people as in their manners. People seem so much more polite, yet their politeness does not seem so artificial or so prominent as it used to," answered Lord.

"Oh, I see, you miss the porter's bland smile," laughed Conrad, "his eagerness to brush your coat or polish your boots."

"Yes, that expresses it," replied Lord, "anyone who was very polite or wanted to do you a favor was at once suspected of

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designs upon your pocketbook. And the suspicion was usually correct."

"Yes, the arts of deceit and hypocrisy were most highly prized," mused Conrad, "and counterfeit politeness was more plentiful than genuine coin."

"This politeness that has no commercial value seems so natural to everybody now," said Lord. "I feel like saying a universal 'thank you' to all I meet, but it's not the fashion I see."

"No; profuse thanks are a relic of our dark ages," said Conrad. "The smile that comes from the heart has replaced words that only came from the lips. 'Thanks' and 'thank you' are almost obsolete phrases now."

"But I don't feel just right in receiving a kind attention from guard or trainman or other stranger, knowing that I can make no return," said Lord. "I feel that I should express some sense of obligation."

"We express that by our look of pleasure," said Conrad. "Remember it is fully as much pleasure to be able to do a kindness as it is to receive one. The obligation is mutual."

"Oh, I realize how old-fashioned I am," laughed Lord. "This 'doing as you would be done by' was a precept preserved as a curiosity in theological museums, not intended for general use."

As a picture of the new life just revealing itself to him, Lord found much to interest him among these passengers. Among all the thousands he had passed in Portland and at the station he had yet to see a single face with that haggard, careworn, impatient look that was so common in the busy crowds of his younger days. All seemed happy and hopeful, nor was there that "dead level of mediocrity" that had been so dolefully predicted as the result of perfect equality. There seemed even greater diversity; for, all being free to develop according to their bent, each, in the line best suited to him, strove for supremacy in excellence.

In the section ahead was an old man, a gentleman of the old school, with his daughter, a lady of perhaps thirty, and a grand-

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daughter of eight years. The little girl had a basket of flowers brought from the gardens of Portland, and, after making some pretty boutonnières, she shyly offered one to Lord and another to Conrad, then decking her grandfather with another she laughed in high glee at her success.

Acquaintances are easily made on a railway train, especially when there is a pretty child for a go-between. It was not long before the whole party had drawn their chairs around the window and were discussing the views as they passed. The old gentleman entertained them with Indian legends of the river, pointing out the Dalles, where it was said the Spirit of the Mountains in the form of an otter fled from the Devil. Striking with his tail the solid rock the first chasm was formed. The Devil leaped that and the second; but the third, wider than either of the others, stayed His Majesty. Ever after, the rushing rivers flowed through these rocky channels to the sea.

Then the old gentleman, who was connected with the People's Lumber Bureau, described the plans by which this mighty force, rushing through narrow channels, had been made to furnish power to mills and factories for many miles around. Lord was made to feel that he, the returned exile, was an equal shareholder with all others in all this mighty gift of nature's boundless power.

On the following day they were passing through miles and miles of wheat-fields. The reapers were at work. The merry parties who gathered at luncheon time, and gaily saluted the passing train, betokened the happy condition of a people whose work could seem a pastime.

"These are the greatest wheat-fields in the world," remarked Mr. Bush, the old gentleman. "Often whole townships are in one field, only divided by convenient roads. Sometimes three or four townships combine to form a village like the one we are passing. Yonder great elevators are the public store-houses. Into these go all the wheat, graded by an inspector, and ready to load upon the cars as soon as a demand for it comes from any part of the world."

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"A beautiful place," said Lord, "but not all of its people are wheat farmers I suppose."

"Oh, other industries are provided, yet this is the principal one. All help in the wheat at the critical time when it is at its best; then all take part in other pursuits. The wheat only takes about sixty days' labor, then there is preparing it for market, and making barrels of the straw. A very fine quality of fire-proof lumber is also made from straw by a new process."

"What is the value of wheat?" inquired Conrad.

"By last report," replied Mr. Bush, "twenty bushels of wheat cost a day's labor."

"Then, as I understand," interrupted Lord, "if a miller requires a thousand bushels of wheat, it is delivered to him from the nearest store-house, and he is charged with fifty days' labor."

"That is the plan," said Conrad smiling. "I see you have studied your text-books. Then, if the miller has added five days' labor in turning it into flour, he is credited with fifty-five days on his account."

"How much flour would that make?" asked Lord.

"That depends somewhat on quality; but, I suppose, we may call it two hundred and twenty barrels," said Conrad. "That would make a barrel of flour worth one quarter of a day's labor."

"Exactly," replied Mr. Bush.

"Then a day of labor is the standard by which all values are fixed and measured," said Lord; "but as all labor is not equally valuable, or equally attractive, how do you adjust it so that the standard does not vary?"

"The standard never varies," said Mr. Bush, "for each worker receives the same credit or labor ticket called a day, which is divided into six parts called hours, while to obtain such a credit in some trades or branches may require only four hours of actual labor."

"And the exchange value of the product is just the number of these day-credits given to the producers," added Conrad.

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CHAPTER XIV.

A MINING TOWN.

"This is all very well in theory, as our schools teach it," said Lord, "but, in actual practice, does it not work injustice to some?"

"How can it?" broke in Conrad. "Every one is given a chance to work at least two hundred days in the year; and, except in some special emergency, he can always choose the kind of work that suits him best. His two hundred labor tickets will procure from the store-house anything he may choose that was produced by two hundred days' labor. There can be no inequality or injustice in that."

"I know," said Lord. "What struck me was the cheapness of the flour on that basis; but I suppose other products are equally cheap."

"It is not only that products cost less," replied Conrad, "but you must know from your Alaskan experience that labor is rated much higher than formerly. A day's labor will buy several times as much, because the laborer gets labor's full equivalent instead of only a fraction as before."

"Then the relative value of products is not so very different I suppose," said Lord. "Remember that our colony was not near enough to the general markets to give us many ideas on that subject."

"Oh, if you mean," said Mr. Bush, catching the point, "if you mean that a barrel of flour will about exchange for a ton of coal, and two tons of coal will exchange for an overcoat, and so forth, you are about right, yet improvements in methods so reduce the cost of some articles, and the absence of all profit so changes that of others, that the relative value is quite different from that of my boyhood."

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"I am glad to know that the plan works well. It cost some of us pretty dear to advocate it forty years ago," said Lord. "But how is it, Conrad? This is a socialist or, perhaps, a nationalist arrangement. I always regarded you as one of the anarchists."

"And so I am," laughed Conrad. "If this system was not voluntary I should still speak against it. For a while it was compulsory, until all had learned its advantages. Afterwards it was made voluntary. It allows any dissatisfied ones to experiment by themselves. They soon choose to remain in the partnership, however, as co-operative labor is so much more productive."

As they were returning from the dining-car Lord was laughing heartily, and Conrad waited for him to regain composure to ask the cause.

"I have been puzzling myself over the boot-black question," said Lord finally. "I thought some porter attended to that matter while I slept, and I wondered which of these dignified officials was the man. Just now, as I stepped into the dressing-room, I saw Mr. Bush sticking his foot into that revolving ventilator, as I supposed it, and behold it gave his boot a polish. I have n't felt so green before since I was a boy."

Conrad joined him in his laugh. "You will find many of the unpleasant trifles, that were formerly considered menial, are provided for by similar devices. Since the last revolution the object of invention has become labor-saving instead of labor-slaving. By the way," he continued, "have you any cash?"

"What!" replied Lord in astonishment. "I thought cash was a thing of the past."

"So it is," said Conrad, "except, as a convenience, we have small change in minutes and seconds. You remember the nickel-in-the-slot machine?"

"Yes."

"Well, in the stations and other public places, you can get from a machine anything from a cup of coffee to the latest novel, and trouble no one to wait upon you."

"But about the cash?"

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"You stop at the office-window and let them punch out an hour from one of your tickets, and they will return you fifty minutes like the ancient nickels, and six hundred copper seconds. These will be small change enough for a month if you are not extravagant."

"Is this cash good everywhere?" asked Lord, amused at the device.

"It is only used for the slot machines, but is good in any of them, anywhere," said Conrad; and to illustrate his remark he stepped from the train, as it drew to the platform of a station, and, dropping a copper second into the slot, brought out an evening paper.

"Well, well," mused Lord, "boot-blacks and news-boys are dispensed with, clerks and waiters are largely supplanted. I am a Rip Van Winkle sure enough."

As the train started again Conrad handed him the paper. He noted gratefully that the light in the car was as clear and steady as in any library. The jar and motion of the train was so imperceptible that no difficulty or discomfort was apparent to the reader.

As Lord laid the paper aside after reading, Conrad asked him: "What strikes you most forcibly in the modern newspapers?"

"Well, the first thing is the entire absence of commercial advertising,—the spread-eagle lies that business men felt called upon to print to draw trade. Sanford used to tell me that there was not one truthful business advertisement in a thousand, and that the more outrageous falsehoods they could conjure up the larger returns they received."

"Sanford ought to know; he was brought up in trade; but I always supposed the biggest lies in a paper were about its circulation," said Conrad smiling.

"Oh, that was a part of advertising. The men with the biggest lies to print naturally wanted the largest circulation, and the paper wanted their patronage. 'The love of money' was at the root of this, as of all other evils."

That night Lord lay thinking of the past, as the train still

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whirled them across the country. He thought of the paper he had once been connected with; remembered, too, that lying "ads" of patent nostrums and other worthless trash had sometimes found their way into its columns. He turned in disgust from the memory of a time when success usually meant the sacrifice of honor.

On the morning before they were expected to arrive in New York some of Lord's nervousness returned. He had crossed the continent, and the evidences of a most wonderful prosperity had met him on every side. The calm and happy faces of all the people, with no sign of poverty anywhere in city or country; the contentment that seemed expressed by every word and act of those he saw; the fact that, in this land of plenty, private ownership of property had been abolished, and that he was an equal shareholder in this vast estate would have made him happy too, but there were sad memories and unanswered questions which would soon be solved. It required all Conrad's efforts to keep him cheerful.

Aside from Sanford, Conrad knew none of Lord's former friends, and could give him no news of them. Sanford was telegraphed for to meet Conrad at the station; but, true to Lord's wish, no hint of *his* coming was given. The train was delayed by a slight accident near a Pennsylvania mining town, and to allay impatience the two friends took a short stroll about the place.

"I can hardly believe this the same town," said Lord. "I was once sent out here with relief funds, and to write up the condition of the miners. Their condition was worse than that of our Exile. We were fed, while they were not. With their wives and children starving, they were the most miserable people I ever met."

"They got some wages while they worked," said Conrad.

"Yes; but it was the poorest pay that any American laborer received," replied Lord. "When you count the cost of living, they were poorer than the coal miners of England."

"If they were any worse off than our aqueduct laborers, they

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were poor indeed," said Conrad bitterly. "While I was working, in the disguise of a quarryman, I saw more crimes against humanity, more misery, and more careless sacrifice of human life than I had before dreamed possible."

"By the way, Conrad — it seems more natural to call you so than Müller — you have never explained how you came in that disguise. You were a mystery to me before; you have become an enigma now." And Lord laughed with returning spirits as he looked at Conrad.

"I must keep the mystery until I have time to tell you a long story," said Conrad. "You have taken me on trust so far; do so a little longer."

"Oh, of course," said Lord, turning the subject. "By the way, do you know that this big library building stands where the old company's store used to stand? What little wages they did receive, the men were compelled to spend over the company's counter."

"And they had to pay the company rent, too, I presume," remarked Conrad.

"Oh, yes; and being in debt for a month's rent or grocery kept them quite submissive until the last cut brought starvation."

"Then they rebelled, I suppose," said Conrad.

"Yes; they burned the coal-breaker, acted very foolishly, and got themselves shot. So the newspapers said." And Lord's face took on a stern look as the memory was recalled.

After glancing into the library, and walking along the shaded street, bordered with nicely trimmed lawns and neat two-story cottages set back from the street, they met one of the older men of the village. Perceiving that they were strangers, he ventured to ask if he might direct them. Lord answered him cordially. "I was here over forty years ago and now stop to see the improvements."

"Well, well," said the old man, "guess you dont know much about mining now-a-days, eh?"

Lord's eyes twinkled as he said, "I should really like to hear how many hours they work now for a day?"

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"Four for the miners, six for outside hands," replied the stranger. "It aint as hard as when I used to mine."

"You worked more hours you mean?" questioned Lord.

"Oh, Lord-a-massy, yes; but that aint what I meant. We had to work. Now they only kinder play work. Mostly done by machinery. Ther 'lectric excavators does all ther diggin." And the old man sniffed as he added, "boys dont know what work is any more."

"How do they pass the rest of the time?" asked Lord. "They evidently have more leisure than you had."

"Oh, they has debates, an readin clubs, an ball matches, an picnics, an all sorts of things we never dreamed on. Then thers some as is inventin new ways to save work. My boy, Bill I call him — Mister William Daniels is his name — he's invented a new excavater that does more work than five of the old kind." And the old man straightened up with pride at his son's achievement.

Carriages passed with fine-looking men and women and laughing children. The old man assured them that these were miners and their families who, having completed the required hours of work, were out on some pleasure trip.

"Is mining as dangerous as it was years ago?" asked Lord, who wished to assure himself of all the improvement of which he had heard.

"No, of course taint," replied the old man who began to suspect some purpose in this interview. "The old companies was so stingy they thought men was cheaper'n anything, so they killed em off an allus could get mor'n they wanted; but when the men runs the mines thaselves tha's no more bein killed. Not one been killed this ten year," he added.

Lord remembered the wholesale murders so frequent in the old days, caused by greedy corporations being too mean to provide needed safeguards; then, glancing around at the beautiful miners' village, he realized how great had been the change.

Returning to the train, they resumed the journey, and at seven o'clock halted in the Grand Union Station on Staten Island.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE GRAND UNION STATION.

As Karl Conrad Müller and Cecil Lord stepped from the train, they were met by a fine-looking elderly man who extended his hand to Conrad and gave a questioning glance toward Lord.

"I am glad to see you returning in such good health, Müller," he said. "We have missed you greatly." Then, with another questioning glance toward Lord, he said: "I think I must know you, sir. Your features seem familiar, but I cannot place you. He extended his hand, which Lord warmly grasped. While speech seemed for a moment denied him, he cast an appealing glance at Conrad, who hastily interrupted: "He is one of the managers of the colony at Exile's Rest. You may have met during Mr. Sanford's visit there," he said, turning to Lord with a meaning glance. Lord gave him a grateful look in return. Owing to the roar and clangor of departing trains, Sanford had only heard the words "Exile's Rest"; but, acknowledging a supposed introduction with a bow, and as further conversation there was impossible, he led the way to one of the parlors in the station. "Here we will rest a few moments, and as soon as you are ready we will go out to supper. Meanwhile, I would like to ask about Exile's Rest," said Sanford, turning to Lord, who had sunk into an arm-chair and seemed strangely agitated.

Sanford continued earnestly, without noticing Lord's agitation: "I had a friend; he seemed like brother to me; and in the time of the revolution he was transported to Alaska. After the present system was adopted, I went with the first relief party to Alaska, hoping to find him. It was the most sorrowful journey in my life. I had to return without having found even his grave." Sanford's lips twitched nervously as he asked: "Possibly you might help me to — ?"

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"Sanford!" gasped Lord hoarsely, rising and grasping both hands of his startled friend. "I wished to be the first to explain, or Conrad would have telegraphed."

"Cecil Lord!" cried Sanford, himself now overcome, "I—I," and the two men stood stammering, speechless, gazing into each other's faces, struggling with emotions they could not control, while even the giant Conrad fumbled nervously for a handkerchief to wipe his glasses, which had grown strangely dim.

Long explanations followed. Lord insisted that he had been much more useful in Alaska than he could have been in the States, where he would have been a sort of fossil, as he said, and finally drowned all Sanford's self-reproaches. In the reaction of spirits that followed they became so interested that Conrad suggested grimly that they had better have some supper.

"Bless me," said Sanford, "I had forgotten all about it. Come, we will see if the Grand Union can tempt an Alaskan appetite."

To Lord, who remembered the discomforts of old-fashioned railway restaurants, with their "ten minutes for refreshments," or "twenty minutes for dinner," the Grand Union was a marvel. He found that the improvements and comforts which, under the old system, could be found at the finest hotels only were in every railway-station now; and really the stations largely replaced hotels for the accommodation of the travelling public.

The sleeping rooms, the public and private parlors, the baths, gymnasiums, library, reading-room, and, not the least in importance, the magnificent dining-room, with all the viands to tempt the palate of an epicure, revealed to Lord something of the advance civilization was making in providing for the comfort of the people.

The three were given a table by themselves near a tiny silver fountain, that tinkled and tossed a shower of music with its cooling spray.

Away down the long room stretched the lines of tables with many a gay party of belated travellers still about them. Snowy linen, shining silver, and cut glass were reflected by heavy plate

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mirrors in the softest electric light. Automatic carriers overhead quickly filled the orders, dispensing with obsequious waiters. Everything that art and invention could conjure up to save human labor and add to human pleasure seemed centred there.

"I should think that people would want to live at the stations," said Lord, as, after lingering more than an hour over the delicacies set before them at the supper-table, they rose to go to the rooms that Sanford had selected for the night. "I cannot conceive of so much comfort in private mansions where there is no longer private wealth."

"Make no rash guesses," replied Sanford. "I hope to show you ere many days that in the mad rush for private wealth people never dreamed of the possible comforts and luxuries they might have enjoyed if they had only stopped fighting each other and begun to co-operate for the general good. When inventors turned from money-making to really labor-saving inventions, the possible improvements seemed unlimited, and the wildest dreams were less than have since been realized."

"I can well believe it," replied Lord. "But, while I expect great surprises, I may ask as many curious questions as a child; for instance, how many people does this station provide for?"

"Half a million people a day pass through the Grand Union," replied Sanford. "Many are local passengers, and others go direct to destinations elsewhere. I do n't suppose they have over eight or ten thousand transient guests daily, but that would have been a pretty large hotel traffic forty years ago."

"And what is the price of entertainment?" asked Lord, adding, with a laugh, "formerly, only millionaires and politicians could afford such."

"One hour's labor ticket per day is the rate at the stations," replied Sanford; "but equally good accommodations at the family hotels and co-operative apartment houses cost only half as much."

"Then they charge a profit in some cases," said Lord smilingly. "We used to claim that all profit should be abolished."

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"And so it is," replied Sanford; "but this is a part of the national railway system, whose income and expenses are expected to just balance. As it is not desirable that any but travellers should continue to use the station, its rates of entertainment are higher, and all surplus is used to provide other comforts of travel."

They entered the cosy rooms provided, and sank into comfortable arm-chairs, to continue their conversation. Soon a silver bell called Sanford to the telephone, and a message for Mr. Karl C. Müller was announced. Upon answer, "All right; he is here," there came through the pneumatic delivery tube the printed message.

"That *is* better than a messenger boy," remarked Lord.

"Indeed, yes," said Sanford. "Boys are too valuable to the nation to be ruined in the old way,—sent on all sorts of errands, and into all sorts of company. They spend their time now getting a different kind of education."

"What infamous folly it was for the country to allow its future citizens, its children, to grow up in such hap-hazard fashion, when, like ancient Spartans, each citizen is a brick in the nation's temple of prosperity," said Lord.

"Yes," laughed Sanford, "the temple-building was let out to independent contractors, who used mud-morter with these half-baked bricks. The thing was continually tumbling down somewhere. An earthquake in Wall Street would often lay the whole thing flat."

Then Conrad interrupted them. "I am called to Washington tonight to give information upon the Alaskan trip," he said; "so I think I must leave you now." In spite of protests from both the friends, Conrad took leave at once, in order to prepare for his journey.

Lord and Sanford talked until late that night. Lord asked about old friends, and was rejoiced to find that so many of them were living. It gave him a strange thrill as he learned that Miss Worden and her brother Jack lived in the same apartment house as Sanford, and he was pleased to learn that Mason and

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his family were also there. "I will send a message that we shall be there at dinner tomorrow afternoon," said Sanford, to which arrangement Lord did not demur. It was nearly morning before Cecil Lord could compose himself for sleep as he thought of the morrow and its revelations. It was half past nine when Sanford rapped upon his door and asked if he wished to breakfast.

Lord was floating in a half-dreamy state through visions of the Owl Club, and Miss Worden laughing at him. Then an Alaskan midnight sun seemed to shine upon the Bowery, to the delight of belated travellers. Out of these dreams he roused himself to answer Sanford's knock.

He answered something at random and began to look about him and collect his scattered thoughts. He lay upon a couch fit to woo the slumbers of a king, and he realized, with more truth than the old Roman, that to be a citizen of such a country was to be greater than a king. Above him a dainty silken canopy was draped, perhaps as a faint suggestion that Jersey mosquitoes had not yet been totally abolished by modern science. The rich window draperies and velvet carpet, the general luxuriance of the room, struck him afresh as he thought: "This is a part of the railway accommodation of today. Well, the world *has* moved."

As they sat sipping their coffee at the leisurely breakfast, it occurred to Lord that he might be detaining Sanford from some important duties, and he asked if it was so. "Oh, no," said Sanford. "We older people are like children; we have no duties but such as we choose. Like old-time politicians, we live upon the surplus."

"How is that?" asked Lord, a little puzzled.

"Oh, in spite of all we use, the nation's surplus wealth continually grows. All cost of bringing up and educating children is paid from it; and, after a certain number of years, all who have by their labor contributed to it, as well as all who by infirmity are exempt from labor, are entitled to draw from it as they require for the remainder of their lives."

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"Then I shall be a sort of interloper, I suppose," said Lord, who had already a half-formed project of not returning to Alaska, but spending the remainder of his days in the States.

"Oh, no," said Sanford, laughing at Lord's rather sober face. "If I am not mistaken, Conrad's mission to Alaska, and his calling to Washington, is in regard to adopting the Exile's Rest and other colonies into the regular exchange. If so, you are a regular partner, as well as heir by birth."

Lord mused in silence. This had indeed been a part of the system he taught in his youth. It was now taught in the schools as the science of political economy. "Then I suppose you adopt the maxim fully, that every child is born an equal heir to all surplus wealth handed down by past ages," he said.

"Certainly," replied Sanford. "And the inheritance cannot be divided until the last heir comes of age, and no more are born. There is no other just way but to hold it as common property, and let the heirs appoint trustees to manage it, as we do."

"And that is all the government you have, is it?" asked Lord.

"There is no government," said Sanford quickly, "except the people. They appoint agents to do things, but not to govern. The will of the people governs."

"I see now," said Lord, his face brightening, "how nationalists, socialists, and anarchists have been able to reconcile differing views."

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CHAPTER XVI.

RAPID TRANSIT.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when, after returning from the breakfast room, the two friends started to view the modern wonder called New York.

Stepping from the corridor of the station into one of the immense elevators which were constantly running, in a sort of Eiffel Tower, they were soon lifted hundreds of feet above the depot, which lay spread out beneath them, covering several acres. Sanford suggested that before going further they stop a while upon the observatory platform.

It was one of those rare autumn days when the atmosphere is clearest; and, as the magnificent picture burst upon their view, Lord could not repress some exclamations of amazement.

From Yonkers on the north to Sandy Hook on the south, and from Newark, in what was formerly New Jersey, to Jamaica on Long Island, the limits of the imperial city extended.

With observatory glasses they viewed the wonderful spectacle. Sanford called attention to leading points. "You notice that there are more homes on Staten and Long Islands," he said, "while lower Manhattan is given over to factories, warehouses, exchanges, and stores. The depots of all nations, for exchanging products, are there."

Lord laid down his glass and watched the passenger cars. From the tower, in every direction, ran great steel cables like those of the Brooklyn bridge, only smaller. Suspended from these cables by a sort of pulley-hanger device ran rapid transit cars to and from similar towers away on Long Island and the Jersey shore. These cars, suspended in space and whirling down the long incline with a velocity resembling a ride on a toboggan slide, then rising, partly by their own momentum, to

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the tower on the other side, seemed a marvellously dangerous device to Lord. The cables seemed to dwindle in the distance to mere threads, while the cars, as they left the distant towers, seemed as child's toys. On, on, they came, growing in apparent size, reaching the lowest point, then skimming along up the incline until brought to a stop upon the landing platform overhead.

Sanford explained a device by which some of the momentum of the downward slide was stored up to assist in mounting the other side; beside this there were extra power and safety appliances, so that, dangerous as it looked, no accident had ever taken place. Car after car came whizzing up different lines, and shot downward on others, changing passengers, and being switched from the up to the down cable. The elevators were constantly filled with passengers from the station underneath or those bound thither.

"How long will it take to reach Manhattan Island from here?" asked Lord.

"Ten minutes by the cables or by the tunnel; three quarters of an hour by ferry, or by the bridge and surface car," said Sanford smiling. "You see we are not compelled to fly through the air unless we choose."

"Well, this is an elevated system sure enough," said Lord. "As no one seems to get hurt I think we will try it."

"Which line do you prefer, Jersey or Long Island?" asked Sanford.

"Long Island, I think," said Lord. "How many lines are there?"

"Two, most direct," replied Sanford. "These have only three stops, but the cable system is carried out in every direction. You could take almost any line, and by changing cars reach the Battery. With the glass you may see that this first line runs to the tower on the Jersey shore, from there to a point opposite Ellis Island, then to the tower on the island, and from there to the Battery."

Lord had become so much interested in the distant view that

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he barely noticed the Staten Island homes, where there was a larger population than on Manhattan; but as he and Sanford stepped on board the gravity car they took position by a window, where, as the car was released, they caught a bewildering glance at the beautiful homes, smooth lawns, and wide, tree-fringed streets below them. The motion was so steady that a person sitting quietly might not realize the frightful speed, nor his suspension in space. Over the tops of schooners and steamers which, even at the lowest point, looked like toys beneath, then up to the landing on Long Island. One minute while the local passengers were changing, then the car was switched to the next incline.

A glance at Greenwood in the distance, then at beautiful residences with their environment of still more beautiful gardens, and the second stop was reached.

"What locality is this?" asked Lord.

"A little south of old Hamilton ferry," answered Sanford.

"Well, I ought to recognize it," laughed Lord. "I was mobbed for a radical speech I made near here forty years ago. Its appearance has certainly changed, as I hope have also its manners.

Whiz; and away went the car, over Buttermilk channel and up to the tower in the heart of old Fort Columbus. Lord looked grimly down upon the scene of his first imprisonment, not so much changed as he expected. White tents covered the camp ground, and companies of cadets were marching about.

"I thought war was abolished and military tactics a lost art," said Lord enquiringly, looking to Sanford for explanation.

"You are correct," answered Sanford. "As regards the art of killing, that went with the barbarous system that made use of it. This is Columbus College," he added, "and these young cadets are learning precision and discipline, that make mankind the conqueror of all the forces of nature."

The next minute and they were sliding toward the Battery, and in another they stood upon the great observatory platform of the Battery tower. For a moment, as Lord stood there, the

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present was forgotten in the past. Yonder had been the wreck of railroad behind which Conrad with his men, black and grimy with smoke, and covered with dust and blood, had awaited the charge of the soldiers. A shudder ran through his frame as he recalled the sounds and sights of that dreadful day. As Lord spoke his thoughts to Sanford, he recurred to the disastrous end of the revolution. "I felt," he said, "as though no future effort could free the country from the effects of that terrible mistake or treachery."

"But," interposed Sanford, "it was natural that the plutocrats should use their power when they gained it. Their usurpations became too heavy for flesh and blood to stand. When France and Germany, then Russia and England, became co-operative republics, we were but a year behind them."

Lord glanced around. Away down the harbor stood the familiar Goddess of Liberty, who long years ago had turned her back upon New York and stood looking out to sea, torch in hand, awaiting tidings from sunny France, that announced the birth of her sister, Justice. Castle Garden, that foul blot upon a former civilization where we welcomed the deluded emigrant to the land of the free, and gave him the home of the slave, was no longer to be seen. Cleared of all its unsightly blots, the Battery park seemed a section of Eden transplanted to the new world.

One startling change Lord noticed, the entire absence of the roads on stilts, the unsightly nuisance mis-called rapid transit in former days; but a network of tracks, in addition to the gravity system, ran above the buildings in every direction.

These tracks ran from a much lower level in the same tower as the gravity line. They were all a part of the municipal transit, and were used where the solidly built blocks, connected by bridges, made for them a level road-bed. Owing to a peculiar motive-power (a hydraulic device dispensing with wheels, and having in their stead flat runners sliding in grooves and cushioned with water), the trains were almost noiseless, and without jar. The buildings beneath them seemed built with a

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view of giving them a stable road-bed and solid masonry abutments at the street crossings.

"What puzzles me," said Lord, after watching the long trains dart this way and that with no apparent motive power or guidance, "is to see every train run to its own siding without any switchmen. I have seen four trains in almost as many minutes come in on one track and fly each to a different siding. Have you dispensed with switchmen as well as with boot-blacks?"

"Yes, and on the same principle," said Sanford. Lord looked enquiringly at him, and he continued: "Flesh and blood is too valuable to be set doing what machinery can do better. Machinery never sleeps at its post, while an overworked man sometimes does."

"Go on," gasped Lord, with mock anxiety, "let me hear the rest."

"You remember going with me to a dry-goods store some forty years ago," continued Sanford, "and you admired the cash-carrier that to a large extent dispensed with cash-boys?"

"Oh, yes, that is the labor-saving principle," answered Lord.

"But the parallel goes farther," said Sanford. "You remember how the little cash-cars would start from one central office and, after passing several on their way, would jump to a side track always at the right place?"

Lord nodded assent.

"Well, these act in the same way," continued Sanford. "That first siding is for express trains that make but three stops from the Battery to Harlem River. Then come the Central Park trains, then the locals. You notice that a local goes out, then the express follows on the same track, then another local, then one of the Park trains. In that way they run a through train between every local on the same track."

"And still the locals do not detain the fast trains?" questioned Lord.

"Oh, no, the local goes ahead to the first station, where a branch runs around the station from the main line. The local is constructed so that it always takes the branch. While the

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passengers are changing, the express dashes by on the main line, the local follows it to the next station, where another express passes. So they can run an express between every local, without interference."

"If you depended on overworked switchmen to direct the trains I should fear open switches,' said Lord musingly. "How did you ever get rid of the old elevated roads?" he asked, after he had watched the new device for some time.

"It came like many other improvements when the people took possession of all property as a common estate. This new system would never have been adopted as a private enterprise. The old roads were repaired after the revolution; the people were much dissatisfied with their service, but the power of corporations had become so great that no improvement could be expected so long as the roads paid good dividends to the stockholders."

"I remember," said Lord, "that was one of the great sources of private wealth. Corporations would bribe public officials to vote them a valuable franchise. They would present the officials with a nice block of the stock to keep them interested in the company's welfare; then, with their special privileges, the company would squeeze money enough out of a suffering public to pay the bribes, and make the bribers rich."

"Organized opposition to the elevated roads," continued Sanford, "was one of the first signs of re-action. Then the city voted to build an underground road owned by itself. This was bitterly fought by the corporations when the bill was introduced. Several times they defeated it by bribery, but fears of another revolution, which began to be openly advocated, caused them to give up the struggle, and the act was passed."

"That broke their power I suppose," said Lord.

"Quite the contrary," replied Sanford. "They simply got their tools in as contractors and officials under the city's management. It looked for a time as if the building of the arcade benefited none but capitalists, who lent the money to build it with, then stole it back by dishonest contracts, leaving the city

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with a half-built road and an enormous debt to pay them interest upon."

"I suppose people then lost faith in municipal control?" said Lord.

"In New York they did, while in other places it proved a great success. But finally only bribers could get any public position, from president down. Then the complete ruin of the republic was apparent to all."

"It was such results I feared," said Lord. "I was glad of my exile that I might not see the disgrace."

Sanford continued: "A few thousand capitalists, many of them living in Europe, held our city, county, state, and national bonds, with private mortgages on everything that would bear it. These debts were really greater than the selling value of the whole country. They virtually owned seventy million slaves, who were working themselves and children to death to pay these fellows interest on stolen property. These robbers escaped taxation on their bonds, while the tax-collector gathered in whatever the poor man had left after paying his interest. Then they or their agents stole it out of the treasury by dishonest contracts. Famine devastated large sections of the country. Thousands died of starvation in the cities. All the while ships were carrying flour and provisions to Europe."

Sanford and Lord sat upon the observatory platform, shielded from the noonday sun by the landing platform overhead. They had forgotten the wonderful scenery about them in reminiscence of the past. Perhaps it was partly because, at their age, the past seems more vivid than the present,—at least, when Sanford suggested that they go on up the city, Lord answered quickly: "No, I want to hear how the change came about."

Sanford smiled at his enthusiasm as he continued: "Where did I leave off? Oh, starvation. Well, just at this time France, whose people were much better off than ours, revolted. Our people had become helpless. The hope of a successful revolution passed years before. France voted by an overwhelming majority in favor of the following propositions: —

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1st. That all property is under the control of an individual only so long as he is himself using it.

2nd. That he has no moral or legal right to control or receive any income from property that anyone else is using.

3rd. That, at death, all property of the citizen passes into the common fund for the use of all the people alike.

4th. That products can only be bought with products, or their value as represented by the amount of labor that produced them.

"Well?" ejaculated Lord, who bent silently forward and was intently listening.

"Well," repeated Sanford, "of course this created an uproar all over the world, and in less than a year most of the great capitalists came to America, where the people were too poor and subdued to resist them, as they supposed. A great many rich men who abhorred the old system joined the people and helped to establish the new equality in Europe, while all the richest and meanest ones prepared to fortify America and hold it against the rest of the world. But selfishness always defeats itself. In the greedy race for wealth they trampled down so many that formerly stood with them, and reduced their numbers so effectually by the process of 'big fish eating little ones,' that they became frightened at their own weakness, and thousands of them accepted the new order as inevitable. The people finally rose *en masse*, and all who were willing to recognize the new system became equal with all other citizens, while those who refused were banished the country, and have scattered through the wild and uncivilized portions of the globe. The millionaire has ceased to exist in modern civilization. That incubus thrown off, there is no limit to improvements, of which this railway system is only one sample."

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CHAPTER XVII.

EXCHANGE AND FACTORY.

Having heard Sanford's story to the end, Lord was now ready to proceed. Looking up town from the Battery tower, Manhattan appeared like a city of gardens. Plants, flowers, green lawns, and shrubbery were everywhere. The massive blocks in the warehouse and factory districts nearly all had roof-gardens, most exquisitely kept.

From the elevated position in the cars the sensation was delightful. Delicate perfume from rare flowers, mingled with the odor of freshly clipped lawns, was in marked contrast to the odor of this locality forty years before.

The first stop was at the tower near old Hanover Square. Lord was looking silently down upon the gardens and buildings as Sanford touched his shoulder.

"Up to this point," he said, "are the great cotton and wool warehouses, the produce exchanges, and fruit depots."

"I notice that the Produce Exchange building which was utterly destroyed in the revolution has been rebuilt," said Lord. "To what use is it now put?"

"A very similar purpose," replied Sanford. "Elevator receipts, warehouse receipts, and other certificates of real wealth are here assorted, credited to the local warehouse when withdrawn, and charged to the account of the distributing depot where sent; but the spirit of speculation is dead. Each of these little slips they handle represents so many days' labor put into the product, and may be exchanged for an equal amount of labor represented by another certificate; that is, the same amount of labor that produced it pays for it in certificates of some other product."

"Then these are exchanges in the true sense of the word,"

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said Lord. "Exchange was only another name for gambling-house when I knew these places."

On went the train over the top of the Custom-house, which had been rebuilt into an exchange for foreign goods. Surrounding this exchange were great iron, glass, and granite buildings containing goods for export. Then came depots of every nation with which this country exchanged products. These contained samples of every article of which any nation produced a surplus, and which it exchanged for goods required from America, value for value, labor for labor, day for day."

As Lord learned this, he asked: "What became of political demagogues, who would shout 'pauper labor of Europe;' 'tariff for protection;' or 'tariff for revenue?'"

"They died out with the political parties that made use of them to fool people into fighting each other, while *they* got the spoils," replied Sanford.

"Then the maxim of socialism: 'All nations are of one blood' has proven true. They are brothers, not enemies, now," commented Lord.

"The clearing-houses of the world are here," continued Sanford, "but the balances are paid in certificates of products, not in gold. All the money of the world a hundred years ago would not have purchased the surplus wealth of nations which they now exchange."

"I remember the surplus was very troublesome when they kept it in coin," laughed Lord.

"Yes,' replied Sanford, "and even now it accumulates so rapidly that they have to reduce the working hours. Everybody uses lavishly all he wants, yet but few use as much as they produce, and none can have more. All expense of public works and education, transportation of products, and support of the people's agents is taken from the surplus."

"Then is there absolutely no taxation?" asked Lord.

"None, except for local improvements. Then the nation furnishes all the material free, and local citizens contribute the labor," answered Sanford. "You won't realize how willingly

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such taxation is paid until you see how much pride everybody takes in local improvements."

"One thing I realize," said Lord, glancing from the window over the succession of roof-gardens that extended to the river front, "the dirty, squalid, tenement-houses that, within a stone's throw of Wall Street, made such a hideous contrast between wealth and poverty are gone."

"Yes, they are gone," replied Sanford. "Gone with the cursed system of avarice that built both the tenement and the bank, the hovel and the palace, riches and poverty, the product of each other. How long it took the world to see that one cannot have more than his share without some one having less; that some must starve to contribute to another's feast of gluttony! There are no dwellings below Grand Street," added Sanford. "Up to that point all are national buildings."

As the train shot aside to the station at the bridge-entrance Lord saw the express ahead which went straight over the bridge and away off toward Harlem. The bridge, grander than before, had been rebuilt. While bridge passengers were changing, Lord looked from the opposite window at City Hall Park. The post-office and city buildings had been rebuilt elsewhere, and the park restored to its original proportions. Fountains were playing. Rare flowers were in the pools; among them the Victoria Regia, which, forty years before, had failed to bloom, was now in all its glory. From an alabaster pavilion upon the site of the old City Hall floated out the most entrancing music, while beautiful children were watching the goldfish in the pool.

Above the row of iron and granite buildings of Broadway ran another line of rapid transit, one branch crossing Broadway obliquely at Chambers Street and on up toward the Bowery.

"Perhaps you notice,' said Sanford, "that all our systems of municipal transit work together. The elevators in the towers run from the arcade depots under ground, stopping at the surface to exchange passengers with the electric and cable roads, then to the level we are on, then on up to the landing of the

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gravity roads away above our heads. All the transits are free. No tickets, no bell-punch, no change-box."

"How is the expense met?" asked Lord, now thoroughly astonished.

"The nation, whose great exchanges are here, furnishes all machinery and materials from the surplus account. The city asks annually one or more day's labor ticket from all citizens, to reimburse the nation for labor that is locally employed. You see," said Sanford, as Lord began to comprehend the arrangement, "that when everybody works it makes light work for all, and we have more to spend on public comfort than the whole nation produced by the plan of competition."

As the train drew near the Chatham Square tower, Lord expressed a desire to step off and view the site of his former home. Taking the elevator to the street, Lord asked as they reached the pavement: "I think we have time to walk a little way,—have we not?"

"Certainly," replied Sanford. "We shall reach home by four, which will be early enough."

They walked down East Broadway. Fine appearing people passed them in groups. On none of the faces was that hurried, worried look so common to the business man of former years. Content and refinement showed in every act and look, while older people, who must have seen the time of trouble, had the peaceful look of those whom care would no longer disturb.

A row of factory buildings extended all along the street. Reaching the spot which Lord thought the site of his former abode, he asked: "Can we go in?"

"Certainly," replied Sanford. Upon entering he explained their errand to a gentleman who met them at the door and at once offered to show them through the different workrooms.

"Is not this a pretty workroom?" asked their guide proudly, pointing out the newest improvements. Lord could very truthfully say that it was the lightest, neatest, prettiest workroom he had ever seen.

Rows of machines running by some noiseless power extended

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the entire length of the block. Then came a broad aisle, along which ran a miniature railroad track, from which baskets of snowy linen and muslin packages were delivered to the workers. As the baskets were refilled they were passed along to the next block, to the finishing and the shipping rooms. The process began two or three blocks back in the cutting room, thence to the trimming and sewing rooms. The railroad extended from block to block on this upper floor. Across the broad aisle were other rows of machines fronting upon the court-yard. The block was built on three sides of a square. In the central court, which opened toward the south, a fountain tossed a little ball upon a slender thread of water. A tennis court was marked upon the lawn. Bright flowers clustered around the pool, in which sported goldfish, lending beauty to the scene.

Across the court, through large plate windows, the counterpart of this workroom could be seen. Lord noticed that by each machine were flowers that had been freshly cut.

"Where do they all come from?" he asked.

"The gardens on the roof furnish flowers for the workers," replied the guide smiling. "But the flowers are not the most beautiful feature of this room. Did you ever see so many really pretty girls in one room?"

With the air of a connoisseur Lord admitted he had not, while the guide, pleased at his appreciation, continued: "Every girl here is a study for an artist. It will soon be four o'clock, when all work stops, you should wait until then to see them."

Lord smiled at his enthusiasm, but declined waiting on account of his engagement.

"How long do they work?" he asked.

"Four hours," replied the guide. "We have two working corps. The first come at eight and leave at twelve. These come at twelve and work until four."

"I suppose they choose which corps they prefer," said Lord.

"Oh, yes, and then every girl has two or three partners in the other corps with one of whom she can exchange at any time. There is to be a garden-party on the roof this afternoon, with

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music and refreshments. The girls often stay on pleasant days, and I know you would be welcome."

Lord, who was always a quiet, reserved man, smiled as he thought of himself at a garden-party surrounded by a bevy of laughing girls, and he intimated that he had already staid longer than he ought.

As he and Sanford passed to the street, he exclaimed: "Then this is factory life in the new republic. How proud that manager is of his work."

"I should say his pride extended to his workers," replied Sanford. "But, then, he is excusable in that. As George Elliot says, 'the beauty of a lovely woman is like music.'"

Lord laughed "That will do for you, Sanford," he said. After walking some distance, he added: "I begin to feel tired. If I could just slip into my nest in the rocks of Alaska, I would be content without any more sight-seeing at present."

"Getting homesick?" queried Sanford.

"Not that," replied Lord, "but I feel out of place in all this. In my younger days I dreamed of such a state of society, but it has so outgrown me that I feel as much an exile as I once did in Alaska."

"Oh, that will pass when we get home. Let us take the car." As Sanford said this, he stopped a passing electric car, and they soon were amid entirely new surroundings.

The massive blocks of the lower town had given way to immense palaces, surrounded by wide lawns, fountains, trees, and gardens. Lord, who had been astonished at the attention paid to gardening in the manufacturing district, could not control an expression of wonder at the profusion of flowers here. Some of the buildings appeared like private mansions, others like great apartment houses, and still others were like the finest hotels of former days. Some were of purest white, others of gray or pink or brown stone. All rising like gems set in the emerald of the lawns about them. Fountains played here and there amid the shubbery, and statuary gleamed from among the foliage of rich tropical plants.

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"Surely, these are not private homes?" said Lord in more than usual astonishment.

"They are but a few types of our homes," said Sanford. Watching Lord's face he continued: "With such an infinite variety to select from one can live in any style he chooses, but homes on Manhattan are a little more crowded than on other islands or the mainland north and west, where a larger part of the homes are situated. You remember Tuxedo Park?"

Lord nodded.

"Well, Tuxedo style of suburban life has many adherents, and has been a thousand times multiplied in the last few years."

"It seems strange," said Lord, "to find everybody living so luxuriously. I keep expecting to see some sign of poverty or some tenement; from old association I suppose."

"There is n't a pauper in America!" exclaimed Sanford. "But if you want to see a hovel or two, a couple were saved from shanty-town in upper New York, and are in the museum grounds of Central park. When you are really homesick, we will go up and view them," he added with a laugh. "We stop here," said he, touching an electric signal button to stop the car. "My rooms are in this co-operative apartment building. I enjoy it better than hotels or clubs. You will meet your friends at dinner," he said as Lord gave him a questioning glance.

The building fronted upon what was once Tompkins Square, and faced three streets, with an open court-yard toward the south, and it stood in the centre of a lawn. Similar blocks appeared around the square. The lawn about the house indicated by Sanford contained many flower-beds of fantastic shape, and betrayed an enthusiastic gardener's skill. Near every street corner was a fountain, each of a different pattern. A concrete walk wound about the labyrinth of flower and shrub and statue. Green turf, soft and fine as velvet, seemed to invite the feet to stray, and sheltered seats allured the wandering one to rest.

Going up the marble steps and into the wide hall they passed through to the veranda which ran around the court-yard. This

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court, some sixty feet across, was one solid piece of green turf bordered by a walk next the veranda, and shaved as close as the lawn-mower could make it. On the open southern side the afternoon sun was shining in. Upon the veranda lay croquet, lawn-tennis, and other outfits for lawn games, while above the veranda was a device for spreading a water-proof canopy in summer, or a glass and iron covering in winter, by which latter means the court was transformed into a greenhouse when the plants were brought from the lawns outside.

"One thing puzzles me," said Lord as they walked round the veranda and ascended the broad stairs to the floor above. "You seem to make no provision for ash barrels and garbage carts."

Sanford laughed heartily at Lord's puzzled look as he replied, "they are largely dispensed with; but you have forgotten the under-ground road. When the new transit was finished the arcade was given up to heavy freighting, delivering of supplies, and such uses. The sub-cellar of each block connects with that road, and it relieves the streets of heavy traffic; beside which all electric wires and pneumatic delivery tubes are there provided for. Special grocery and provision trains run twice each day in addition to regular traffic trains."

As Sanford finished speaking he opened a door to the left. Motioning Lord to a seat, he drew aside the curtains and said: "We shall dine at six. It now lacks over an hour. Make yourself at home in these rooms, and I will call for you in time. You had better rest, as the evening may be a long one;" and with a smile he prepared to go. Turning again, he added: "You will find books in the library, and a couch and a bath in the room beyond. Take my advice and rest. You are in full posession here."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

REUNION.

Alone with his thoughts almost for the first time since leaving Alaska, Cecil Lord ran rapidly over the incidents of his journey. While he could hardly follow Conrad's advice to be astonished at nothing, he began to realize that the possibilities of progress, of which they had dimly heard in Exile's Rest, were only limited by man's opportunity and skill, and these now seemed boundless. He glanced from the window. The room was in the southern end of the west wing. One window looked upon the court, while the other, a deep bay window facing the south, gave an extended view of lawns and buildings beyond.

Across the lawns toward the east could be seen a garden of roses, and a common playground for the children. The green grass had no forbidding signs, and the children at their sport added beauty to the picture. The parlor in which he stood was furnished throughout in gold. The furniture, the walls, the curtains, all blended their shades with exquisite taste. Mindful of Sanford's suggestion, Lord passed through into the next room, — the library. This was furnished in blue. Combinations ever restful to the weary eye melted away into a sort of celestial view overhead, where some scene from ancient Bible mythology was represented. Upon the table lay several books. Easy chairs beside the phonograph, or drawn before the grate, where glowed the electric fire, invited Lord to tarry. Beyond this the sleeping-room, where Sanford had advised him to rest, was a combination of tints that, from rosy pink to purest white, seemed to melt into each other in a dreamy, oriental way that harmonized with the furnishings. Above the downy bed hovered a melting view of Somnus and his son Morpheus, waiting to woo slumber to the eyes, and shape the pleasant dreams.

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Within a curtained recess was the marble bath, while the windows from both this room and the library looked out upon the court. Opposite was the entrance by which they had come. "Surely this is a bachelor home," thought Lord. "If I had one half so comfortable I would spend my days hereafter in the States."

At this moment he perceived his baggage, which had preceded him, and bethinking himself of the coming dinner, he prepared a fitting toilet with some anxiety lest he might betray a lack of modern culture. When it was done to his satisfaction he returned to the library. Sinking into an easy chair he began turning the leaves of a novel whose title attracted him: "Children of Satan; or, Selfishness the Origin of Evil."

At a little before six Sanford returned, and with him came an old man whose locks were as shining white as Lord's. None other than John Mason, whom Lord had last seen the day of Willie's funeral. Another, a middle-aged man, with them was Jack Worden.

After a few minutes of hand-shaking and reminiscence, Sanford asked abruptly: "How do you like these rooms?"

"They are a dream of paradise to me," answered Lord. "I could have planned nothing so cosy. Are they yours?"

"They are yours until you choose others more to your liking," answered Sanford, smiling at Lord's embarrassment. "Mine are in the other wing."

"Sanford," exclaimed Lord, extending his hand while his voice choked him, "it does not express it to say 'I thank you;' but you know—"

Sanford knew. He explained to him, however, that they were no better rooms than everybody had, only differing taste might seek different arrangements.

"One thing I do not yet understand," said Lord as, after having recovered from his last surprise, they followed Mr. Mason to the dining-room. "How can everybody have so much luxury when they work so little compared with former years? Then only the wealthy were comfortable."

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"You foretold it yourself years ago," said Sanford. "But then without the wonderful inventions of today it would be impossible to have so much. In the first place the natural materials are limitless."

"True," replied Lord.

"Secondly, all anything costs now is the labor that is put into it."

"Yes," admitted Lord.

"Then, man has so harnessed the forces of nature that they do a large part of the labor at no cost but to provide the machinery to harness them."

Lord nodded his assent.

"Then, as raw material costs nothing but the labor of digging, mining, or raising it, and transportation is but a small item of expense, it follows that, with the forces of nature working for nothing, a hundred millions of people can accomplish wonders. You must remember that with our wonderful labor-saving machinery a few short days of work from all will produce tenfold more than all the working classes formerly produced in a year of steady toil."

"I can realize that," said Lord.

"And the fact that all work in harmony without the waste of competition accounts for all else."

As they were talking Mr. Mason threw open the door of a dining-room,— one of the series which occupied a large portion of the main floor on the northern side of the building. Sanford explained that each room was private to the family or party who chose to occupy it together, while the partitions between, which seemed so solid, and through which no sound passed, could at any time be rolled back. This would throw as many rooms into one as might be desired for banquets or balls. Overhead, through the broad hallway, ran lines of electric cars which, by branch lines running to each room, delivered the viands or carried back the orders.

Four ladies met them as they entered. The two eldest Lord quickly recognized as Mrs. Mason and Miss Worden. Though

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outwardly calm, Lord felt at this reunion more agitated than any of the others, except perhaps Miss Worden. She soon, however, put him at his ease with her former mocking pleasantry.

He found it more difficult to recognize in Mrs. John Worden the little Lucy Dean of forty years ago. It seemed almost as strange to find Miss Maud Mason the editor of a woman's journal, in which position she had succeeded Miss Worden.

That Miss Worden was still charming, in spite of the weight of years which sat so lightly, no one would deny, but to Cecil Lord she was the one woman who had always been his ideal.

Greetings over, they gathered at the table where the carriers delivered dainty trays as deftly as human hands might have done, serving the delicate creations of modern cuisine in many tempting courses. To Cecil Lord came the consciousness that at last dining was one of the fine arts. Describe that dinner? No. Vulgar materialism may revel in such details, but it is doubtful if Cecil Lord could remember aught but a sense of perfect happiness; and that reunion, so unexpected until the day before, was the brightest spot in all the memory of the returned exile.

Wines upon the table attracted Lord's attention, and as they were served his embarrassment was evident to Miss Worden, whose eyes twinkled with the old-time merriment. She knew he had always been a total abstainer. "This is the pure blood of the grape," she said, tantalizing him and holding the glass aloft as the light streamed through its purple depths. "But," she added quickly as she saw his look grow grave, "this is not fermented, and I assure you it does not conflict with your views of wine drinking."

"Yes," interrupted Sanford. "It seems that scientific men have at last sustained your theory, that fermentation destroys all food value of the grape as it does of grain, so the keepers of the vineyards have provided a product that far excels fermented wine. So that again the best wine was reserved till the last."

"How about general drinking habits?" asked Lord with

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much interest. "I now remember that I have seen nothing of them since my return."

"They have nearly disappeared," answered Sanford. "As soon as there was no profit in it its sale was abandoned like other injurious traffics. Avarice had no more to gain by the traffic, and it soon died out."

"But it had a strong hold upon appetite as well as avarice," said Lord. "Surely, that was not all at once abolished?"

"No, but drunken excesses had so disgusted people that, when industries were nationalized, no provision was made for the manufacture of intoxicants any more than for bogus butter or shoddy wool. Druggists do ferment some wine for medicine, but I believe even the doctors consider it more dangerous than useful, and they now prescribe the unfermented kind."

"But if the appetite still remains," questioned Lord doubtfully, "will not the people make it themselves?"

"The people are no longer driven at that speed of merciless competition that shattered both brain and nerves," replied Sanford; "neither is there an idle class who would drink to kill time, so the demand and supply both ceased together."

"One strange fact," said Miss Worden, "some of the old-time churches were the bitterest advocates of having fermented wine in the public storehouses."

"I am not surprised at that," said Lord. "But speaking of churches, do they still exist?"

"Not as you knew them," she replied. "But if you mean bodies of people who meet together regularly, they are as numerous as ever. When the golden rule came into general use the old-fashioned creeds were abandoned. Now they meet to learn truths, not to assert doctrines."

"Then an unbeliever is no longer despised by them?"

Miss Worden laughed. "You must remember that now people are judged by what they do, not by what they believe. We will go to Music Hall next Sunday," she continued, "then you may understand our religion of universal brotherhood."

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE BIRTH OF FREEDOM.

The conversation drifted from religion to politics, or rather the absence of politics, with comparisons of past with present, and when the party withdrew to their drawing-rooms the tide of reminiscence with tales of the marvellous present went merrily on.

The days with their rounds of pleasant surprises passed quickly. When Sunday morning came Cecil Lord and Miss Worden went together by the gravity road high over the housetops to the Music Hall west of Central Park where the service was considered particularly fine. They stopped a few moments in the Bryant Park tower, corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. The tower arose on the site of the old reservoir which was not rebuilt after being blown up by the dynamiters. The cables of the gravity road glistened in the sun like magnified spider webs, while the view from the observatory platform swept a radius of many miles from the palisades to Coney Island, and from Long Island Sound to Newark Bay.

The next swoop of their flying car landed them at Music Hall. Vast as the Colosseum at Rome, and bristling with towers and minarets, this building seemed a triumph of architecture.

Above its massive portals three giant statues represented the artist's ideals of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, with graceful poise, holding aloft a streamer inscribed "Sacred to the Brotherhood of All Mankind."

Within, the acoustic properties were perfect, and the decorations worthy of the people's greatest temple.

As they were seated, the orchestra was rolling out a volume of music that thrilled every portion of the vast auditorium, and

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seemed to cause the very towers to quiver, while chiming bells and booming cannon from the towers and battlements answered in perfect harmony; then the music sank to a minor key, and every breath was hushed as if in the presence of the supernatural. Again it swelled forth until pendant bells, that seemed a part of the ornaments in the vaulted roof, would catch the key and echo in unison.

After this prelude the leader of the orchestra waved his baton, and the audience joined with a fervor never seen or heard in the days of industrial slavery, singing:—

> "My country, 't is of thee,
> Land of the noble free,
> Of the I sing."

Then great curtains rolled away and displayed a stage upon which a thousand might appear at once. "The Birth of Freedom" was the theme, and the orchestra, the organ, and more than a thousand singers and actors made this grandest of oratorios a triumph of music.

At first across the stage came hordes of peasants in the costume worn before the French revolution. A long sad wail of bitter agony seemed to rise from the oppressed of earth, while at one side of the stage through palace windows could be seen kings feasting and courtiers dancing.

Then choirs of chanting priests tried to drown the wails with intonations and chants which mingled with the sounds of revelry from the palace. Suddenly there appears a figure standing alone between the wailing hordes and the chanting priests, who stand outside the palace walls. It is the figure of a Jewish carpenter. The priests bow in reverence before him. He waves them scornfully away, saying: "Depart. I was ahungered and ye gave me no meat. Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, my brethren." He points toward the oppressed poor and vanishes from sight.

The wails grow louder, angrier: they are answered by others that seem to come up from dens and haunts of cities. Hungrier and more desperate grow the people until with a wild rush they

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trample down the priests, batter down the palace, and slay the king.

The music seems so woven through the act that the hearer knows not whether to eye or ear the story is the better told. The curtain falls, then rises on a tableau. Behold the world's workers crawling out from under thrones and cathedrals asserting their right to Freedom. This ends the first act.

A second opens in America. A sturdy race of freemen dressed in homespun cross the stage singing of Liberty; but, even as they go, small golden serpents crawl among them. Unnoticed at first, the serpents grow larger and bolder until they raise their horrid heads on every side, assuming the shape of the sign of dollars ($) as they coil about the tree trunks, and their hisses mingle with the music.

Another curtain rolls away, and in a cotton field hundreds of negroes sing sweet melodies. Writhing serpents with the sign of the dollar lash them with their tails and feed upon their children. Then armies in blue and armies in grey march to martial music trampling down the cotton. While cannon roar and muskets rattle, and blue and grey are heaped on bloody battle-fields, the horrid snakes swell and fatten on the carnage. Then battle-field is hidden by the curtain, the martial music dies away, and "Home, Sweet Home" is sung. The orchestra takes up the strain as the curtain rises upon the homes. Golden serpents are still there and they drive men, women, and little children, both white and black, from their homes to mine and mill and factory, and some are driven to crime and death. The people make idols of the snakes, sacrificing everything to them. There seems one in every home to be worshipped; little ones in some, larger in others, great ones in public market places, and huge ones making their deadly sign in the temples of worship.

The poorer people bring their children, their only possession, to be sacrificed to the serpents. Not content, the snakes often seize the parents also. Sad and mournful is the music now; it seems like moans of anguish. So monstrous have the serpents grown that now upon their crested heads their names appear,—

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Rent, Interest, Profit. Keepers of the snakes meet and confer, they say: "Lest the people arise and slay the snakes, we must have parties and factions to keep the people divided against each other while we secretly manage things." Then to each faction they say: "Save your wives and children by getting the keepers of your kind of snakes into power, then only wives and children of your opponents will be fed to the serpents." Behold, the people believe the teaching and elect keepers of the serpents governors, congressmen, and senators.

The music changes. Quicker, faster it goes. The contest between factions grows fierce. Priests stand in pulpits bearing the sign of the serpent and cheer their factions, while they beg poor people to be content with their lot and submissive to the snakes. All the great avenues of commerce are filled with people carrying sacrifices to the serpents.

Suddenly there comes a great shout. The people rebel against the snakes and their keepers, they see how they are being duped, for all factions travel the same roads with their sacrifices. They cry: "These of the other factions are our brothers, down with snakes and keepers, we will sacrifice no more children to them." Then came explosions, hundreds of them. Snakes and keepers lay twisting and dying in the streets. The music throbbed in mighty pulsations. Thunder rolled and forked lightning shot across the darkened stage. The very earth trembled as if all nature was in its death struggle or the birth of a new era was impending. The curtain fell. Then the music played soft and low as the curtain rose upon a tableau of three colossal figures like those at the portal of Music Hall. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity were smiling upon a new-born babe, Freedom.

But a moment this vision lasted, then faded into thin air, and the joyous music and glad shouts changed to harsh roars and shrieks of horror; for, deceived by the snake-keepers, poor people in uniform shot and starved other poor people in rags, bound them down with slimy serpents and compelled them to do more work for the keepers.

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Then a mournful dirge was played. Freedom must have died at its birth or have been devoured by the greedy serpents.

Then in the far distance sounds a faint strain of joyous music. With bated breath the audience listen as it comes. It grows and grows until every organ stop, and drum, and chiming bell, and booming cannon take up the strain. The vast audience seems thrilled with joy, and thousands weep for gladness as the triumphant shout is borne along by the advancing chorus,

"Freedom lives; It Lives; It Lives!"

The child had been spirited away from the serpents, brought up secretly until in her maiden strength she landed a beauteous queen upon the shore whence she had been driven. As the people hail their deliverer, the serpents flee in alarm, and the keepers either gladly give up their hideous pets or are banished to jungles where serpents dwell.

Then, grandest of all the music, swells out the melody —

"*Freedom is proclaimed throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof.*"

Oh, the power of music! As the triumphant strains roll forth it seems to the returned exile that all his years of toil and suffering are compensated,— his dreams of universal brotherhood more than realized. He turns to his companion who is watching him, her face radiant with pleasure at his enjoyment.

As the spell of the music passes, a stronger spell reasserts itself in Cecil Lord's breast. He recalls his first acquaintance with Miss Worden and their work at the Owl Club. The vision of the Red Cross Hospital comes before him; and, as his eyes meet hers, he realizes that the story of years is revealed in his face. It is read and understood by the woman at his side, and as he nervously puts forth his hand she places her own in it.

As they pass out of Music Hall with the joyous throng Cecil Lord knows that henceforth his life's pathway will be cheered by the companionship of his ideal woman, and he has found a second Exile's Rest.

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NATIONALISM AND POLITICS.

By Stansbury Norse.

One of the prime factors in the success of a movement is the accord of the leaders. Notwithstanding this, it is generally from a state of discord that order comes. Advance seems thus perhaps delayed, but this appears inevitable; and possibly the result is a more perfect success, for out of chaos came the universe. A system may be all the nearer perfection when the antagonism of varying influences within it has been subdued and forced to unite in forming a harmonious whole. To prove which of two or more elements is the most forceful and necessary it is imperative that they contend until one obtains the mastery. For that very reason it is obligatory that everyone should speak his mind freely and honestly, hoping that right and truth will prevail.

When I became a nationalist I thought it would be years before any idea of political action would be entertained. I entered into it, heart and soul, as an educational effort. Having in mind the forty years of agitation necessary to the triumph of abolitionism, I looked forward to at least a decade of propaganda pure and simple. Only a few months ago numerous interviews with prominent nationalists, published in the *New York Sun*, proved my views to be those of nearly all the workers in the cause. But nothing seems to move slowly at this end of the nineteenth century. Within a few years undreamed of success becomes a possibility. Yet caution still seems absolutely necessary. Everyone may be treated fairly, every leader may prove true, yet the opposite should be prudently provided against.

The majority of nationalists seem to have decided the question of political action in the affirmative. This is, of course, the most important step that we can take, and it seems to require the greatest deliberation, and caution, and the exercise of abundant wisdom and prudence. It is possible for the wisest of men to err. Only a little too much enthusiasm, a shade too

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much of feeling, a small degree of temerity, and a movement may be consigned to a political tomb for years to come. We should look beyond our immediate horizon and wait patiently, like Delilah, to shear the strength away from our enemies. Rome was not built in a day, and we are building a greater empire than the Roman. If ever in the world's history deliberation and cautious action were called for, now is the time.

Nationalism should be distinctly nationalism, — that and nothing else. While it embraces all that is good of its kindred *isms* it is not similar to any of them. We must have this fact at heart. We must not be anything else first that offers a chance of success, and nationalists last and least of all.

Our movement is not that *of* the proletariat, but *for* the proletariat. The socialist and the labor organizations are proletarian; and it is at the almost invisible line of demarcation that so many hesitate and are swerved in the wrong direction. Why the wrong direction? Because the proletaire never can right matters. Because the people regard any attempt on his part to be what it, alas, too often is, an effort to level society downwards. Nationalism is the converse. Its aim is to level upwards, always upwards, by educating the people in the principles of the brotherhood of humanity, and the methods of exemplifying that relationship in our daily life. Upon that foundation alone — for it alone is solid and secure — we wish to build a structure into which the reforms we propose shall have been incorporated as a political necessity. Until the foundation has been securely laid it is surely unwise to begin our edifice.

Instead of accelerating the success of the movement, ill considered procedure will invariably delay it. The true nationalist should be an educator. The political action which follows his efforts should be more the result of his work than a portion of it. Like the water which flows from a lake in the mountains through a viaduct and numerous canals, spreading at last into small filtering streams among the farms of the valley, its influence seen in the bloom of the meadows ripe unto the sickle,

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its work noiseless, but thoroughly efficacious, so nationalism should spread from its source through its leaders and teachers, permeating every grade of society, doing its work quietly, until the harvest is ready and the laborers are *many*.

The structure must be built by the educated and the wise, because it is based upon equity, cemented with justice, and constructed by love, and has for its broad dome the golden ties of fraternity. These are the concomitants of this class alone. The rich are too busily engaged in their worship of the golden calf, and the very poor have no opportunity or time to become educated, no leisure to study equity or justice, and even for thoughts of love and fraternity they have but fleeting moments. When they strike for justice they are apt to use a boomerang. Our mission is to teach them to conquer by wise and peaceful measures.

For a portion of the work politicians must be absolutely necessary, but the proper course at present would seem to be to fight clear of any possible chance of making an alliance which shall prove entangling, and to wait until we are powerful enough to be courted for our strength.

One illustration will make my position perfectly clear. Suppose we elect a member or two to the legislature. Human nature is generally too weak to stand such pressure and temptation as would be brought to bear upon so small a representation, and even if the men themselves remain pure their course is a power in the hands of any party which chooses to calculate upon it. The consequence is failure to accomplish any good result, discouragement, and a loss of prestige. But suppose, on the other hand, we wait until, by the number of our clubs and the greatness of their rolls, we know that we can elect the majority of a legislature, then will our position be assured, and our hands strengthened for the work they are to perform; then will nationalism stand firmly upon its feet, and be girded for the task of righting the affairs of a nation.

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CO-OPERATIVE AMUSEMENTS.

By Robert C. Adams.

Fletcher, of Saltoun, once wrote, "I knew a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." In a similar spirit one might now say,—let me form the people's sports, and I care not who does the preaching.

As comfort and education become general there is an increased cultivation of amusement. The great workers are recognizing the value of diversion. Leaving business to business hours, they seek re-creation in play. The man at the head of the enterprise of building a transcontinental railway was asked how he could devote his evenings to games when he had such vast and varied interests to consider. His forcible, though inelegant, reply was: "If it was n't for cards I should bust." Since sport is becoming so prominent an element in life, from infancy to old age, it is important to consider its effect not only upon present happiness, but as a formative of character.

It may fairly be claimed that the largest factor in the development of disposition is play; for all the early years of a child's life are given up to amusement, and it is reasonable to suppose that the chief occupation will be the principal educator. If, then, we see in human nature great evils that it is desirable to eradicate, we should attack them in the most susceptible years of life, and by the most influential means. We may assert that through the amusements of the young can the greatest impression upon character be effected, and by the diversions of adults can the greatest influence be exerted upon action.

What is the chief evil of the world? It is war, national or individual, manifested by murder in battle, by "getting the better" of others in trade, and by the struggle for social advantage,—all arising from competitive strife for selfish aggrandizement. It is man's oppression of his fellow that causes social and economic ills. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless

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thousands mourn;" so wailed Robert Burns, but he saw the remedy and sang in prophetic strain,—

> "For a' that, and a' that,
> Its coming yet, for a' that,
> That man to man the world o'er
> Shall brothers be for a' that."

The brutal struggle for existence — nature's law of progress — is now being eliminated from the human race, and is giving place to the principle of peace and goodwill, mutual helpfulness, the sentiments of the golden rule, and of the diamond rule,— DO NO HARM. It is all important that this spirit should not only be inculcated by precept, but that it should be promoted by making it the sentiment underlying and permeating all play.

The child's education begins aright in this respect. Usually its order of toys is — rattle, ball, doll, blocks. Friendly aid helps it to enjoy these and to learn by experience nature's laws. Its effort is to overcome natural difficulties, and education proceeds upon moral and pleasurable lines. But as soon as reason is sufficiently developed the games become contests of skill or chance; the element of strife is the predominant feature, and victory over the companion is the end sought instead of victory over nature. The spinning tee-totum takes one to the mansion of happiness, but leaves the other in the pillory. One exults; the other is angered. The winner passes the post on the toy race-course by a neck, and the loser sheds tears of disappointment. Or in games where skill combines with chance, or even where chance is eliminated, the usual motive is not the thought of overcoming difficulty, but the desire to vanquish a competitor. Checkers, chess, cards, base-ball, lawn-tennis, billiards, cricket,— all develop valuable qualities of mind and body, but are injurious to the heart by reason of the prominence given to personal antagonism. The lacrosse match often degenerates into a fight, and many a grave is due to a pack of cards. The effect of these diversions is to intensify the competitive spirit, to cultivate joy at another's expense, to deaden human sym-

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pathy, and to prepare one to be a fit combatant in the demoralized arena of commercial warfare.

If we would induce men to earn their living by associated effort rather than by conflicting strife, we must so train the children that antagonism of their fellows will be distasteful to their natures. Co-operative games must take the place of competitive sports for the young, while the mature should unite in combining fun with helpfulness. Models of the latter method are still found in primitive districts where the house raising, the quilting bee, and the corn husking furnish enjoyment with usefulness. If, instead of spending an afternoon batting a ball and trampling the sod bare, men would unite to lay out walks in a park, or secure village improvements, they might get exercise for a worthy end and cultivate only friendly emotions. Sewing circles, if well conducted, are a good type of co-operative amusement in-doors, and when women get sufficiently emancipated from custom to be willing to dress suitably for outdoor work and exercise they will, perhaps, devise plans of uniting to care for the flower-beds, while the men make the paths in the public gardens.

Though earnest work is thus suggested as becoming a possible amusement, it is not intended to object to fun for mere fun's sake. The companionable walk, or ride, the united touring of bicyclists, skating, coasting, tobogganning, all these forms of exercise are free from offensive strife, and are to be commended. Whatever amusement tends to make the body stronger, the wits sharper, or the mind brighter, is to be approved when it does not involve unkind feelings towards others. The invention of indoor games, in which the players can combine their skill to solve difficulties, achieve triumphs over nature or promote mutual pleasure without, at the same time, causing feelings of ill-will or vain-glory, is a matter worthy the attention of nationalists.

There is one amusement that above all others fulfils the conditions required for the development of the co-operative sentiment in the young. It is dancing. From the standpoint of

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utility, it is commended by its cultivation of grace of carriage, politeness of manner, and muscular development, while morally it promotes friendly feeling, and æsthetically it gives the most delightful sensations. A cultivated artist declares, "dancing is the highest form of religion." It is the most graceful expression of the emotions, the most comprehensive manifestation of the instincts that favor harmony, rhythm, and method, and combines with all a human intimacy that develops the affectional nature, and through social freedom promotes fraternity and equality. The square dance begins with salutation. All through its figures the effort of each is to aid the other and prevent anyone from going wrong, for here is realized the motto, "all for each and each for all." The welfare of the set depends upon the well-doing of each member, and the enjoyment of each one depends upon the perfection of the whole. In the round dance the partners suggest improvement to each other, mutual satisfaction is the aim, and instead of, as at chess, trying to suppress the gleam of triumph that might warn the enemy of his intended false move, the effort is to manifest helpfulness at the first intimation of difficulty. For the development of human sympathy the means of amusement that rank with the dance are the novel and the theatre.

By the cultivation of these amusements and the initiation of others, in which the spirit of mutual helpfulness shall replace antagonism, we shall produce from friendly children co-operative men and women. When we cease to fight in play, we shall cease to war in earnest.

A LESSON.

By Dr. S. Knopf.

Since leaving the United States my medical work has left me hardly any time to study social questions. I had to content myself with glancing over the many interesting items in the Nationalist which I receive promptly every month. But a

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tragedy in the midst of Paris, the city of wealth, fashion, and proverbial gayety, set me thinking, and made me feel anew the fearful responsibility which we all owe to society in its present state.

All the leading papers of Paris contained long articles on the "Horrible Drame de la rue d'Avron." I will give to the readers of the NATIONALIST the substance of these accounts.

Sunday night, while the Parisian population celebrated the great national holiday, the preparation for a most heart-rending tragedy was being silently enacted. In the fourth story of a miserable tenement house in rue d'Avron, quartier de Charonne, were living an honest workingman named Hayem, 42 years of age, his wife aged 35, and their six children ranging from 1½ to 15 years. In spite of his skill and earnest endeavors, Hayem could find no occupation whatever, and was then nearly ten months without work. With no means, too proud to ask for charity, the misery of this unfortunate man and his family became greater and greater. Baker, butcher, and landlord had trusted long enough; the children were crying for bread which he could not give; starvation stared them in the face. He consulted with his wife and older children who could comprehend the fearful situation. "My dear ones," he said, "I see no other way to end this misery than to take my life. As orphans, you will perhaps be better taken care of than you are now." The mother answered, "No, no, you shall not go alone, as in life so in death will I be your companion." And the oldest child, a young, handsome girl, who did not agree with August Brohant, who dared to write "toutes les personnes sensées préfèrent de beaucoup le déshonneur à la mort" (all sensible people much prefer dishonor to death), was not at all sensible according to this writer and much preferred death to a life of shame. The decision to end life as rapidly and painlessly as possible was the result of their deliberations. Their choice was asphyxia by carbonic acid gas. So, with the last money in their possession, the young girl of 15 started out to buy a bushel of charcoal. Upon her return they closed hermetically all possible openings

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whereby air could penetrate, lighted the coals, and then lay down to die. Nothing was noticed until the bad odor emanating from Hayem's apartment caused the neighbors to inquire what had become of the family. Police officers, accompanied by a physician, forced their entrance into the room; and what a sight met their vision! There lay the bodies of a whole family, — father, mother, and six children.

But they were not all dead yet. Miraculous as it may seem, the fresh air entering the apartment revived one of those unfortunate ones,— the mother. With the aid of the physician, the poor woman regained consciousness and opened her eyes, saying feebly: "My poor husband, my poor children." She soon fell, however, into a profound stupor, and was then cared for in one of the city hospitals. How this poor woman could live three days and three nights in such an atmosphere, amidst the dead bodies of her loved ones, is indeed a wonder; but what suffering of mind the poor soul must have endured (for she evidently retained her consciousness longer than her husband and children) it is difficult to preceive.

Such is the tragedy of which all Paris spoke yesterday, and will speak, perhaps, today when the seven victims of the drama will be buried, kind neighbors bearing the costs of the funeral. Tomorrow one may read the description of the funeral procession, the deep emotions it produced in sympathizing hearts, and after tomorrow there will be a new sensation, not necessarily tragic, and the drama of rue d'Avron will be forgotten.

A kind husband, a loving father, a brave, healthy man willing to work is plunged into utter misery because he can find nothing to do. Six little mouths ask for bread, and there is none to be had. All eight — father, mother, and children — prefer to die rather than live on charity or in shame.

And all this occurred while the great mass of the French people rejoiced in the Fête National in memory of the great event when the words "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité" were first proclaimed to be the foundation of all human happiness.

The readers of this article will doubtless remember tragedies

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of a like character occurring every year in the large cities of the United States. We, too, have many noble men and women strong and willing to work, but unable to find employment; too proud to ask for charity, and who would rather suffer and die than become dishonest.

But what is the lesson of this Parisian drama? The philanthropists of both continents tell us there is no need of such fearful suffering. There are charitable institutions enough to take care of all people in distress. But these great benefactors forget that there are men and women, honest and strong, who desire to *earn* their daily bread, and are not willing to have it given them.

My nationalist friends and enthusiasts will tell me "nationalism and co-operation" is the only remedy. I cannot deny that this would be one, indeed; but nationalism is yet in its infancy, and before it reaches its maturity many similar dramas like that of the rue d'Avron may be enacted.

What could these two great republics, especially the one which is dearest to me, the United States, do *now* to guard the honest work-seeking man or woman against such calamities?

The government of the United States should establish labor bureaus where the unemployed could apply for work, and be sure to find it. The needed source of employments could be furnished in this way.

For example, instead of giving contracts for the supplies of clothing, shoes, etc., for the army and navy, to greedy contractors, who often give to their working men and women mere starvation wages, the United States government, with its vast treasures of unused millions, should establish a sufficient number of factories for all its needs. It would pay fair wages, and many an honest girl and woman could find work in this way. Additional public improvements, always needed in our cities and towns, and by which all would be benefited, would give employment to thousands of workingmen who are now idle. And these governmental institutions would not need to be in any sense in competition with honest manufacturing firms; but

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even if on their establishment a few great capitalists should suffer some financial losses, the blessing which would be bestowed by the United States government upon thousands of its best citizens would certainly justify any legislation in this matter.

Let us hope that our advanced thinkers and statesmen will soon realize that something has to be done in this direction for the many unemployed working men and women.

But besides the government, our philanthropists could also aid in the same manner. Some of the considerable sums given by them for charity might serve a better purpose if used to give employment, instead of supporting able men in idleness. If there should be no useful or necessary work on hand, with some of this money give people employment on works of ornament, which would not only encourage art, but would remain a monument of the skill of the age, and beautify our cities for time to come. The completion of such edifices would not need to be hurried, but could be reserved for those who could find no work among the ordinary means of employment.

> **Charity may be sweet, but only to him who gives.**
> **It loses its sweetness to him who does not wish to be its object,**
> **To him who asks for work, and not for alms.**

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THE MODEL COMMONWEALTH.

By Simon Duret.

Suspend "affairs" a moment, and attend
A vagrant thought of mine. When I offend
Against a law of nature, and sustain
The damage due proportioned, and the pain
Of such offence,— whiche'er the member be
That bears the brunt,— the rest, in sympathy,
Stop work or play, and spring with loving speed
To aid their stricken fellow in his need.
The right hand hurt, the left, though awkward grown
From little use, makes both their tasks his own.
One foot, at sudden need, grows doubly strong,
Bears all my weight, and one just limps along.
A mote in one eye gives the other pain,
And both do weep till it is out again.
One organ wretched, all his mates are so;
None can be happy while one suffers woe.
So nice the balance, so exact the scale
Of justice here, that all or none prevail
Against distress — *The Model Commonwealth.*
All groan in sickness, all rejoice in health;
The most remote relation, great or small,
Thinks on the rest, and is bethought by all;
All owe allegiance to a common force,
All draw upon, and all sustain its source.

Thus nature constitutes her bodies corporate,
Down from the highest to the lowest form;
A common interest, naught can separate,
Reigns twixt the members of the meanest worm.
Oh, what a comment on the laws of man,
That they reverse this natural, noble plan,
And shape themselves to every robber's need
To further schemes of power and pride and greed,
The while the wretched millions toil and bleed.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Communications for this department must be as short and concise as possible, and upon some subject of general interest to nationalists.
Unless received before the 10th day of the month, it is impossible to promise the insertion of any letter in the next following number of the magazine.
Correspondents are requested not to write on both sides of the paper.

THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY.

Will you kindly place before your readers the suggestion of a SUMMER SCHOOL OF SOCIOLOGY? A fortnight of fraternal conference among social reformers would surely produce some good results; for, while it might fail in harmonizing differing schools of social thought, it would surely give us somewhat more of sympathy between these schools. A committee appointed, perhaps by the directors of the Nationalist Educational Association, could easily carry this proposal into execution, and arrange a programme that would give all sides a fair hearing. Would not many be found willing to attend such a school every summer at a place like Niagara Falls, Chautauqua, Boston, or New York?

In connection with this subject, permit me to say that I am preparing a primer of sociological literature. I hope to do full justice to all the social "creeds," especially with respect to the literature which each presents. The primer will include a symposium on the "Ten Best Books" on social reform. All readers of the NATIONALIST are requested to send to my address a list of what they consider the ten (or more) best books for students on social reform. Request is also made for such observations on the particular value and service found in each book, as might help inquirers. Two lists might be prepared, one to include the most instructive, and the other the most inspiring, volumes.

Xenia, Ill. JOHN BASIL BARNHILL.

SHUTTING THEMSELVES UP IN A COMMUNITY.

While thanking the literary editor of the NATIONALIST for his very kindly notice of my book on communism, I wish you would please allow me to correct an oversight which he has made, and which I consider a serious misrepresentation of my ideas of communism.

While I therein advocate the voluntary adoption of common property by any two or more persons, without waiting for state or national legislation, I close the book with a general organization, not only for the

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establishment and consolidation of all communities, but also for the beginning of a political party which shall finally amend the constitutions of every state and of the nation for the adoption and enforcement of common property throughout the whole country.

And even if he only meant to refer to the voluntary communities which now exist, he is much mistaken in supposing that, while they are "shut up in a community by themselves" for their own business purposes, they do not also do their full share in helping to bring about the general adoption of their principles. It is an old adage that "example speaks louder than words," but nearly all these communities talk as well as work on the subject, for they all have their books or papers or speakers, and they do as much proselytizing, on an average, as the nationalists or state socialists do.

And as to the editor disagreeing with the conclusions at which I arrive, it seems to me he cannot be a nationalist unless he is also a communist, for they are both precisely the same, so far as the nationalist Declaration of Principles is concerned. A. LONGLEY.

CO-OPERATIVE HORTICULTURE.

Believing that all practical movements in the cause of a just and equitable division of the world's work and their results are of interest to you and your readers, we send you a brief description of a project, now under way, that bids fair to have at least a favorable start in this naturally favored spot of our common earth,—a co-operative nursery and fruit-growing community.

In its methods it aims at adopting the best features of the joint-stock or co-operative system, but relies more on the fundamental principles of nationalism for its permanent character. In its initial step it absorbs a large nursery and fruit-growing business that is already in successful operation and has an established reputation of over thirteen years, with a large and continually increasing trade.

It can at once furnish profitable employment for fifteen to twenty families. A large proportion of these should be already somewhat familiar with horticultural and other rural pursuits; and some with the practical work of nursery and fruit-growing.

As the property and business are of present paying value, the organization is to be incorporated under the state laws of Washington, with a capital stock of $50,000, divided into shares of $100 each.

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We attribute many of the failures of similar undertakings largely to too great a departure from present established business customs, and shall, at the start, adopt this plan: sell only to those who will become actual residents and working members of the community; all shares taken to be paid for; the number of shares any one person may hold to be limited, and different members of one family to hold, in the aggregate, not more than the maximum number allowed one individual; those only to be admitted to membership who own stock in the company; the first membership, up to twenty, to be only of people having families; every family admitted to have, after buying the requisite number of shares, sufficient funds to build a dwelling on land which shall be its own individual property.

Employment will be furnished each working member of the community, and every member, when physically able, will be required to perform his just share of the work. For the time spent in the common work the pay for every member, man or woman, is to be exactly the same, without regard to position occupied in the community.

All who are ready and willing to embark in a work and system of life which is thoroughly practical, and will fully exemplify the feasibility of the nationalist idea of a pure, true society of unselfish men and women who are willing to venture their life and labor in the practice of the principles that must of necessity render themselves and all with whom they live and labor more happy and free from the endless worry and strife for daily bread than any who live under the old relentless competitive method ever can, we will gladly communicate with and mail them our circular giving full details of the plan, description of the location, and statistics of the business under its present management.

Address Jewett Nurseries, White Salmon, Wash.

A CONSOLIDATED NATIONALIST ESTATE.

I think from Dr. C. W. Wooldridge's letter in the December NATIONALIST that my letter in the October number, advocating the founding of a co-operative estate on the membership of nationalist clubs, is not fully understood by him and may not be by others.

My main idea was to form as large a co-operative industrial association of centralized power as could be successfully accomplished, and the best way I could see to do that upon the principles of nationalism was through

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the united effort of nationalist clubs. If they would undertake the enterprise in a regular business-like way the same as any trust, syndicate, or other business association does, they would be in a position to succeed as well as, if not better than, objectionable ones that have succeeded, because of their superior economic system, extent of country they would cover, the consequent interest they would create, the wide influence they would have, and the ease with which they would thereby form a large capital and a powerful corporation. Communism, as applied by some, would not sound very applicable to a chartered corporation of such magnitude, simply because it was not a profit-mongering concern. The effort of each member would be small, but their combined effort would contain more of the true elements of success than any other system of association in civilized society. Those who could take no part in the enterprise would be few and would, of course, be exempt. Furthermore, the association would not be an almstaking institution but a paying investment to all its stockholders.

If the present location and condition of Kaweah Colony is best adapted to the growth and ultimate success of such a vast enterprise, and the vote of the nationalist clubs of the United States should so decide agreeably to the wishes of that colony, all that our brother Wooldridge asks for Kaweah would be done, and be but a small part of what would be done; and in a short time, too, all enemies would stand a good way off to growl.

I believe in going into the enterprise full-handed. Experiment is unnecessary, and the right is undisputable. Nationalism is based on science, and science on facts, and nothing but facts have any rights in the economy of human life.

Our magazine, so ably edited, and its competent contributors are doing a noble work in their sphere, but here is a chance for the nationalist clubs of the United States to immortalize the cause at once, and who would not hail the day the deed was done?

The nationalization of industry is a grand and noble theme for those of ability and affluence to spend their time and talents upon, however distant the day may be when such grand results shall be realized; but, unless they strive also to "abolish the slavery of the present unjust system," their "best efforts" are not put forth, and their "pledge" is not being fulfilled.

S. W. MERCHANT.

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PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.

It was only within a few weeks that the papers had an account of the final closing of a corporation that controlled the last "turnpike" in Connecticut. The turnpike used to occupy the position now occupied by the railroad, and was in private control. Through a natural evolution these roads all become "public highways." The railroads will undoubtedly follow in the same course. The people must realize that they make the railroads, and that the railroads do not make *them*.

What the people demand, in this country of universal suffrage, they always get in the end. It is for the people to demand that the railroads shall be their servants and not their masters. The private interests that control railroads are not always in sympathy with their customers. Often the principal owners and controllers are not residents of the locality through which their railway runs, and naturally their interest is simply to enrich themselves. It is not possible that the system can long remain in its present shape. All public highways must be managed in the interests of the people who live upon and near them, otherwise there will be bitter antagonism. Non-residents and absentee landlords must not control the "right of way" in their own individual interests. This will not be permitted any longer than it takes to educate the people up to the idea.

The managers of railroads will prolong their lease of power if they cater to the interests of the users of these roads; and to secure the friendship and respect of customers will be quite as essential as to secure the votes of shareholders. Legislation can control corporations, and it only needs an awakened public sentiment to make it manifest. In the western states, where stock and bond holders of railroads are few and far between, there is little opposition to the enactment of laws that affect the interests of railroads; but at the East, where the great investment interests exist, legislation has heretofore been controlled in the interest of the roads. In time that must give way, and the Railroad Commissioner will become as well known here as at the West; and finally, to ward off state legislation, which can never be uniform, the railroads will be glad to come under a general law, passed by Congress, that will protect as well as control them.

During the process that will bring them practically under government control there will be a great uncertainty and distrust as to values of railroad properties. The tendency now seems to be towards consolida-

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tion. The strong roads will cripple and ruin the weak, and finally absorb them; and, as there will always be strong and weak roads, the procéss will not end until all are under one control, which supreme control the government must at some time assume.

There need be no great hardship in that. Long before such a consummation comes about the question of value will be well settled, and the stock and bond holder will simply exchange his interest in the railroad for a government security that will represent its value. In the meantime let the people keep up a pressure for low rates and plenty of accommodation. Both the railroad and the people will find their interests served by that. MAX MANNERS.

COLONIAL REQUISITES.

A sense of duty to the inexperienced prompts this paragraph of warning. With all my heart I long for an experimental co-operative commonwealth. With much interest I have investigated the Kaweah and Sinaloa enterprises. With great regret I have decided that they are unsatisfactory, unsafe, and probably detrimental to our cause. In reviewing the biography of the managers of co-operative enterprises, I have been much impressed with the deficiency of *practical executive talent.* Management is a department in itself; and it is a department in which orators, organizers, and enthusiasts are proverbally inefficient.

One correspondent of the NATIONALIST seriously refers to less than 100 acres of land as offering latitude for a co-operative colony. This correspondent is probably a man of superior education and of large and tender sympathies, but is evidently entirely unacquainted with practical existence. You may secure the most productive hundred or thousand acres of land in the most desirable climate; you may equip it with splendid machinery, and produce superior products in astonishing quantities; yet, *as a co-operative colony*, practicing the principles and enjoying the privileges of nationalism, you would not, *could not*, succeed. Why? Because you are not a COLONY. Such a condition as that is possible, and temporarily practicable, to one or more wealthy men, but to a colony of *the people* — NEVER!

To a nationalist colony alliances are impossible. You cannot work a laborer eight hours per day, pay him two dollars per day, and dispose of your surplus in competition with your neighbor, who works his laborer twelve hours per day, and pays him one dollar. Then, if one person cannot, how can a colony do it?

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Clearly a colony must construct its own connections. It must possess a diversity of natural resources, for which a considerable extent of territory is necessary.

To succeed, a nationalist colony should possess: —

1. Perfect title to from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand acres of land.
2. This land should be in a comparatively non-malarious climate.
3. It should be productive.
4. It should be east of the Mississippi, north of Memphis, Birmingham and Macon, and south of the great lakes.
5. It should be unexhausted.
6. It should consist of from 75 to 100 per cent of large growth oak, hickory, and poplar timber land, which when cleared would prove well watered and productive.
7. It should contain a superior quality *of coal and iron in practically inexhaustible quantities.*
8. Its members should pass a rigid examination with regard to industry, morals, language, and health.
9. It should number, as a minimum, one hundred families.

Were the members of such a colony all wealthy, it would prove under nationalistic principles naturally practicable. Were they all poor, even nationalism is not equal to the emergency of instantaneously securing these results. Clearly, the poor colony must either work longer or wait longer. Nationalism, like all the universe, is subject to conditions.

F. F. McLellon.

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